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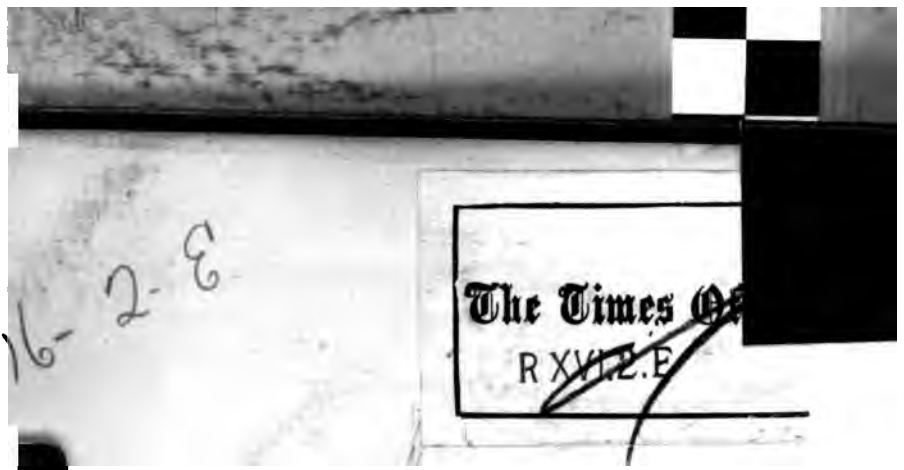
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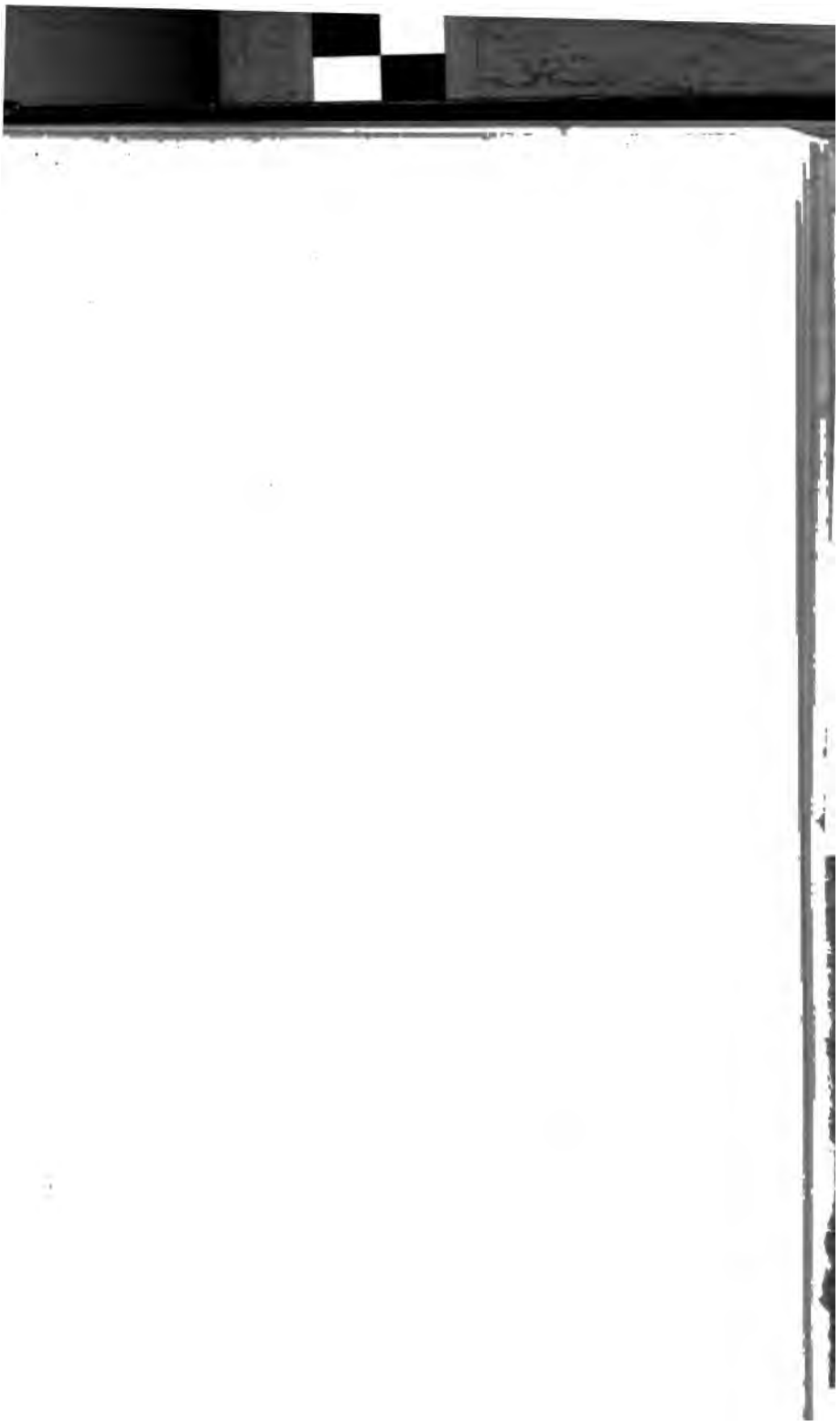
HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY



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HOW THE ALLIED TROOPS MARCHED INTO PARIS

HISTORY OF THE

GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS
By R. CATON WOODVILLE
AND WITH PORTRAITS AND MAPS

IN TWO VOLUMES

Vol. II.

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HISTORY OF THE
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II



HISTORY OF THE

GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

I

FREDERICK WILLIAM DESPAIRS OF HIS COUNTRY—1811

"Heart, let not scorn beguile thee,
Nor cunning craft of foes;
For God, the God of *Freedom*,
Will all to good dispose."

—Körner (born, 1791; died, 1813), "Trost."

THE year 1811 included, for Germans, perhaps more of humiliation than any other, not excepting even that of Jena. In the spring of that year Napoleon made no secret of his intention to absorb Prussia.* "That poor

* Blücher, from his headquarters at Treptow, about an hour's drive southwesterly of Colberg, wrote to Frederick William III. personally, begging for instructions in case the French should invade his part of the country contrary to treaty. This letter is dated July 25, 1811. On August 22d he wrote to Gneisenau from Treptow:

"I have to-day written to the King my last words. If he does not take them to heart, he will move on to his own destruction. His fate, and that of his house, will be that of the Bourbons, all of which I wrote to him last year. I must have the entire, not the divided, confidence of the King. Armed with his full confidence, I can and shall be able to accomplish something. Believe me, my friend, there will be found scoundrels who will seek to treat me as they treated Schill,

fellow, the King of Prussia!" said he, "in four weeks there may be nothing left of him but a Marquis of Brandenburg!" And, indeed, he was a "poor fellow." He carried about with him a handkerchief of Queen Luise, and occasionally kissed it, with tears in his eyes. Had he carried about some of his noble wife's courage, it might have been better.

For a time such men as Gneisenau and Scharnhorst seemed to prevail in their efforts to make him feel confidence in the future of the country, and in April at times he appeared to favor a general call to arms rather than the prospect of being kidnapped by Napoleon or chased away into uncomfortable exile.

But these periods were not of long duration, and they were inevitably followed by others more congenial to

because I acted without authority. I laugh at their twaddle; but still all that blocks me in my work. I was at Colberg yesterday, and have got everything moving with such activity that the principal work (of fortification) will be done in two weeks, and the whole will be finished in three. But what good is all this to me if I am not allowed enough men for manning the works? Is Scharnhorst still with you?

"BLÜCHER.

"P.S.—Do try to procure an order authorizing me to act in Pomerania according to my discretion. They need not be afraid that I shall be reckless. I never forget the gravity of the situation.

"2d P.S.— . . . Do get the King to dismiss all the Commissioners of Safety and the sloths (*Faulthiere*); a coward can always be told by the way in which he sighs and raises his shoulders (*das Achselzucken und Seufzen verräthen fast allemal einen Schuft*)."

Blücher was essentially a monarchical-minded man, and an honest man as well. Things were indeed bad when he wrote that letter, and they became worse. Napoleon sent agents to watch Blücher's work at Colberg. On October 7th an agent reported that he found as many as nine thousand men working upon the fortifications. Hereupon Napoleon demanded the disgrace of Blücher. He was immediately recalled to Berlin, court-martialled, and dismissed from the army. So much for patriotic endeavor in 1811. (Cf. Blasendorf, p. 170.)

him. Every day he drilled his guards in parade-ground tactics, and sought to forget the worries of a king by playing the drill-sergeant. While Napoleon was drawing together 300,000 men about his frontiers ready for an invasion, Frederick William was absorbed with the creation of a model school for non-commissioned officers, the object of which was to draw from every regiment of Prussia a certain number of under-officers, who should be instructed uniformly, and then be sent back to the regiments from which they came.

During this year the preparations of Napoleon for the coming campaign against Russia went on steadily. The Prussian patriotic leaders were very uneasy, and old Blücher, who commanded in Pomerania, northeasterly from Berlin, called in all the reserves he could, and employed thousands more in public works. The little army of 40,000 men allowed to Prussia by the grace of the conqueror became in August of 1811 nearly 75,000, not actually in the ranks, but in the King's pay, and gathered together under competent officers.

The fortress of Colberg, on the Baltic, about sixty miles eastward from the mouth of the Oder, was the object of Blücher's particular care. We have already noted the great rôle it played under Gneisenau in 1807, how pluckily it held its own against the French besiegers.

In fact, had the commanders of Magdeburg, Spandau, Küstrin, and the other Prussian strong places fought for their country half as pluckily as Gneisenau, there need never have been so humiliating a record as that of this year 1811. Stettin was in French hands, so was Danzig, each with a heavy hostile garrison. According to the treaty the French were to have in Stettin no more than 3900 men, including officers. As a matter of fact, however, they had 7070. Danzig had a French garri-

son of nearly 16,000 in June, 1811, and this number was being increased. So here were the two chief German ports on the Baltic completely in the enemy's power, and therefore closed to England. Colberg, however, remained Prussian, although French spies watched along the shores to see that English commerce was not favored.

Before this very bad harbor English agents appeared and disappeared. They came in small ships under a foreign flag, bearing communications from the patriots. In order to deceive the French spies the harbor-master would sail out to the friendly ship under pretence of offering a pilot. He would then hand over despatches for England, and receive in return those for his government. In order to make this transaction appear plausible a passenger would occasionally be landed at Colberg who pretended to be a sailor of that port. Of course this alleged sailor was usually an agent of England.

By this channel came despatches from London offering Prussia a most favorable alliance; promising money and arms and ammunition; giving the amplest assurance of complete support; encouraging the King to take the field and inaugurate the great war for the liberation of Europe. These proposals were received in September.

At the same time Prussia had the most ample knowledge that Russia was arming to resist Napoleon, and that Alexander had every reason to prevent Prussia from becoming a French province. And yet the King was too weak to see his opportunity. He listened to his unpatriotic courtiers, and kept saying to himself that Napoleon was invincible.

His patriotic officials in the war department had a large staff of volunteer spies throughout Germany. These were mostly half-pay officers, who confidently looked



DESPATCHES FOR ENGLAND

to the outbreak of war, and to their being once more employed in the service of the King.

Most of these men lived in the parts of Prussia which had been lost by the Treaty of Tilsit, but, although now under Napoleonic jurisdiction, their hearts remained true to Frederick William III. Through these channels the King was periodically kept informed of the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of Napoleon's army crossing the Rhine, and gradually taking up positions on all sides of him. Every high-road of Prussia was alive with uniforms representing nearly all the kingdoms of the earth. They were all tramping towards Moscow, though at this time Napoleon pretended that it was merely a small demonstration against Denmark. The French continued to hold Glogau on the Oder, although Prussia had long since paid her quota of the war indemnity, which should have secured the restoration of that place. By the end of the year 1811 Napoleon had in the three Oder forts, Stettin, Küstrin, and Glogau, a total garrison of 23,336 men, whereas the treaty allowed only 10,000; therefore Napoleon was quartering at Prussian expense 13,336 men more than the treaty allowed. He had strong garrisons at Magdeburg on the Elbe, at Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, and in Mecklenburg—in short, at the close of 1811 a military map of Europe would have been so thickly studded with Napoleonic units that Prussian garrisons would have counted for very little.

The condition made by England the price of her support was that Prussia should call the whole nation under arms. This was, of course, a suggestion of Gneisenau's, who had gone to England and there explained to the government where Prussia's real strength lay; and it fell on ready ears at the Court of St. James, for Englishmen then living had a lively recollection of their

seven years' war in America—the war of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown. The English government had no confidence in Frederick William himself, but they believed that if he should once with a nation in arms declare war, the popular enthusiasm would lead it to a successful issue in spite of his own weakness and that of his courtiers.

Historians whose social position in Germany requires them to speak only good of their sovereign's ancestors seek to justify Frederick William by pointing to the ultimate victory of Prussia in 1814 and 1815. But what general or king could then foresee that Napoleon would leave half a million soldiers in the forests of Russia? Providence interfered to save Prussia from the destruction which her King was preparing for her; nor is it too much to say that had Prussia in 1811 led the way against Napoleon she would have been spared much of the mortifications he subsequently had to endure in the Congress of Vienna; she would have earned the cordial gratitude of Europe, and particularly of England, and she would have supplanted Austria completely as the head of the great German family of nations.

The situation was certainly most critical for Prussia, nor did the patriots cherish illusions in regard to their danger. The French army had its advance-guard within four days' march of Berlin; they had the mouths of the three principal rivers, the Oder, Vistula, and Elbe; and they had the three fortresses on the Oder, Stettin, Küstrin, and Glogau.

It was scarcely possible for a man to make a journey in any direction across Prussia without being challenged by a French sentinel. To the south of Berlin was Saxony, completely in Napoleon's power. Her boundaries came within sight of Potsdam.



"EVERY HIGH-ROAD OF PRUSSIA WAS ALIVE WITH UNIFORMS"

Luther's Wittenberg had become a Saxon-French town. To the west lay the new kingdom of Westphalia. The faithless husband of Betsy Patterson of Baltimore was here called King Jerome. His lands extended along the left bank of the Elbe, bringing his troops to within sixty miles of Berlin.

To the north, French garrisons occupied the beautiful lake country of Mecklenburg up to within sixty miles of Berlin. Breslau, the capital of Silesia, lay scarcely thirty miles from the frontiers of the French-Polish provinces.

But at the worst there were overwhelming reasons why at such a time Prussia should have stepped forward and challenged the respect of the world by fighting for her liberty.

Under Frederick the Great, Prussia kept in the field for several successive years an army representing 50,000 men to each million inhabitants. In 1814 (April) Prussia maintained under arms 315,836 men, with 34,949 horses, or 60,000 soldiers to each million of the population, a proportion which Boyen, writing in 1835, speaks of as "perhaps the strongest armament in modern military history." At the same rate Washington would have commanded an army of 180,000 men instead of a scant 18,000, and McClellan in 1861 would have had a million and a quarter of boys in blue to smooth his path between Washington and Richmond.

In this year 1811 the best-informed military men agreed that in spite of all that Prussia had suffered she was yet ready to place in the field 204,000 men, and these, added to the Russians already under arms, made a combined first army of 404,000 men. Added to this powerful army was the English fleet, which kept the control of the seas, and was ready to furnish the needed arms and munitions of war at any point convenient to

Prussia. By this means Napoleon, in his march into Russia, would have his left flank constantly in danger from the ease with which England's fleet could support hostile movements along the Baltic.

In August of 1811 Napoleon could have led little more than 400,000 men across Prussia. In the year following his strength had grown to over half a million.

The unpatriotic court party pretended that Napoleon would at once overrun Prussia and crush her before Russia could come to her assistance, and they based this fear upon the fact that Prussia is very flat and cannot be defended like the mountain-passes of Spain and Tyrol. But, in fact, Prussia was then, and is to-day, an ideal country for insurrectionary warfare. It is flat, to be sure, but it is everywhere cut up by forest and lake, rivers and swamps. It is a country where local knowledge gives huge advantage, and where bold guerillas can operate against regulars with every prospect of success. But of course to profit by these natural advantages the King would have been forced to call out the nation in arms, and to recognize the great body of his people as the sole support of his tottering throne.

Rather than do this, on February 24, 1812, he made with Napoleon an alliance *—declared war against England and Russia; placed 20,000 Prussians under French orders; opened up his country to military requisitions of every kind; dismissed from public service patriots of conspicuous ability; gave notice to all the world that henceforth Frederick William III. reigned no longer by divine right, but only by the grace of a French emperor.

* On January 24th old Blücher celebrated the one-hundredth birthday of Frederick the Great, his late commanding general. There were strange oaths uttered at that celebration.—P. B.



PRUSSIAN GENDARMES BRINGING IN PRUSSIAN RECRUITS TO THE FRENCH ARMY



II

NAPOLEON ON THE EVE OF MOSCOW

"The generals and marshals
Round in a circle stand;
The chieftain whispers softly
To one at his right hand.

"From rank to rank resounding
It fleeth o'er the plain.
'La France!' this is their watchword;
The password: 'St. Hélène!'"

—Zedlitz (born, 1790; died, 1862), "Die Nächtliche Heerschau."

On the 23d day of June, 1812, Napoleon invaded Russia at the head of the largest army ever united up to that time under the will of a single man. He declared war by crossing the river Memel (or Niemen) at Kovno. It was on this same river, a little lower down, that he had sworn eternal friendship with the young Czar in 1807, on the occasion of the memorable Treaty of Tilsit.

Kovno to-day bears no trace of the intense interest its name awakens. It is a dirty, straggling town, filled with soldiers and unhappy-looking Jews. But it has one monument bearing an inscription which no one can read without a shudder, for it tells the stranger that here a French army entered Russia with 600,000 men, and that it went home again with only 60,000.*

* The various estimates made by competent chroniclers as to the number engaged in this invasion may be accounted for by recalling



Here, as in nearly every war before or since, the main cause was custom-house friction, protectionism, trade, money, or whatever equivalent there be for pecuniary profit or loss. Russia desired trade with England, but Napoleon objected. The Czar answered that he had a perfect right to trade as he pleased. Napoleon pointed out that by the Treaty of Tilsit Russia was to consider England a common enemy. The Czar answered that Napoleon had violated the Treaty of Tilsit outrageously, and had therefore no right to invoke the shelter of that document.

And thus the great war commenced.

Before starting upon the hard work of campaigning in Russia, however, he held in beautiful Dresden a congress of princes, which vastly eclipsed in importance the famous meeting in 1806 at Erfurt, where his principal guest had been the very Czar whose land he was now attacking. In this Saxon capital on the Elbe he took up his residence in the royal palace, and played the rôle of host

that Napoleon's forces fluctuated from day to day, as reinforcements came up, or as the disabled dropped off, and that some may include and others omit the percentage of men left behind to insure safe communication between the army in the field and the depots of supply. Lord Castlereagh, for instance, learned through his spies that Napoleon invaded Russia with only 428,000 men, of whom he brought only 45,000 out alive. This is a much lower estimate than that made by Prussians or Russians. In the War Office records of Prussia (*Generalstabsarchiv*) is preserved an official statement regarding Napoleon's army of 1812. It comprised, according to this, 653 battalions of infantry and 530 squadrons of cavalry. The total amounts to between 590,000 and 630,000, according to the average number assigned to each battalion and squadron. In this statement 330 battalions were composed of foreigners, and only 323 of French; 271 squadrons were foreign and 259 French. There is every reason to look upon this estimate as the best at our command, and upon the Kovno monument as uttering a tragic truth.—P. B.

while the Saxon King waited upon him. Here he entertained his father-in-law, the Austrian Emperor, and had the pleasure of reminding that proud ruler that he, the soldier of fortune, took precedence in rank over the descendant of the Roman Cæsars. For true it was that Kaiser Franz lost his crown as head of the Holy Roman Empire, and was then Emperor only of Austria, and with a title inferior to Napoleon's by a few weeks. And in this way Napoleon's wife, Marie Louise, was entitled to march in to dinner in advance of her mother, the Empress of Austria.

We can afford to smile at these little things for ourselves, but let us not forget that just such trifles as these moved the passions of Napoleon with strange force. It had been his ambition to marry a princess of Russia, in order to ally himself with the imperial house of highest rank in Europe, and he never forgave Alexander for having discouraged his advances in this direction. It was only after failing in Russia that he stooped to the level of an Austrian princess, whose father he had humiliated in successive campaigns.

Napoleon owed his political success in France to the party which cut off the head of his aunt by marriage; for Marie Antoinette, who was guillotined in 1793, was the sister of this same Kaiser Franz, who in 1812 patted Napoleon on the back, and called him "my dear son-in-law." Napoleon loved to talk of his uncle Louis XVI., of his imperial father-in-law, and of the monarchical influences that strengthened his dynasty. He revived orders of aristocracy in France, devised elaborate court dresses, and arranged state ceremonies with the zeal of a stage-manager. He had long ago cut the friends of his youth. Now he surrounded himself with people of the old aristocracy, who bore ancient names and helped him forget



that he was only a sham Emperor. He was more and more losing touch with the plain people of France, and forgetting that he had become great because the people of the streets trusted him. Napoleon reached Dresden on May 17th, and stayed there twelve days, during which he was feasted and flattered most extravagantly.

The princes of Germany crowded his antechambers, eager to mark the zeal with which they accepted his orders. The states which once made up the great German empire were once more grouped together, not around the Austrian head, but at the feet of a French master, and in this grouping was Kaiser Franz himself. At this moment it appeared as though Napoleon had indeed not merely become the head of a French empire, but had been proclaimed chief of the Germans by no less competent electors than the ruling princes of nearly every state between the Alps and the Baltic.*

As to Prussia, her King had been almost forgotten. He had in February signed a paper which bound him to serve France with half his army; but Napoleon had marched his soldiers all over Prussia without any reference to what had been signed. The French had seized Spandau and Pillau, the one fortress commanding Berlin, the other commanding the approach to Königsberg. The King mildly complained of this treatment, and there the matter ended.

Napoleon intended to ignore the Prussian King, although Dresden is nearer to Berlin than to Vienna. But his ministers were wiser, and pointed out to him that it would not do to offend Prussia too much at a time when France needed the assistance of her troops against

* Arndt (p. 94) refers to Napoleon as *Reichsfeind*—the same word that Bismarck used in later days to designate any one who opposed him politically: for instance, socialists, free-traders, Alsatians, Poles, etc.

Russia. So the conqueror, after indulging in much abuse against Frederick William and his people, finally signed an invitation. The Prussian King arrived on May 26th, two days before Napoleon's departure.

He was received coldly by the crowd of Napoleonic princes. It was an open secret that Napoleon was making use of Prussia only as a weapon against Russia, and that after the campaign Prussia would be divided up. Under these circumstances German princes could not afford to cultivate the acquaintance of one in plundering whom they expected soon to assist. Frederick William came to this gorgeous feast like a poor relation. He felt ill at ease, and the shyness which was habitual with him became painfully intensified as he moved about in this strange society. He must himself have felt the danger of his political course, joining with Napoleon to make war upon the only power that had a direct interest in keeping Prussia intact. But much as Frederick William disliked Napoleon and mistrusted him, he shared with the rest of the Dresden society an assured belief that Napoleon would soon bring Russia to her knees, and that to attempt anything against him would be quixotic.

Close to Dresden, a pleasant drive of an afternoon, lies the summer palace of Pillnitz, its terraces leading to the Elbe. It is an exquisitely pretty spot, particularly to the canoeist, who sees it for the first time from the surface of the river as he descends from the Bohemian border.

In this palace in 1792 was formed the first coalition against the French Revolution. Here met the sovereigns of Saxony, Prussia, and Austria, and here they took a solemn oath that never should their arms rest until turbulent France had once more accepted her "legitimate" King. And now almost on the same spot,



after twenty years, there came together the sovereigns of these same three states and placed their soldiers at the service of the very man who personified the principle they had so solemnly set out to combat.

Such shifts of policy among monarchs make the study of history lead to cynicism, unless we now and then catch glimpses of moral dignity amongst the people, in spite of their princes and cabinets. Even here, in this dazzling Dresden court, shrewd observers noted that Napoleon was not received by the people on the streets as he had been received in earlier years. Germans commented on the fact that though Frederick William came to Dresden without display, or even timely notice, nevertheless his whole journey through Saxony was like a triumphal procession. The people for miles crowded to see him, and they cheered him with a heartiness which meant strange things. In Dresden itself the hero of the people was not Napoleon, but the shy Prussian King, who could not quite understand what it all meant. The open space below his windows was filled from morning until night by patient crowds who longed to see him, and to testify in this way their devotion to the cause he represented. No such cheers greeted Napoleon; no crowds came under his windows. All this was the stirring of the German national feeling—the protest of the people against French usurpation. These same people had received Napoleon as the popular hero when he came to Dresden in 1807 after Tilsit. Why had this great change taken place?

In 1807 Prussia represented monotonous despotism, feudal privilege, barrack-room swagger — the army of the great Frederick with Frederick left out. Napoleon at that time still represented personal liberty, equal law, and intellectual progress. Little by little, however, the

people of Germany were forced to abandon the illusions they had cherished regarding the French conqueror. The harsh logic of marching regiments taught them that partnership between France and Germany was impossible; that Napoleonic protection could be purchased only by the surrender of national hopes. And as these ideas penetrated into the schools and workshops of Germany there grew side by side with them a dawning confidence that Prussia had that within her which all Germans hotly desired.

In the days of her deepest degradation, while steadily paying the money tribute which Napoleon exacted of her, she still found means to make her system of education the best in Europe.

Her public service was reformed to excellent purpose; feudal privileges of every kind were abolished; the Jews and serfs were emancipated; the Berlin University was founded; German scholarship received in Prussia a recognition which it never received before, and which has not been surpassed in our days.

The poets and singers of Germany sent flying from tongue to tongue new notions of a German future, of a united fatherland, of citizenship in a great empire, whose head should be not French, but German. And of all this new movement the centre, strangely enough, was Prussia's King.

The plain people know nothing of the dishonest bargains made in the cabinet; of the royal signature put to contracts which to-day make Germans marvel in shame. In 1812 Frederick William III. was hailed in every peasant's house as the father of his people, who mended his royal shoes over and over again rather than buy a new pair at the public expense.

It was believed that he mourned constantly the loss

of his Queen Luise, and that it was on this account that he sought seclusion. To be sure, thought the people, the King was under heavy bonds to Napoleon, but that could not last long. At heart they believed Frederick William to be thirsting for a favorable opportunity to sound the call to arms, declare the national war, and chase the Frenchman out of Germany.

And thus it happened that, though Frederick William was conspicuously neglected in Dresden by Napoleon and all of his magnificent followers, he found himself more and more the favorite of his people. The King of Saxony was much annoyed at this, and did what he could to check it, but to no purpose. The fact could not be concealed that in this assemblage, which marked the culmination of Napoleon's power on earth, the chief personage was a Prussian monarch, so feeble that none expected his kingdom to last through the summer.*

On May 29, 1812, Napoleon left Dresden for the conquest of Russia. On the following day the King of Prussia turned his face sadly towards Berlin. Neither of these two men conceived in the slightest degree the extent to which he was an instrument of a divine purpose. Napoleon had for Prussia no other feeling than contempt, mingled with a small amount of distrust; Frederick William III. looked up to his great ally as to an invincible master. Napoleon deemed himself fortunate; Frederick William regarded himself as doomed to ill luck. Yet each was moving on in a path marked by a Providence which knows neither luck nor fortune. Napoleon was marching to Moscow on the way to St. Helena.

* It is a curious fact that a letter by General Dumouriez reviewing the general military condition of Europe in July of 1812 wholly ignores Prussia as a factor in the problem.—P. B.

The King, who was dragged home in dejection through the sands of Brandenburg, had then a son destined three times to reach Paris with a victorious Prussian army, and to be in 1871 crowned German Emperor in the palace of Louis XVI.

III

THE FRENCH ARMY CONQUERS A WILDERNESS

"To France were returning two grenadiers,
In Russia they had been taken;
In the land of the Germans appearing, they hung
Their heads, and their courage was shaken."

—Heine (born, 1797; died, 1856), "Die Zwei Grenadier."

ALEXANDER I. of Russia was thirty-five years old in 1812, younger than Napoleon by seven years, but vastly older in the Oriental capacity to deceive. On the evening of June 25th, while attending a brilliant ball at Wilna, his chief of police suddenly brought him news that the French were marching down upon him half a million strong, their front reaching some five hundred miles from the Baltic to the mountains of Austrian Galicia. Alexander continued at the ball for an hour or so longer, as though nothing had happened. He paid compliments to the many handsome Polish ladies present; held out vague hopes that Poland would be restored to her freedom and integrity; promised many promotions and medals; charmed every one by his good looks, and still more by his flow of generous language.

He then withdrew to his study, signed a passionate proclamation of war against the French, and sent word to Napoleon that he should make no terms so long as a French soldier remained on Russian soil.

He had scant time for more. His carriage carried him



ALEXANDER I. LEAVING THE BALL AT WILNA TO SIGN THE DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST NAPOLEON





away towards Moscow just in time to escape capture at the hands of Napoleon's advance-guards. The French, however, in no way interfered with the merry dance; and many were the Polish ladies in Wilna that night who continued the joyful revels until late the next day, finishing with Frenchmen the dance they had commenced with Russians.

Alexander's flight from Napoleon after Wilna suggests that of Frederick William III. after Jena, 1806. Alexander flew to Moscow, stirred up the enthusiasm of the people, secured the support of the nobles and priests, declared the war to be a holy one, promised to fight with his last drop, and created such a burst of patriotism that all in Moscow swore they would burn down each man his own house rather than that it should shelter a Frenchman. From Wilna to Moscow, and from Moscow to St. Petersburg, Alexander came as the embodiment of outraged national dignity. Priests preached the holy war from every pulpit, and nobles set the peasants free that they might fight for their Czar, their country, and their threatened churches.

All this was the work of a few words in the mouth of a determined young Emperor.

Frederick William, six years before, also fled before Napoleon. Instead of hurrying to his capital and calling upon his people to arm themselves and resist the invader, his governors issued bulletins ordering all good people to be quiet. In the long and humiliating flight of the Prussian King from Jena to Tilsit we have many evidences of his weakness, but so far not a single token of such courage as even Alexander showed. From Queen Luise, indeed, there came many noble words; but she, alas! was only Queen.

While Alexander was stirring up his people, the

"Grand Army" of France was slowly dragging itself forward under a blistering sun through clouds of choking dust. Calamities commenced before they had even reached Smolensk.

On the 18th of August they made their entry into that ancient fortress, half of which had been burned to the ground by its own citizens, who had deserted their homes in a body.

No pliant burgomeisters came forth with golden keys on velvet cushions; no white-clad virgins sang songs of welcome as the troops filed in; no obsequious officials were there to help in finding quarters for unwelcome guests. All these things Napoleon had been accustomed to in the land of Frederick William III., and their omission here should have made him ponder. In Prussia fortresses surrendered to him even before he reached their gates. At Smolensk more than 10,000 Frenchmen had to be sacrificed in successive assaults before he could call it his, and then it was little more than a heap of ashes.

He had already come 750 miles since leaving Dresden on the 29th of May, and all he had to show for it was wasted country and increasing difficulties. He ordered a civil government organized, as had been done on occupying Berlin in 1806. But in Smolensk no Russian would accept office under the common enemy. Napoleon met this by ordering his nominees to serve under pain of death. The first conspicuous citizen called upon was named Engelhard. He refused. Napoleon ordered him shot. His widow had a monument raised over the spot where he died for his country, and his death aroused such a spirit in Russia as did that of John Palm in Germany.

Here in Smolensk, in the hot August of 1812, Napo-



leon asked the advice of his generals. The bravest of them all, Ney, urged a retreat for the purpose of securing suitable winter-quarters. But Napoleon in 1812 was less soldier than prophet, and decided to be guided by the star of his genius.*

On the 7th of September Napoleon was 200 miles farther from Paris than at Smolensk. He was at the little village of Borodino, and found 120,000 Russians drawn up to dispute his passage. The Russians were finally forced to give way, but not before 50,000 had been killed, to say nothing of 30,000 on the French side. Napoleon began the fight with 140,000 men, 20,000 more than the Russians; but the enemy had 600 pieces of artillery against his 487. The victory, such as it was, belonged to Napoleon, but it produced anything but exaltation of spirit amongst his men. Such victories as these did not feed them; did not rest them; did not give them new boots, or put money in their pockets. The Prussians who retreated in 1806 left behind them well-filled cellars and granaries; the Russians of 1812 gave their enemy nothing but mud and ashes.

At length, however, on the 14th of September, Napoleon stood upon the heights overlooking Moscow.

* Napoleon in his madness was bent upon conquering England in India, and regarded Russia as only one step in this progress. On June 12, 1812, the Prussian government was agitated by conflicting feelings on the censorship question. A Berlin publisher submitted a little 12-page duodecimo pamphlet entitled *Itinéraire de la Route qui conduit par terre à travers la Russie aux Indes Orientales.* This dry little geographical piece . . . had a colored map showing the track from Warsaw and St. Petersburg to Calcutta *viâ* Astrakhan, Asterabad, Kandahar, Duckee, Attok, and Delhi. Grave objections were made to the publication of this on political grounds, and it had to be much modified before it was deemed safe to let it go before the public, and the poor publisher lost more than a month of precious time.

His army now forgot all their past sufferings, their many months of weary marching, the ashes of Smolensk, and the bloodshed of Borodino. Beneath them lay the wonderful city of palaces and shrines, the capital of Holy Russia, the object of their struggles, the place where their leader intended to dictate peace to the world and load them all with plunder.

Napoleon's face shone with satisfaction as he surveyed the hundreds of churches, with their multitude of strange spires shining with polished metals, which many believed to be gold and silver. His soldiers danced for joy in the warm September sunshine. The camp was filled with song as each one donned his best uniform, preparatory to making conquests amongst the maidens of Moscow.

But the maidens of Moscow were not like those of Berlin. They had all left the town along with their fathers and brothers, their sisters and mothers. The advance-guard of the French entered at one gate while the citizens of Moscow left at the other. Napoleon waited for the usual deputation of smiling aldermen, but he waited long and in vain. One hour succeeded the other, but no alderman of Moscow came to offer him homage; it was all painfully like Smolensk. The hours passed and darkness came, and in this darkness there went up a bright light from amongst the thousand spires. Napoleon remarked that Moscow was a town particularly well adapted for illuminations. Nor was Napoleon single in this opinion. It had been shared by the decamping Russian governor, who had provided such an illumination as even Napoleon might regard with interest. Light succeeded light amongst the buildings of Moscow, and from the heights of the citadel Napoleon readily perceived that these fires must be more than the result of



accident. But for the moment no one concerned himself with a burning house more or less; all were too busy selecting good quarters. Moscow was famed at that time for its excellent fire companies, and water was abundant, so Napoleon went to sleep in the palace of the Czars, confident that he would be awakened by Alexander's messenger pleading for peace.

But while he slept the wind blew high and the flames reached out. The men who were sent to order the fires arrested came back with troubled faces. All the local firemen had fled along with the rest, and had taken with them every fire engine.

For a full week Moscow kept her gigantic blaze, in which some 14,000 houses were destroyed. Napoleon hoped from day to day that Russia would sue for peace as humbly as Prussia had done six years before; but days passed, and weeks, and nothing came but the sighing of the wind in the lonesome forests round about. Five precious weeks did Napoleon waste in Moscow before he finally decided upon his wretched retreat. On October 19th he started, just one day later than the date of the Leipzig battle, which in 1813 was to send him once again on a backward march. Before leaving Moscow, however, he left detailed orders for the burning down of the remaining buildings, and particularly for the destruction of the famous Kremlin. Moscow was ablaze when he entered it, and he left it blazing afresh and more savagely still.

In Napoleon's flames, however, there perished some 10,000 helpless wounded Russian prisoners, whose avenging spirits hovered over the long line of retreating French and gave them no peace. The French left behind them a city full of foul stenches rising from carcasses of charred horses and men. Does it not seem like poetic

justice that ice and snow should be reserved as the punishment meted out to these barbarous house-burners?

They were forced to go back over the same road by which they had come, and thus after ten days from Moscow they reached once more the neighborhood of Borodino. No need of sign-boards to this place. The vultures quarrelling overhead, the howl of the wolf in the forest — these indicated many acres of unburied bodies slaughtered in the cause of La Gloire! Fifty-two days had passed since the battle, yet the fields were strewn with bodies of horses and men, clothing, boots, saddlery, equipments of all kinds. The effects were depressing, and not less so the gaunt creatures who hobbled out from the churches and cabins of the way-side, begging that they might not be left behind to fall into the hands of marauding Cossacks. These were the wounded who had not strength to join in the triumphal march to Moscow. They were now helped upon artillery caissons and provision-carts, burdening still further loads already too heavy for the poor beasts of burden. For the French army which left Moscow was very badly supplied with horses, thanks to the unanimity with which the peasants everywhere secreted their property.

The first snow fell on November 4th, fifteen days after leaving Moscow. In two days more the thermometer sank below the freezing-point, and the snow was driven by a cruel northeast wind, which in northern Europe corresponds to the American blizzard from the northwest. But the cold alone was a small matter, for Napoleon had before this won battles in winter weather. His men were retreating on empty bellies; his horses were dying for want of forage; not only were his troopers without horses, the roads became littered with pieces of artillery and baggage-carts, whose horses died in the traces. Men,



NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW





too, died where they lay down to rest, and each encampment bore next day the looks of a battle-field. It was a sad picture of needless suffering, but the survivors bore it with comparative cheerfulness, for Smolensk was not far off, and there they were promised comfortable winter-quarters, warm clothing, and plenty of food.

Napoleon reached Smolensk on the 9th of November, having been three weeks doing the three hundred intervening miles, an average rate of speed of less than fifteen miles a day. We can readily assume that Napoleon meant his army to march at its highest rate of speed, for he was flying for his life, having good reason to fear interception and capture before reaching friendly territory.

Already, then, we have evidence of Napoleon's wretched condition from want of horses, want of food, and want of clothing.* The Russians had as yet done him little damage since leaving Moscow, and the still greater enemy, Jack Frost, had given him but a sample of what he could furnish at a later day. How was it possible, we ask, that a man who had conducted campaigns with success under every climatic condition between the Baltic and the Pyramids should have shown such bad generalship in this year 1812, even if we stop at Smolensk to discuss the matter? What had become of his half a million? How is it that he could never get enough of his men together to do the Russians serious harm? Where was his formerly famous commissariat system? And why must his men crawl along so slowly, when in past years they had astonished Europe by their forced marches?

* "The disasters of Napoleon's army did not originate in the frost and snow of Russia."—Cathcart, p. 87.



Napoleon himself started the legend that he was conquered only by the elements—by the unprecedented winter's cold. But that was a mere lie of expediency. Had there been no worse weather after than before Smolensk there is little reason to suppose that the end of the campaign would have been much different.

The French army of 1812 was no longer that of 1799, and still less that of Jena. The troops that crossed into Russia were a motley band, not half of whom spoke French.* Little Portuguese from the banks of the Tagus, brown-skinned Italians from the Campagna, broad-belted Bavarians, semi-civilized Dalmatians, Prussians, Austrians, Dutch, Swiss, Würtembergers, and Saxons—these all followed the fortunes of the conqueror, not for love of his name and people, but because he was a successful soldier and gave them plenty of plunder and glory. In Moscow there had been grand times thieving from the palaces and temples, and every man who started for home on that fateful 19th of October, 1812, took with him every precious ounce he could carry. There was a time when Napoleon could have forbidden this dangerous luxury, and insisted that nothing should encumber his march save indispensable military stores. But here again we find that the Napoleon of 1812 was not the Napoleon of 1806.

Those alone who are familiar with the movement of large troop masses can appreciate the interminable movement required to pass a single army corps, of say 30,000 men, past a given point. In times of parade, on a broad plain and without baggage, it goes rapidly enough; but on a single road, where men can march

* "Here in Russia 150,000 Germans at least, recruited from conquered German territory, were fighting under Napoleon's banners."—Arndt, p. 10.



only four abreast, when long trains of ammunition and provisions have to be added to the equally tedious train of artillery, a commander may consider himself fortunate if a single army corps can pass a given point on a single road between sunrise and sunset of a winter's day. But the army of Napoleon was dragged out to nearly double its needful length by vehicles of every kind, containing clocks, ribbons, jewelry, pictures — everything which could tempt the taste of a soldier, from the field-marshal down to the weakest drummer-boy.* Napoleon himself bore the chief plunder, the cross from the top of the Kremlin—as though to prove that he had conquered the country by desecrating its capital. To do Napoleon justice, he had thought this famous cross to be of gold, according to the popular belief in Russia. But it proved to be nothing but base metal, gaudily gilded for the purpose of deceiving those far away. Nevertheless, it was carried along in the wretched procession as part of the booty which should, it was hoped, make France believe that the campaign had ended in success.

Napoleon travelled usually in a luxurious coach fitted up as a sleeping-carriage.† He only walked for the sake of stirring his blood. Of course he had a complete camp kitchen and outfit of wine, and lived as well as it was possible to do. That he shared the struggles and sufferings of his men, even to the extent of riding his

* Even the French historian Thiers (p. 662) tells that in the retreat through Wilna the soldiers were so burdened by the money they had stolen that they offered the Jews 1000 francs of silver in exchange for 100 francs of gold. As the frontier country of Russia, Prussia, and Austria contains the bulk of the whole Jewish nation, it is safe to say that this Napoleonic invasion was the cause of great rejoicing to a people versed in the trade of brokerage.

† Even Thiers blames Napoleon for neglecting his men of the rear-guard on this retreat.



horse in their midst, is the invention of patriotic painters and novelists. Napoleon respected the doctrine *l'état c'est moi*, and felt that he was serving the state badly if he neglected his own health.

Smolensk was the name that sounded sweetest to this army of retreat; it sounded like food and fire and soft beds. But Napoleon found there fresh disappointment. The town could not hold the fugitives who came pouring in with news of fresh disasters. His fourth corps, which had left Moscow with 25,000 men and 92 guns, had only 6000 men and 12 guns on November 10th, the day on which it reached the Wopp, a little stream running into the Dnieper thirty miles east of Smolensk. These thirty miles required three days to march, an eloquent testimony to the character of the roads and the want of horses.

After spending four futile days in Smolensk, Napoleon on the 14th of November again gathered up the remnants of his once "Grande Armée," and started in search of winter-quarters.

His army now counted only 42,000. Of the 37,000 cavalry he had led across the Memel only 3000 remained in the saddle. Of 600 cannon there were left 250. The Russians had at this moment more than twice as many infantry, ten times as many cavalry, and twice as many pieces of artillery. That Russia allowed a single Frenchman to escape is, under the circumstances, ample proof that the Russian troops were led by officers devoid of enterprise and ability.*

* Stein hoped to organize a "German legion" in Russia, made up largely of the prisoners taken from Napoleon's German contingents. "We dreamed of a rapid increase to ten or twenty thousand; but, alas! our prisoners died like flies, because of the cold, the hard marches, the neglect, and, above all, the cruel treatment of their Rus-



Before leaving Smolensk, however, Napoleon arranged that it should be destroyed after the manner of Moscow —the walls blown up, the houses burned down; and once more the French left behind them misery and cursing lips, for 5000 wounded were here abandoned to an advancing enemy. The destruction of Smolensk was an act not dictated by military necessity. Under ordinary circumstances it would be called barbarous, but when we reflect that so many thousand wounded were in this place, abandoned without doctors or nurses, surely it could have been but a savage who could so deliberately prepare their destruction. Many of these wounded were killed by the falling buildings, and of the rest a large share no doubt regretted that their lives had been spared to see Smolensk.

sian drivers. . . . I have seen too many specimens of these unfortunates —starved and frozen young men. And so it came about that scarcely anything sound and healthy remained for the German legion."—Arndt, *Meine Wanderungen*, p. 20, ed. 1869.

So does cruelty and brutality recoil, for Arndt, with Stein, was devoted to the Russian cause as that of her own people.

IV

NAPOLEON TAKES REFUGE IN PRUSSIA

"Let drum and flute, let all ye can,
Resound with thrilling peal!
This very day, yes! man for man
Will steep in blood the steel.
In tyrants' blood, in Frenchmen's blood—
O day of sweet revenge!
That sound, to German ears so good,
Will our great cause avenge."

—Arndt, "Vaterlandslied."

The French began their retreat from Smolensk on November 12th, and it took four days before the rear-guard passed out. Since leaving Moscow on October 19th they had placed themselves about three hundred miles nearer to Paris, but to accomplish this they had so exhausted themselves that of the hundred thousand whom Napoleon marched out of Moscow not half were able to carry a musket into Smolensk.

Where next? The nearest town in which they might hope for rest was Wilna, the capital of Lithuania, where they had danced with the maidens of Poland not six months before. But it was to be still another three hundred miles of such misery as made many prefer instant death. Until Smolensk the number of men in the ranks had been slightly larger than the disarmed rabble which marched in the rear, but from now on this mob of stragglers rapidly increased, until very soon the



A STRAGGLER

Grand Army of Napoleon came to resemble a vast herd of tramps bound together by nothing but the common danger of being killed by pursuing Cossacks and outraged peasants.

About half-way between Smolensk and Wilna is a little stream less than two hundred yards wide, and from four to six feet deep. It is so insignificant that Napoleon did not take the trouble to have it mapped with care as he led his men eastward to Moscow. But the name of this trifle was Beresina, a name that even to-day cannot be seen or heard without a shudder.

To-day the traveller from Moscow to Warsaw crosses the Beresina at a place called Borissov, eastward of Minsk. Where the railway now passes, there Napoleon intended to go with his army in 1812; but there, too, the Russians had assembled in force, and, according to all the rules of war, there Napoleon should have been captured, along with the whole of his army. The Russians were acting upon an excellent grand plan of war, with superior forces well fed and well clothed. One army came from the north, another from the south; these two were to bar Napoleon's passage of the Beresina, while the main force, which hung upon his flanks all the way from Moscow, was to drive the French to their destruction. From the beginning to the end of this strange campaign Russian commanders exhibited plentiful want of common-sense, but nowhere more than here. They posted themselves at the point where they thought Napoleon ought to cross, and of course Napoleon took pains to hold them there while he arranged to cross somewhere else, higher up.

On the night of November 25th work was begun upon two bridges, and on the day following troops began to cross. How many crossed no one knows. These were



not times for dress-parades and muster-rolls. A comparison of many guesses makes it fair to assume that Napoleon led between 30,000 and 35,000 soldiers across the Beresina, and perhaps as many more stragglers and camp-followers. All day and all night, and all the next day and the following night, the fugitives passed on; but already on the 27th the Russians showed themselves in force, while part of Napoleon's troops were on one side of the stream and part on the other. With rare courage and coolness did they hold the Russians back, in the hope of saving all those who crowded upon the two bridges. Until the evening of the 28th it was possible, but the order then came that on the 29th of November, at five in the morning, the bridges must be destroyed, whether all had crossed or not. While this disorganized mass of stragglers were desperately struggling to get over, the body of troops that had been defending the eastern or Russian side of the bridge received orders themselves to cross, under shelter of darkness, so as to be safely over when the time came to destroy it. So, when darkness set in, these soldiers retired from before the Russians and claimed right of way across the Beresina. But all the approaches were choked with baggage-wagons, struggling horses, men, women,* and children, all blindly bent upon the same object, but each contributing to make the task impossible. There was one bridge for heavy loads, another for foot-passengers; but in that army of Napoleon was no force capable of

* The large number of women that accompanied Napoleon's army from Moscow is another indication of the degree to which discipline had been relaxed. These women were largely Moscow prostitutes, who had left because they feared that the Russians might take vengeance upon them when they returned to their burned-out capital.—P. B.



securing orderly movement over these bridges. The scene could be compared only to a panic in a burning theatre, when people mad with fright trample one another to death in frantic effort to reach a door. The mad mob struggled on the bridge with an energy that would have saved them all had they kept their muskets and remained in the ranks. On this horrible night, however, their energy was that of savages battling for self-preservation. The weak and the wounded, women and children, wherever they stood in the way of the strong, were knocked down, trampled under foot, or kicked away over the bridge side, to fall screaming amidst the cakes of ice that filled the stream. These were the men who six months ago passed for heroes, who marched in the name of a higher civilization.

They fled from Cossacks whom they thought to be savages, yet they themselves perpetrated upon their own comrades such atrocities as only Apaches could surpass.

On came the troops, with orders to cross the bridge, but the bridge was held by superior numbers to those claiming right of way. And so it came to a fight. The guns so recently aimed at Russians responded now as readily when pointed into a solid wall of fellow-creatures, former messmates. The cannon-balls made a breach in this mass of writhing flesh; the rest was done with bayonets. The rear-guard corps marched on, tumbling into the stream everything that stood in the way, for they had but this one night left them, knowing that on the morrow they could no longer hold against the overwhelming force of Russians.

The morrow came, and found the bridges commanded by Russian artillery. All the arms of Napoleon had crossed in safety, but as far as the eye could see were masses of human creatures still left on the other side, all

hopelessly seeking escape from the enemy. That Napoleon's army was saved here was due almost wholly to a man of German blood, born near Saarbrücken, the noble General Éblé, who died a few weeks later from the effects of his exposure. He, with a few hundred pioneers, made these bridges over the icy stream, watched them day and night, kept such order as was possible, and destroyed them finally, by order of Napoleon, when to have left them standing would have exposed the whole army to ruin. He delayed as long as he dared, while the Russian artillery was striking in amidst the helpless mass of stragglers still surging across. But at nine the last moment had arrived. Éblé turned away his head, and the match was laid.

The last of Napoleon's rear-guard marched away from the Beresina, leaving behind no one knew how many of their fellow-creatures, who could be seen rushing through the flames, soon to fall screaming into the river of ice.

How many here died piteously is not known. The stream in after-years showed islands below the bridge where none had been before. These were formed by the masses of those who struggled for life in these dreadful days. Ten years after, a party of Prussian officers, visiting the battle-field, found it still strewn with innumerable signs of the horrible butchery that took place here; and as though the god of this river desired that all should remember the lesson here inculcated, these islands now blossom in the spring-time with a flower called *forget-me-not.*

Of those whose corpses lie beneath these flowers we cannot know the number. Even of those who fell on the banks the numbers can only be guessed. Twenty-four thousand carcasses were here burned by order of



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE BERESINA

the Russian governor, and at least 5000 stragglers were made prisoners. When the Russian advance-guard reached the place, an eye-witness reported that all the peasant huts in the neighborhood were packed with wounded, and that the fields about were littered with carcasses of men and horses frozen stiff where they happened to draw their last suffering breath.

From the Beresina to Wilna the distance in a straight line is about 150 miles, which occupied about ten more days.

On the 5th of December, about thirty miles before reaching Wilna, Napoleon informed his principal commanders of a resolution he had taken some days before, and which produced even more depression amongst them. On that night he abandoned what was left of his army and hurried in secret to Paris, where he arrived on the 18th, occupying thirteen days on the way.

Here ends the history of that army, for Napoleon's flight took away the last hope it had entertained of once more pulling itself together into fighting form.

At Wilna was a brilliant gathering of soldiers and diplomatists assembled about the headquarters. On the 2d of December all the world of France and her allies celebrated the day when Napoleon was crowned. Champagne was abundant, and so was everything else in Wilna. The news that arrived spoke only of victories, and all the bells rang joyfully in honor of the man who was then supposed to be leading home thousands of Russian prisoners, a mass of booty, and an army crowned with new laurels.

At last, however, his ragged remnant of an army made its appearance at the gates of Wilna, and now the truth had to be acknowledged.

Napoleon might here have made a stand; there were supplies of every kind, reinforcements marching from the west, and every prospect of soon being more than a match for the numbers under Russian command. But the moment it was known that he had run away from them, all idea of order ceased, even amongst the few who still carried a musket. Wilna was plundered; the military stores were recklessly destroyed, through the short-sighted behavior of the famished men; and, to make matters worse, wine and spirits were found in abundance and consumed at once.

From the 6th to the 10th of December, while Napoleon was hurrying to Paris, the last of his army was drinking itself into madness at the point he had designated as their winter resting-place. And once more came the alarm of the Cossacks.

From Wilna this hysterical retreat went on to Kovno. There were here ten millions of francs in the military chest which could not be dragged along, and so it was tossed over to the soldiers, who filled their pockets, and kept filling them until the Cossacks came up and captured soldiers and booty as well. Some lucky ones managed to conceal treasures in the ground before the Cossacks came, and marked the place for further identification, but there were very few so fortunate.

Napoleon's grand cross from the Kremlin was lost, and also the crown and sceptre he had intended using in Moscow to crown himself Emperor of the Western World. All these and many another emblem of human vanity were sunk in the Beresina or spirited away by Cossacks. The chief treasure carried back by the Russians to St. Petersburg from the Beresina was Napoleon's manuscript map of Europe, from



REMNANTS OF THE GRAND ARMY



which I have prepared the maps accompanying this work.

At Wilna, no sooner had the troops commenced their retreat than the Jews fell upon the wounded, pillaged them, and tossed them out into the streets, where they lay in lofty piles to wait the Russians, who were not long in arriving.* Kovno was reached on December 12th — the same Kovno that had waved them warm kisses in June of the same year. The Niemen (or Memel) flows from here down to Tilsit, where six years before a famous treaty had been signed, and where Alexander and Napoleon had sworn everlasting friendship. Now this river was frozen tight, and Cossacks could gallop across it as freely as though it were the open plain. Obviously this was no place to defend, for the Russians would soon surround it and cut off its garrison from any communication with the French base on the Baltic. So off once more, after plundering and destroying as much as possible—off to seek safety, warmth, and creature comforts on the soil of Prussia, and amongst the people whom Napoleon had for six years treated with contempt and cruelty.† It was not until the 19th of December that the French found shelter under the walls of Kö-

* Arndt and Stein spent a night at an inn of Wilna on the way to Germany. Arndt writes: "In the court before me was a pile of stiff, naked, frozen corpses as high as the third story of the house. They had been tossed out of the windows as fast as they died. . . . Hundreds of sledges were busy carting the rattling carcasses to the river, to find their way past Kovno to the Memel, and so afford a meagre meal to the fish of the Baltic."

† "Of these impious and insolent fugitives scarcely a single one was robbed or flogged while in the land of the German tongue." Arndt (p. 105), on the other hand, thinks that the fugitives would have fared otherwise had they been Germans flying for their lives across French territory under corresponding circumstances.

nigsberg, the venerable capital of East Prussia. Just two months had they been coming from Moscow. They had started as men; they entered Prussia like famished and hunted beasts. The good peasantry of Germany looked upon them as strange monsters from another world, things sent by God as a warning.

V

GENERAL YORCK, THE GLORIOUS TRAITOR

"The chilly breezes blow;
In sadness do we go,
Led on by destiny.
O'ershadowed is each star,
While Europe, from afar,
Looks on the tragedy."

—Platen (born, 1795; died, 1835), "Nächtlicher Uebergang."

When Napoleon invaded Russia in 1812 there marched with him in close diplomatic alliance 20,000 Prussian troops, under command of General Yorck. This Prussian soldier of English ancestry was placed under the orders of a Frenchman of Scotch ancestry, Macdonald, who commanded the extreme left wing of the Grand Army of invasion.

This corps did not advance more than 150 miles from the Prussian frontier, and operated in the neighborhood of Riga, where the population is largely German and mostly Lutheran. In vain did they attempt to capture this ancient Baltic town.

England had command of the seas; Russia kept the place well supplied with men and munitions; and the winter arrived while Yorck and Macdonald were still westward of the river Düna.

But strange things were taking place among these allies. There were many Germans who had taken service in the Russian army for the sake of fighting

against Napoleon, and in the lulls of battle Germans chatted amicably who a few moments before had been seeking to make corpses one of the other. On July 29th General Yorck sent to the Russian commander an agent to arrange for an exchange of prisoners; but what was his surprise to learn that these fellow-countrymen, instead of pining to return to their regiments, had joyfully taken service with their Cossack captors! Yorck showed great indignation, denounced these Germans as traitors, and issued an order to have them brought before court-martial and promptly shot should they ever fall into Prussian hands. This order was communicated to the Prussian King, and received his hearty approval. Yorck little thought that he would soon himself set an example destined to draw upon his head the same royal displeasure he had just invoked in the case of less conspicuous offenders.*

Yorck was in a false position from the start. He hated Napoleon; he hated the French. He prayed his King to allow him to resign, but Frederick William III. insisted, and Yorck yielded.

As the weeks passed, and then the months, Yorck heard through Russian sources that Napoleon found Moscow in flames, and that his Grand Army was retreating. He was torn by conflicting duties. What if the French proved unable to withstand the Russian advance, even on arriving upon Prussian soil? From the Russian headquarters came insidious proposals that

* In the Prussian Record Office (Geheimer Staatsarchiv) is preserved a sharp letter addressed on September 3, 1812, by the Prime-Minister Hardenberg to the government of Silesia. In this he insists that the censorship of newspapers must be more strict than ever, and that every article must be rigidly suppressed that could possibly give offence to the King's ally, Napoleon. It is amusing to note that the date of Hardenberg's letter is now the anniversary of Sedan!

Yorck should surrender rather than fight against overwhelming odds. In the event of surrender, Yorck was to be allowed to march his whole corps back into Prussia, there to await events. He sent couriers to the King in Berlin, asking for instructions, but got only ambiguous answers. Napoleon was always referred to as the Prussian ally, yet Yorck was at the same time told that his conduct must be determined by circumstances.

At length arrived the frozen remnants of the "Grande Armée" in Wilna,* on the 5th of December, and on the 8th Yorck knew by a trusted messenger that the Russians had already placed themselves between the Prussian corps and the Prussian frontier. Yorck again begged definite instructions from his King, and called upon Macdonald to make good his retreat before it was too late. But the French marshal had as little news from Napoleon as Yorck had from Berlin. The army of fugitives moved onward over the Memel at Kovno, with Cossacks on either side of them, yet Macdonald remained at his post, like the honest soldier that he was, while the Russians gradually formed a circle in his rear. Since November 30th he had had no orders, and not until December 18th did he receive any. His couriers had been all captured by Cossacks, and his situation was growing hourly more critical.

Although the King in Berlin knew that Napoleon's army was destroyed, he closed a letter to Yorck on December 12th with these words: "To my brave soldiers it

* In the memoirs of Maret, Napoleon's Minister for Foreign Affairs during the Russian invasion, occur these lines (p. 427): "Et Barlow [Minister of the United States to France], qui était resté à Paris, reçut *l'ordre* [from Napoleon] de venir à Wilna. . . ." That was in October, 1812. Had Napoleon's campaign succeeded, the American envoy might have been *ordered* to join him in Moscow—or possibly Calcutta.

will be an additional incentive to earn, as before, my confidence and that of *the Emperor, my ally.*"

The post-horses were ready to carry this message back to Yorck before Riga, when, to the surprise of the King, there arrived from the "Emperor, my ally," a message dated Dresden, December 12th.*

The Berlin court was amazed that Napoleon should be in Dresden while his army was needing him so sorely on the Memel, but such was the fear his name inspired that the King never for a moment wavered in his duty as a subordinate ally. Napoleon flying for his life represented to Frederick William more power than his own nation in arms. The same note that announced Napoleon's loss of his army brought orders that Prussia should increase her contingent of soldiers to 30,000 men. And the King accepted this order as cheerfully as he had obeyed that to furnish 20,000 at the beginning of the campaign.

On the 17th of December, 1812, Yorck's messenger at last posted away from Berlin to Riga with the King's answer. But when the answer was read it proved to be nothing but vague statements, with this only clear, that the King remained the ally of Napoleon, and that Yorck must act according to circumstances. The Chancellor Hardenberg gave no hint that he or the King was disposed to encourage Russia. Yorck's officer, who bore the

* In the letter of the Prussian King promising Napoleon all he asked (dated December 31, 1812), he not only addressed him as "Monsieur mon frère," but dwelt upon "la vive satisfaction avec laquelle j'ai reçu ce nouveau témoignage de son amitié et de sa confiance," and closes his letter by renewing his feelings of "constant attachement à notre alliance et à votre système." The same day he sent General Krusemark to Paris, who is to assure the beaten Napoleon of "mon constant attachement à son système, les efforts que je ne cesse de faire pour la cause commune," etc.—MS. in General Staff Archives, Berlin.

message, in vain sought to draw from Frederick William III. some statement that might justify Yorck in treating with Russia. Nothing could be extracted from him save the opinion that Napoleon was a genius, and would soon find new armies.

On Christmas Eve Yorck found himself on the retreat from Riga to Tilsit, in bitterly cold weather, separated from his French commander, Macdonald, and surrounded by Russians, amongst whom were many Prussian officers. He was in a situation from which he might have extricated himself by hard fighting, but, in view of the state of the armies in the field, he had a passable excuse for preferring to spare his men.

The Russians begged to parley, and Yorck then and there accepted the responsibility of a step which makes him the most respectable traitor in the military history of his country.

Yorck was ready to abandon Macdonald, but he begged that the Russians would allow him to do so under circumstances which might satisfy the demands of "honor" —this word which has so many meanings!

On December 26th arrived from the Czar Alexander a message which made Yorck still more ready to leave the French. It was a formal promise to make peace only when Prussia should have regained all that she lost in 1806 at the battle of Jena. To be sure, Alexander had promised this sort of thing six years before, and had forgotten all about it when signing the Peace of Tilsit; but still, Yorck felt that he was receiving as good guarantees as he could at that time reasonably expect. So again he begged the Russians to prepare all the circumstances so that he might with decency capitulate, and he would do so.

In the evening of December 29th Yorck received orders

from Macdonald to join him in Tilsit, and at the same time from the Russian headquarters a despatch stating that further fighting was useless, that Yorck was cut off, and the French flying before 50,000 Russians.

Scarcely had Yorck finished this last letter when his friend Clausewitz, the same who subsequently wrote the great Book on War, entered the room. Clausewitz had left the Prussian army along with a hundred officers who were eager to fight Napoleon, even if they had to become Russian to do so. Yorck turned savagely on Clausewitz and refused to see any more despatches, which he said only confused him. He abused the Cossacks for letting Macdonald's messenger slip through the lines with the order for joining him. "Now," said he, "I have received orders, and I must march; and I forbid any further discussion, which may cost me my head!"

But Clausewitz begged that he might at least read a despatch to him, and not be sent back in disgrace. So Yorck, grumbling still, called for a candle, and Clausewitz read a letter from the Russian headquarters, indicating such a disposition of the Czar's troops as made fighting foolhardy. The letter closed with a strong hint that the Russians were tired of parley, and that if Yorck did not at once capitulate they would treat him as an enemy, and make an end of his corps.

Yorck had eyes like a hawk. Fastening those eyes on Clausewitz, he said: "Clausewitz, you are a Prussian—do you believe this letter to be genuine?"

Clausewitz gave his word of honor that it was. Yorck then turned to another Prussian in the Russian service, Colonel Röder, and asked that officer's opinion.

"So far as the King and the country and the army are concerned, this step would be of great service; but

so far as your own person is concerned, there would be very great danger—"

Here Yorck interrupted in a loud voice: "What! my person! I shall go cheerfully to the scaffold for my King! Let me sign the capitulation!" Then stalked the peppery old Prussian across the room to Clausewitz, seized his hand, and exclaimed: "You have me now! I have made up my mind to separate myself from the Frenchmen and their cause."

He called the officers of his corps together that night. They knew by his features that he had something of importance to say. There was such a hush upon that body of men that hearts could be heard to beat. For a time Yorck kept his eyes in silence fixed upon the men who had shared his honorable career. It was hard for him to tell them that he now invited them to insubordination.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the French army has been destroyed by the hand of an avenging God. The time has come for us to regain our independence by uniting with the army of Russia. Whoever thinks as I do in this matter, and is ready to give his life for his country and liberty, let him join me. Others need not do so. Whatever may be the issue of this affair, I shall continue to honor such as differ from me and stay behind. If our enterprise succeed, the King may perhaps forgive me this step. If I fail, I lose my head. In that case I beg my friends to look after my wife and children."

Every sword flew from its scabbard, and all greeted with enthusiasm their general's short but meaning speech. The troops were soon informed of the change in the general's plan, and that night there was genuine German song in the camp of Yorck; for there was hope of liberty and a liberated fatherland.

Yorck wrote immediately to the King, explaining, on the one hand, that he had acted from necessity; on the other, that this necessity should be regarded as a subject for rejoicing. "I cheerfully lay my head at your Majesty's feet should this step prove to have been wrong. I should die, however, in the belief that I had done my duty as a faithful subject and true Prussian." *

On the first day of the glorious 1813, Yorck, with his merry men, entered Tilsit, welcomed by all as the man who had taken the first step for German liberty. He was in command of a splendid corps of Germans, seasoned to war and devoted to their leader. It was in this Tilsit that his King and Queen had in 1807 been treated with cruel insolence; here that Napoleon had cut Prussia in two, and made the remainder little more than a French camp. The honest people of East Prussia burned with eagerness to follow the lead of Yorck, to cut off the French before they could recross the Rhine, and thus take summary vengeance for the hundreds of outrages perpetrated on German soil.

But Yorck was not an ambitious politician, much less an adventurer; he stood in Prussia as the type of an uncompromising soldier, whose single creed was duty to his King. From Tilsit he reported to Frederick William that his corps remained neutral for the present, awaiting the royal pleasure. He admitted again that the step he had taken was without orders, but he begged his King to seize this favorable opportunity: "Now or never is the moment for recovering once more Liberty, Indepen-

* "General Yorck was regarded by his King as a traitor and political agitator (*Aufrührer*)."—Arndt, p. 116.

"Es folgte der hochherzige und glorreiche Verrath Yorck's" (the glorious and high-minded treachery of Yorck).—Haym's *Wilhelm v. Humboldt*, p. 295.

dence, and Greatness. . . . The fate of the world hangs upon your Majesty's decision." *

Yorck's despatch reached the King on January 5th, and on the same day Frederick William sent his answer, which was to order Yorck's arrest, to place another general in his stead, and to assure the French representative that the King's troops were entirely at the service of Napoleon.†

The messenger reached Königsberg on the 10th, and Yorck then learned that in the eyes of his King he was guilty of high-treason. But meanwhile Yorck had become even more of a traitor than before. Not merely had he deserted Macdonald, but he had accepted a gift of half a million rubles for his corps from Alexander, and had actively arranged to join in fighting the French, should they advance upon him from the west, where they already found strong reinforcements. He had now no legal status as a Prussian. The Russian troops had invaded Germany, and Yorck was their ally against his own King, who remained the firm ally of France. His only hope lay in so rapid a movement of the Russians

* With strange persistence do some German historians pretend that the Prussian King abetted Yorck in secret while disavowing him in public; but in that they are mistaken. The late Emperor William, son of Frederick William III., was present when his father received the news of Yorck's defection from the French cause. He told his grandson, the present German Emperor, William II., that Yorck was never forgiven for this act; that Frederick William III. was from first to last seriously angry at Yorck for his insubordinate conduct; and the secret archives abundantly sustain this view.—P. B.

† As late as December, 1812, Hardenberg was complaining that Frenchmen had usurped police jurisdiction in the two eastern Prussian provinces. He wrote, however, to the King's representative there, if the French persisted in their illegal action—well—to let them have their way.—Prussian Record Office; Hardenberg to Prince zu Sayn und Wittgenstein.

as should demonstrate to the King and his cabinet that Prussia must either join with Russia against Napoleon or be crushed by advancing hordes from beyond the Memel and the Dnieper.

And so, with a halter about his neck, Yorck addressed himself to the officials of East Prussia, begging them to call out recruits and to fill his military chest with money. On January 6th the Russian advance-guard made a triumphal entry into Königsberg, and were received in this ancient seaport as angels of deliverance. The Russian commander sat in the royal lodge at the theatre, and the people greeted him with mad delight. He answered their cries by calling for cheers for His Majesty the Prussian King. Two days later Yorck was welcomed with the same demonstrations, and two days after that a message came from Berlin ordering his arrest for high-treason.

But the people of East Prussia were too far from Berlin to believe that their King could be serious in desiring to remain subject to Napoleon. Even when the newspapers on January 19th published the news of Yorck's disgrace, the people persisted in thinking that this was done only to deceive Napoleon while Prussia gained time. But serious business it was for Yorck. Several officials refused to obey his orders when he called upon them for help, and each day made his position more critical. To a fellow-general he wrote: "With bleeding heart I sever all bonds of obedience and declare war on my own account. The army demands to be led against France; the people clamor for it; the King desires it, but the King is not a free agent. The army must restore him his freedom of will. I shall shortly approach the Elbe and Berlin with 50,000 men. On the Elbe I shall say to the King, 'Here, sire, is your army, and here is my old head.'"



GENERAL YORCK ENTERS KÖNIGSBERG

There is something quaintly comical in this picture of the stern monarchist grimly disobeying the King, raising troops in that King's name, and proposing to march against that very same King for the purpose of giving him a liberty he distinctly did not desire. It was a practical joke on a stage of grand tragedy. The farce was sustained by Yorck's publishing on January 27th, in the Königsberg newspaper, that he should continue to govern in the King's name, because the news of his arrest had not reached him through official channels. In fact, the King's messenger had been obligingly detained by the Cossacks, so that Yorck should not receive the formal order of his deposition and arrest.

So here was the King of Prussia arming one-half of his army to fight for Napoleon, and Yorck arming the other half to fight against Napoleon. Is it strange that the German citizens marvelled, and began to think that, since national honor was so variously understood by kings and courtiers, it might be as well to call in the opinion of the plain people?

VI

THE PRUSSIAN CONGRESS OF ROYAL REBELS

"Rise from your grassy couches,
Ye sleepers, up, 'tis day!
Already do the chargers
To us good-morning neigh.
In morning's glow, so brightly,
Our faithful weapons gleam;
While we of death are thinking,
Of victory we dream."

—Schenckendorf, "Soldaten-Morgenlied."

In the first month of the great German year 1813 Napoleon was savagely calling for more recruits and more money; the remnants of his starved and frozen armies wandered like ghosts across the snow-fields of Germany, looking for rest and shelter;* the Prussian corps under General Yorck rested in the northeast corner of Prussia, not knowing whether they were to be French, Russian, or German. Frederick William III. still protested affection for Napoleon, while the Czar Alexander gave the world to understand that if Prussia remained a French ally she must expect to be invaded by a Russian army, and lose still more of her territory.

* Already in November of 1812 a Prussian burgomeister complained that bands of Russian prisoners of war had escaped from their French escorts, that the Germans made no effort to seize them again, and that these Russians were disquieting the public mind. —Report of Zöpffel, Polzin, November 30, 1812. Prussian Record Office.

As far as the King in Berlin was concerned, nothing good could be expected save through physical pressure of a very decided nature. Napoleon was preparing pressure from one side, but Alexander had in those days the largest army in the field, and was prepared to exert his pressure most directly. Alexander made Yorck feel this, but Yorck was too loyal a monarchist to go beyond the rôle of a neutral. Had Yorck acted with spirit in January, 1813, he would have sounded the alarm in every village of East Prussia; have called out the militia at once, and have made it impossible for a single Frenchman to recross the Rhine. This would have been of the utmost importance, for the French officers who escaped from Russia were, for the most part, experienced, and without them Napoleon would have found it impossible to put a new army rapidly in the field.

It is one of the strangest things in history, and one which reflects honor upon the character of the Germans, that during this disorderly retreat of their helpless enemies the people of East Prussia not only did not rise in mobs and destroy them with pitchforks, but we have startling evidence that evil was rewarded with good, and that German peasants shared their bread with French refugees who six months before had invaded their land like robbers.*

* The German Freemasons of Küstrin on the Oder took the French Masons into their lodges and treated them with singular kindness, although this fortress town suffered much through the French occupation after Jena. During that war Prussian and French Masons united in toasting indiscriminately Napoleon and Frederick William III. Here is a toast which the Prussian master of the Küstrin lodge proposed to his mixed audience while the war was going on early in 1807: "An inscrutable Providence has placed us in the power of the Emperor and King of the French, Napoleon. Let us pray the Master Architect of all the world that He may kindle in the heart of this

But the people at large were thinking for themselves, though they had no free press, no free parliament, and could not meet together for discussion without fear of police interference. Trusty messengers travelled Germany systematically preaching the gospel of liberty; bearing news of the outside world; exposing the falsehood in Napoleon's bulletins; scattering leaflets and patriotic songs; encouraging trust in God and confidence in a new Germany, free and united.

But, strange to relate, this new spirit in Germany was called into life from out of the land known best by symbols of despotism—the land of the knout and the secret police, the censor and Siberia.

Four weeks after Napoleon left his gallant generals in Russia and fled in disguise to Paris, another little sleigh hurried towards the Russian frontier, bearing infinite comfort to the German patriots.

This sleigh bore the man we learned to know in 1807

great monarch a fire of love and friendship towards our much-beloved monarch Frederick William III. May this fire kindle with bright flame, in order that both monarchs may in peace establish the happiness of their people and the good of mankind, and that these blessings may bear the most beautiful fruit. May the Master Builder of all worlds hear this prayer, and grant to the Emperor Napoleon in the accomplishment of this purpose health and a long life."

(Compare *Geschichte der Loge Friedrich Wilhelm, zum Goldenen Scepter, in Küstrin*, 1782 *bis* 1882.) "Der unerforschliche Rathschluss der Vorsehung hat uns unter die Botmässigkeit des K. und K. der Franzosen, Napoleon, gestellt. Wir wollen den oberen Baumeister aller Welten bitten, dass er in dem Herzen dieses grossen Monarchen das Feuer der Liebe und Freundschaft gegen unseren theuren und geliebten Monarchen zu hellen Flammen entzünden möge, damit sie beide in Ruhe und Frieden das Glück ihrer Völker und das Wohl der ganzen Menschheit pflanzen und zur schönsten Reife bringen können. Der obere Baumeister aller Welten erfülle diesen Wunsch und schenke dem Kaiser Napoleon, zur Ausführung derselben, 'Gesundheit und ein langes Leben.'"

and 1808, the father of constitutional liberty in Germany, Baron Stein. With him sat the poet Arndt, whose songs to-day make the youth of Germany thrill with the love of country.*

Stein and Arndt were not Prussians, but they labored for Prussia because they believed in her power to lead the rest of Germany. The poet and the statesman talked much of the future, which just then looked very rosy. Stein carried in his pocket full powers from the Czar to rouse and organize the German movement against Napoleon, and Arndt was there with the ready pen of Benjamin Franklin, prepared to make popular in the cabin of the peasant what Stein might determine at the green table.

Stein once remained long buried in thought. Then, rousing himself, he said these words, with particular emphasis: "It shall be so; it cannot be otherwise. The Prussian Congress must be convened; the volunteers must be called out. Yorck must march on to Berlin; Prussia must march ahead; Austria, Saxony, Westphalia, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Tyrol, and so the rest of Germany, must follow in her wake."

"Yes, it must be the whole of Germany," shouted Arndt in response, with so much enthusiastic energy that the man on the box was roused from a comfortable nap. "*Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!*"

"Now then," said he to Stein, "you have with you the constitution for a German empire, but I have the song

* "Stein knew nothing, dreamed nothing day and night, save the uprising and outburst of the whole German people against its worst enemy. Then as quickly as might be an alliance between the King Frederick William and the Czar Alexander, and then the most rapid possible marches across the Vistula and Oder to the Elbe and then to the Rhine."—Arndt, p. 115.

of German liberty," and with that the poet burst forth with the magnificent song which was destined in a few days to take its place amongst the most active agents for German liberation. That song was sung first in 1813, but in 1870 it had lost none of its power to kindle patriotic feeling, as many can well attest.

"What is the German fatherland?" is the leading line of each verse. Is it Prussia? is it Saxony? is it Bavaria? and so on, to which each verse answers, "*No, no, no. My* fatherland must be a broader one." And so, following the logic of Stein, Arndt, on that frosty sleigh-ride, amidst the wreck of Napoleonic armies, ends his song by the immortal words, "*Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein*"—"My country must be all Germany."

Stein made no concealment of his views regarding the petty princes of Germany. On one occasion, when the news of fresh Napoleonic disasters reached St. Petersburg, the Dowager Empress, a Würtemberg princess, used these words:

"If, now, a single French soldier slips through Germany, I shall blush to call myself a German."

At this our Stein, who was present, began to grow red in the face, and his nose became white, as was its wont when its owner was bursting with righteous anger. He rose, made a bow, and said: "Your Majesty does very wrong to use such language here in regard to a people so great, so brave, and so faithful, to which you are so fortunate as to belong. You should have said, I am ashamed, not of the German people, but of my brothers, cousins, and consorts, the German princes. . . . Had the kings and princes of Germany done their duty, no Frenchman would ever have crossed the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula, to say nothing of the Dniester."

Ordinarily such a speech would have been answered

by an order to disappear under police protection, but Stein was no ordinary man. The Empress received his rebuke with outward composure, and said to him:

"Perhaps you are right. I thank you for the lesson you have given."

On the 22d of January, 1813, Stein arrived, with Arndt, in Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia. The people of this province hailed him with enthusiasm as the man to organize victory; but the people of Germany are docile beyond anything known in England or America, and they rarely move until their officials show them the way. Stein was not received very cordially by the officials of Frederick William III. Yorck personally hated Stein, as he hated all reformers; to the narrow-minded soldier, Stein was a demagogue who would end by upsetting the monarchy. And yet Yorck acknowledged Stein's power in arousing the nation to arms. The other officials of the province gave Stein fair words, but declined to move without orders from His Prussian Majesty. It was to Stein a sad blow to find at the very beginning an opposition to him emanating wholly from the very government he had come to support. True, he was in the service of Russia; but Russia was then moving to liberate Germany. True that the King was nominally at war with Russia; but Stein brushed such arguments away as trivial in view of the national hatred to France.

However, finding that as mere German and patriot he could make no impression upon a class of officials trained to obey only the letter of the law, he finally drew out of his pocket his full powers, and in the name of the Russian Emperor ordered a congress convened for the 5th of February, 1813. This congress consisted of representatives elected from the nobles, the peasants, and the towns, and was convened for the express purpose of

devising the best means of putting an army into the field.

But official Prussia took counsel of its fears, and two days after sending the original call for the congress the governor sent a second note, explaining to the members that they were called to attend not a real congress in the legal sense, but merely a gathering of Prussian representatives who wished to hear what the ambassador of the Russian Czar might have to communicate. Stein made up his mind that he could expect little assistance from official quarters.

On January 26th he once more waved the magic wand of his Russian power of attorney, and, to the great delight of the world in general, and of England in particular, opened the port of Königsberg once more to commerce. As we know, the French had closed all the ports of Europe since 1806.

Thus, not only did Prussia owe the calling of a representative popular congress to a Russian autocrat, but she owed him also an edict of free trade. This edict worked so successfully that Stein was able to raise half a million thalers amongst the merchants of the province by merely pledging the custom-house receipts. And this money Stein devoted to the support of Yorck's troops, the wounded French and Russians in the hospitals, and other pressing objects.*

* Here is an itemized bill presented by General Yorck to his government. It represents the cost of making certain articles for his orderly (*Knecht*). It gives some idea of the cost of labor at that time:

	Thaler.	*Groschen.*	*Pfennig.*
1 czako—to trimming		1	6
1 forage cap		2	6
1 camisol (working jacket)		7	
1 pair trousers		4	



But the 5th of February rapidly drew near, and delegates began to arrive from all over the province. The congress had been called, the members responded, but no one would accept the responsibility of presiding. The governor declined, and so did Yorck. Stein had governed here in the name of the Czar, but had carefully protected German interests. He had done nothing but what was absolutely needful to support the army of occupation, until the Prussian King should be once more a free agent and claim his own.

So far the King had neither recognized Stein nor revoked the order to arrest Yorck and try him by court-martial. The people, it is true, were heart and soul for liberty and Stein, but the high officials could see in this congress little more than a rebellious gathering. Stein called upon General Yorck to open the assembly on February 5th, and explain the purpose for which it was summoned.

"It is your duty, and you must," said Stein.

"You cannot compel me, and I shall not," answered the equally hot-tempered Yorck. "This assembly is your work, and now do what you can with it!"

"You must, I repeat," said Stein; "otherwise you will have to confess that you decline to accept the consequences of your capitulation with the Russians."

	Thaler.	*Groschen.*	*Pfennig.*
1 pair stable trousers, including buttons...		2	6
1 pair gloves.....		1	
1 overcoat		8	
1 canvas knapsack (*Zwilling*).....		2	
1 stock, including cardboard and tape (*Pappe und Band*).....		2	
1 shirt.....		2	

Total (*Summa*), 1 R. thaler, 7 groschen, 9 pfennig, or about one dollar.—Prussian Record Office MSS.

Yorck sprang to his feet.

"If you drive me to it, I shall use violence," said Stein.

The general by this time had reached the door. "Go ahead," he shouted in anger. "Then I shall sound the alarm too, and we shall see what becomes of you and your Russians."

The two men separated in anger, and mutual friends labored to bring them together. Yorck talked of escaping to England as an end to his embarrassment. Stein struggled long with his boiling passions, and finally decided upon a step which could have been dictated only by the purest love of his country.

He determined to leave Königsberg, and in that way remove from the congress all appearances of being influenced by a foreign power. At the moment it seemed as though with Stein there went away every hope of national regeneration; but Stein had builded better than he knew, and all officialdom could not smother the patriotism that lay smouldering beneath the sluggish skins of East Prussian farmers.

East Prussia is full of vast forests and swamps—a flat country along the Baltic, where men have to work hard for the means of existence through the severe winters. It is the New England of Prussia, with a people of strong character and religious convictions. It was a land of refuge for many Protestants who were persecuted out of Austria, as the first New-Englanders were driven from the shores of Old England. The province had, in 1813, less than half a million souls, and had been pillaged by successive armies of French and Russians for the past five years. Contributions had already been levied upon this province amounting to 77,000,000 thalers (1 thaler = 75 cents, or 3 shillings) since the bat-

tle of Jena, or about 145 thalers per capita. Her commerce had been destroyed by Napoleon's cruel system, and her population was in an economic state verging upon misery.

It was a congress of this people that assembled for the definite purpose of spending more of their own money in the creation of a national army. Of the delegates twenty-three were noble landlords, eighteen were burghers, and thirteen farmers. This time, however, they came not to quarrel about privileges. They were united in one all-absorbing sentiment — the love of country.

At nine o'clock in the morning these patriots gathered together in the grand old city of Königsberg, on February 5th, a date which should be as highly honored in Germany as is July 4th in America, for Königsberg became on that day the cradle of German liberty.

Queen Luise had fled from here in the horrible January of 1807; here she had lived in the two succeeding years, cheering the patriots in secret, laying the foundations of the present common schools, keeping her husband from entirely losing heart. Could she have lived to this day, surely some good word would have reached York and Stein; they would not have been treated as rebels and outcasts for a crime whose motive was intense devotion to the cause of their King.

At the opening of this congress a communication from Stein was read, calling upon the members to take steps "for the general defence of the common country."

It was not said whether the country was to be defended against Russia or against France, nor was it necessary. Of course the first step after this was to gain knowledge as to the military situation from some one capable of instructing them. So a select committee

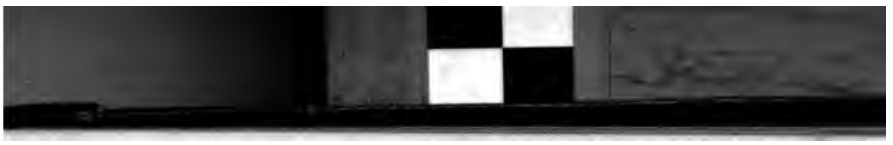
called upon Yorck, with an invitation to appear before this congress and give them the required information. Yorck promptly buckled on his sword and stalked over to the chamber, the members rising as he entered.

"Honorable Members and Representatives of the Nation," commenced Yorck. "As Governor-General of East Prussia, and as a most loyal subject of His Majesty the King, I enter your assembly to claim your loyal allegiance to King and country; to call upon you to support vigorously my propositions for arming the people and strengthening the army."

Yorck continued, professing the utmost devotion to his King, and reminding his hearers that at present communication with the King's government was severed, but that he should do nothing save in the name of that King. Perhaps his hearers laughed in their sleeves at these professions; for were not they all rebels alike, saving a King who most distinctly had expressed a preference for not being saved?

Yorck closed his patriotic harangue with a promise to whip the Frenchman wherever he could find him, and the meeting adjourned amidst the wildest demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm.

That same evening a committee of the congress convened at Yorck's house, and determined to arm the whole of the male population between eighteen and forty-five years of age, and send them to fight the French; this was the *Landwehr*, the realization at last of what the Prussian King had so long discussed. This was the dream of Scharnhorst and Blücher, of Gneisenau and Clausewitz; and here it was at last called into life by Stein, who seemed by a special Providence to appear on the scene exactly in time to do great things, and then strangely to disappear.



The great reforms that are associated with the name of Stein—the emancipation of the serfs; the liberty of trading; the self-government of towns—were all carried out, blow upon blow, in the short months of 1807 and 1808, between the disgrace of Tilsit and Napoleon's order to seize "that person named Stein."

And here in Königsberg in fourteen days Stein reorganized the whole province, restored public credit, revived commerce, called together a congress, and at the same time embodied the military principle which has guided Germany ever since, and to which she owes her position as a great nation.

So much for this famous popular assembly, made up of men in open rebellion against their King, who knew they were rebels, and who rebelled against that King in acts done in his name alone and for his peculiar benefit.

VII

THE PRUSSIAN KING CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS

"Father, I honor thee!
'Tis not a fight for the world's golden hoard.
Holy is what we protect with the sword.
Hence, falling or vanquishing, praise be to thee!
God, I submit to thee."

—Körner, "Gebet während der Schlacht."

King Frederick William III. never forgave Yorck for abandoning the cause of Napoleon by capitulating to the Russians in the last days of 1812. Towards Stein he had a strong aversion. Yet these two men, in the opening of 1813, did, humanly speaking, save the Prussian monarchy from extinction.* The people of East Prussia, as elsewhere, burned with a desire to fight for their national independence in their King's name. This opposition was overcome by Yorck's pretension that he was still military governor as long as the King did not com-

* On declaring war against Prussia Napoleon used this language to the Polish embassy:

"The house of Hohenzollern is not fit to have a throne; it is hereby dethroned, and the provinces are distributed as follows: All Prussia and Lithuania falls to Poland; Silesia to Austria; Brandenburg to Westphalia."—Letter of Von Quintzow, dated Ortelsburg, April 15, 1813, addressed to Von Noelting, in Königsberg, and by him forwarded to the Berlin government, who received it on April 25th.

From this letter it appeared that Poland maintained a secret embassy in Paris, and counted upon soon recovering her independence. —Prussian Archives.

municate contrary orders officially. The Russians fortified Yorck's position still further by carefully kidnapping any messenger from Berlin suspected of bearing that dreadful official communication, and Stein brought still more pressure by ordering reforms in the name of the Russian Czar, who was practically master of the country, and could therefore give all Prussian officials the plausible excuse of having yielded only to force.

When the first news of Napoleon's disasters reached Berlin, Scharnhorst implored his King at once to call in the reserves, and to rouse the country to war, at least for the purpose of self-preservation. But the King wasted the precious time, and would listen only to those of his court who desired to remain French. His Prime-Minister, Hardenberg, sought in vain to make him take a positive stand either on one side or the other—either to break with Napoleon and fight him, or break with the Czar and loyally help France. But no. The King was of such stuff that he could not take a positive stand either way. Hardenberg showed him the danger of his monarchy, the wreck of Napoleon's army, the necessity of acting firmly and at once; finally he fell on his knees at his master's feet, shed tears upon the monarch's hand, implored him to say yes or no anyway, so long as it put an end to a situation which could produce only disaster.

The Prime-Minister could not move his King * to take up arms for his country—at least not while he was in Berlin, where the French then ruled. The next best thing, thought he, was to coax the King away, and let him come under influences purely German. Königsberg

* The report of the Colberg chief of police, dated January 23, 1813, informed the King that already in that region the authorities were unable to check the popular enthusiasm in favor of war; and that the invading Russians were welcomed as friends.—MSS.

was out of the question, for Russia controlled all that region. The only Prussian section still free from foreign control was Silesia, whose capital is Breslau. But Frederick William objected to moving. He enjoyed drilling his handful of guards on the parade-ground of Potsdam; he disliked the noise and bustle of change. As Hardenberg could not move him by direct reasoning, he had recourse to a pious fraud, which worked very well. He first sent word to the French ambassador in Berlin to have a care lest the Prussian patriots make a sudden descent upon the capital with a view to capturing the French garrison. In consequence of this, the French commander gave orders that the troops which had been quartered at some distance from the city should be drawn together, in order more readily to meet the expected assault. As soon as this French movement commenced, Hardenberg readily spread the report that Napoleon had given orders to take the Prussian monarch prisoner. And as the King was very ready to appreciate reasons for this, he at last made up his mind to escape. On the night of January 22d he fled to Breslau, about two hundred miles southeast of Berlin.

This flight, which was dictated by fear for his personal safety, had an effect upon the country which could not have been magnified had its author been a hero and his motive the loftiest. In every corner of Germany the people said to one another that the King had hurried to Breslau to place himself at the head of the army; that war was unavoidable, and that every German must now enter the ranks and support the brave Prussian King.

But none of those things were in the mind of Frederick William. The French ambassador came also to

Breslau, and received as before the amplest assurances that Prussia remained loyal to Napoleon, and was arming only for the purpose of supporting him more effectively. Not a word was sent to cheer the patriots in Königsberg or anywhere else.

The Czar Alexander, however, had crossed the Prussian frontier, at a point southeast of Königsberg (Lyk), the day before Frederick William fled to Breslau, and his troops were already well on their way to Berlin, the blockade of Danzig having commenced on January 16th. By March 4th the Cossacks took charge of the Prussian capital, and therefore it was only a question of time when the King would be shut up in Breslau as effectively as he had formerly been in Potsdam. Scharnhorst, as the originator of the Prussian system of universal service, was with the King, and pleaded energetically for an immediate call to arms of at least 100,000 men. But the King opposed the plans of this reformer in 1813 as he had in 1808. He regarded universal service as dangerously democratic. The old school of officers about the King called Scharnhorst a Jacobin and demagogue. However, the King finally gave way so far as to authorize, on February 3d, a call for volunteers. He did not believe that any would answer this call, and for that reason declined to affix his name to the document. To him Prussia was still the Prussia of Jena and Tilsit, and he completely ignored the change in public sentiment that had been brought about by the liberal reforms of Stein.

The King's call for volunteers was signed in Breslau two days before that determined upon by Stein's assembly in Königsberg. They were practically contemporaneous; and as no system of heliography or other telegraphy existed then in Prussia, Königsberg only heard

of the Breslau call many days after their own had been published. The call of the King did not specify against whom the volunteers were to take up arms. But those who responded did so with the firm purpose of enlisting only for a war against France. The volunteers of 1813 were regarded by most of the regular army as dangerous people, and the King would never have allowed Scharnhorst to call them out had he realized that the response would be so general and spontaneous. The King had no spare money, however, and Scharnhorst made a strong point by showing that volunteers were cheaper than regulars.

The King's call, like that of Königsberg, offered special inducements to young volunteers who joined the army prepared to clothe and equip themselves.

Such young men were presumably of respectable family, of fair education, and consequently likely to make good officers after a short experience in the field. Hitherto the army offered no inducement whatever to decently brought-up lads; the service was degrading, and the officers maintained their prestige by flogging. The very name of soldier now ceased to be used, for it meant a mercenary, a hireling. The young men who answered the call of their country styled themselves warriors by preference. In Berlin alone 9000 volunteers enrolled themselves within three days. The schools and universities of the fatherland all followed the example set by Königsberg, and Breslau soon began to be as lively a town as was Wilna on the eve of Napoleon's Russian invasion.

King Frederick William had persisted in his French alliance because he did not believe the German people would fight. One day Scharnhorst drew him to the window of the palace to show him how cruelly he had



PRUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS LEAVING BERLIN

misjudged his people; for below him in the street there clattered by a long, long procession of country carts loaded with cheering volunteers, who had arrived from Berlin entirely at their own expense, and eager to be led to battle in the cause of Germany. The loyal Scharnhorst, who had suffered and labored much for this hour, turned to his monarch and said, "Does your Majesty now believe?"

His Majesty, for the moment at least, was so much encouraged that he now, on February 9th, issued a more important edict over his own name. This was to give Prussians notice that every able-bodied man between seventeen and twenty-four years of age was expected to step into the ranks and fight. Those who came as volunteers within a week were to be granted certain privileges; all the rest were to be treated as ordinary soldiers. But there was not the slightest need of threats; the popular enthusiasm for the war was such that everywhere the authorities had more volunteers than they could care for.

On the 15th of February so much courage had been imbibed by the Prussian King that he ventured to send to Napoleon a proposition to withdraw his troops beyond the Elbe, to surrender the fortresses he had unjustly occupied, and to pay some debts he owed, amounting to 94,000,000 francs. The King may have believed that Napoleon would receive this message in a friendly manner, but no one else did. It amounted to a declaration of war.

And yet, during these days of January and February, the French ambasador in Prussia was entertaining his government with a project of marriage between a son of Queen Luise and a parvenu princess of Napoleon's family. While German hearts were bursting over the

insults which Napoleon had heaped upon their country, the Prussian King was most courteously inquiring of Napoleon's ambassador how much France would restore to Prussia in case he linked the Hohenzollerns with the house of Bonaparte.

VIII

A PROFESSOR DECLARES WAR AGAINST NAPOLEON

"I sing as do the little birds
That 'mid the branches live;
The song which I pour forth in words
Its own reward doth give."

—Goethe (1749–1832), "Der Sänger."

At eight o'clock on the morning of February 3, 1813, a professor at the University of Breslau began a lecture upon natural philosophy. This professor was a Scandinavian by birth and bringing-up, but he was a Prussian by adoption, and with heart and soul a champion of German liberty. On this memorable morning his academic audience was scant. The town was noisy with the rumbling of artillery trains and the cheers of the volunteers. Prussia was in close alliance with Napoleon; the French ambassador was treated with conspicuous favor by the Prussian King; Blücher and Gneisenau, Stein and Scharnhorst, were all actually, or at least nominally, out of favor. The Prussian army was being increased. The King said that this army was to assist Napoleon, but there were people bold enough to think that the King would learn his mistake should he attempt a second time to place his troops in the service of France. In Berlin, in Königsberg, even in Breslau, men whispered to one another that their King should not be allowed to sell them into slavery.

These were not times for men with blood in their veins to sit making notes on hydrostatics or waves of sound.

The professor felt this as he drew to the close of his lecture. He had spent a sleepless night, tormented by doubts. As an official of the crown he was expected to do nothing save that for which the crown gave him a salary. As a German citizen, however, he risked his salary, his position, and his life by placing his citizenship above his professorship. At the close of his lecture Professor Steffens said: "Gentlemen, I have another lecture set down for eleven o'clock. But I shall use that time in addressing you upon a matter of great importance. The King's call for the young men to arm as volunteers has appeared, or will appear to-day. This will be the subject of my address. Make this purpose of mine public. The other lectures may be ignored to-day. I expect as many hearers as my room will hold."

The small audience which had listened languidly to an exposition of natural philosophy now broke out into uncontrollable cheering, and burst from the room to spread the news.

Meanwhile the good professor was closeted with his thoughts, battling with himself, seeking in vain to order his ideas and words. He felt the supreme importance of the step he was about to take, the risk he was running, the fate that awaited him and his family, should his words fail in their effect. At last, like many another strong man in the hour when human power seems weak, he fell upon his knees and prayed for strength. Peace now came to his spirit, and with it the strength to face devils—the strength that lifted up Luther and Cromwell, Washington and John Huss.





A VOLUNTEER OF 1813

Thus armed, he made his way through the densely packed mass of his hearers, and stood facing them from his little academic platform. The door could not be closed for the mass of students crowding from the stairs; the windows were full, and he had barely room for his feet, so thickly did his disciples cluster about him.

"What I said I cannot tell," wrote he some years later: "I was driven to speech by recalling past years of oppression. My tongue gave voice to the hot feelings of the compressed mass of manhood about me. What I said aloud was the silent say of every heart in that assembly, and it was impressive because it was an echo from the soul of each one present."

But the honest professor had not prayed for words alone. He called upon his boys to fight, and in his call declared that he too was about to enter the ranks of the volunteers.

So war was at length declared. Not from the steps of the throne, but from the platform of the university lecture-room. The war was made, not by the courtiers and the men of titles and decorations, but by the outraged representatives of the German national life, German science, German song, German poetry, German free schools. From the moment that Professor Steffens concluded his memorable address there was no longer doubt in Germany as to the people's share in the war. Königsberg headed the revolution for eastern Prussia; Breslau was to ratify that act; and Berlin would join them as soon as the news from Silesia could reach the banks of the Spree.*

* As illustrating the thoroughness with which the "volunteer" movement was assisted, I copy the following letter, dated May 10, 1813, from the military governor of Silesia to the president of that

The forebodings of the professor were quickly realized when he at length retired to his quiet study. He received a formal visit from the august president of the university. The president looked very severe. He had a message from Hardenberg, the King's Prime-Minister. Hardenberg, the King, the president of the university, all vented their displeasure upon the head of the poor professor. The French ambassador immediately demanded that the professor be severely punished for daring to declare war against France while the Prussian King and Napoleon were professing everlasting friendship. The King promptly disavowed his professor, and Hardenberg used all the soft words imaginable to make Napoleon believe that the matter was of no importance. He promised to give the Frenchman every satisfaction.

Next day the professor was called upon to address a still larger meeting of Breslau citizens. The government did not dare to suppress it entirely, but Hardenberg made Steffens promise that he would not once mention

province. The original is in the Archives of the General Staff in Berlin:

"The Citizens' Committee and the municipal authorities are to such an extent responsible for the complete number and equipment of the volunteers, up to the day of the marching out, that if anything of consequence shall be found wanting when they are inspected near Liegnitz on the 24th, then shall the mayor and vice-mayor of the city, the president of the Municipal Council, and the oldest member of the Citizens' Committee be immediately suspended from office, reported to His Majesty for punishment, and that whatever is lacking shall be immediately procured and sent on to the troops, the cost of said purchases to be charged to the personal credit of the officials concerned," etc.

This evidently had good effect, for on May 14th he wrote to the King that the mobilization was progressing very well everywhere, and that even amongst Poles they felt no uneasiness.



the name of Napoleon. This was easily promised, for Napoleon had many names readily understood by such an audience.

About the same time that Steffens was stirring the war passions of the Breslau students, the father of the German gymnastic clubs, the "Turnvater Jahn," was kindling in Berlin a patriotic fire that was soon to singe the French garrison with its flames.* All through the winter he had been drilling the schoolboys of the capital in manly exercises, addressing them in stirring language on the duty of patriots, and teaching them rousing war-songs, which they sang on the march to and from the field of exercises. Like Steffens, he could name the common enemy without saying Frenchman; and one of the most stirring of war-calls was an imaginary speech which he placed in the mouth of the German champion Arminius (Hermann), representing him as inflaming his followers against the Cæsar in Rome. He delivered learned lectures on German national life, which drew crowded audiences, for Jahn spoke straight to the German heart. One day he marched with a band of schoolboys under the Brandenburg Gate, the triumphal arch from which Napoleon had carried away the bronze chariot of Victory which had formerly surmounted it. He stopped the lads and said to one boy:

* "In October [1812] Jahn opened a series of free public lectures on German national life (*Volksthum*). These excited amazement. Not alone did he go to great lengths in speaking of France and Frenchmen; he attacked rather sharply many German institutions, such as the censorship, police, bureaucratic government, passport arrangements, and others. At times he was really grand and noble; at times finely ironical; but occasionally he indulged in scurrilous abuse (*was man im gewöhnlichen Leben 'ein gottloses Maul' nennt*). But it was amazing that he was permitted to complete this course."—Klöden, p. 299.

"Do you see that our Victory has been taken away? What do you think of that?" The boy answered, indifferently, that he thought nothing about it. Jahn was too good a teacher to waste such a chance. He boxed the boy's ears, and then said: "Now you have got something to remind you of this, that you must lend a hand in getting this Victory back from Paris, and put it up again on top of the Brandenburg Gate." The story was known all over Berlin; and Berliners who passed the gate from that time on thought of Jahn's reminder.

As soon as the King's call for volunteers reached Berlin, Jahn was on his way to Breslau. Hardenberg had followed the King on January 24th, but before leaving he had talked with Jahn about the impending war, and had encouraged the idea of forming an independent corps made up of volunteers from all parts of the fatherland—what Germans called *Freikorps*, or free corps. Jahn eagerly seized upon this idea; called his patriot friends together; told them he was going to Breslau to prepare the ground, and would give them the signal when the right time should arrive.

On February 7th Berlin first heard of the King's call for volunteers, four days after publication in Breslau. The university at once enrolled 258 of its students as "warriors"; one grammar-school sent 113 boys; another, 134. The French government sought to arrest those who tried to make their way to Breslau, but with no effect. The youngsters started in different directions, and united when well beyond the city walls. They travelled at their own expense, and cheerfully risked their lives for a King whom they imagined a hero in temporary distress. Berlin had been, since Jena, exhausted by repeated quartering of troops upon her

people, and had, like the rest of Germany, suffered through Napoleon's excluding her from commerce with England. Yet in this war against the archenemy she gave as voluntary contribution (1813–15) 1,629,893 thalers. For the volunteers alone she raised 29,000 thalers, and for the free corps she gave 8773 thalers—and all this from a town which then numbered only 150,000 inhabitants.

In 1813 every twelfth man in Berlin went out to fight the French. In 1806 Prussia sent to Jena only one man in fifty. This gives us an idea of the comparative sacrifices at these different periods. In the General Archives at Berlin I was shown a letter from the chief of police, dated August, 1813, in which he pleads with the King not to do any more recruiting in Berlin, proving statistically that if Prussia at large had answered the King's call as loyally as Berlin, the army would then contain 400,000 men.*

* In a despatch dated April 1, 1813, the military authorities of Berlin, in conjunction with the civil, complain formally that they cannot raise the 750 additional recruits ordered; that they are 250 short of that number; that the population of Berlin between the ages of one and twenty-four, according to police returns, is 24,000, and that the number between seventeen and twenty-four years cannot be more than 7000 or 8000; that of this number 4000 (*circa*) have already gone away as volunteers. Deduct further those called to the regular army previous to this last order; the exempt, such as *only* sons of widows and supporters of a family, and there remain but 2500 subjects from which to choose. Deduct further the criminals, the physically incapable, and 502 are all that can be scraped together. By the recruiting order of February 17, 1813, Jews were excluded from the army, except such as were volunteers (that is, paid their own way), and this paper suggested that since by the edict of March 10, 1812, Jews were made equal to others before the law, they should now be drafted into the ranks like the rest. *Ergo*, let the ranks be opened to Jews, and the 750 will be completed. To this the Prussian War Department in Breslau answered, April 22, 1813, that it was not

At last came a signal from Jahn, and on February 18th the first detachment of volunteers started secretly from Berlin to Breslau. There were only thirteen in this little band, but they were all gymnasts, and others were soon to follow. They had to pass many detachments of French, and resort to artifice in order to deceive them as to their real purpose. They reached Breslau on the 25th, and at once repaired to the Golden Sceptre, the tavern where Jahn had set up his headquarters and was actively recruiting for German liberty under the very nose of the French ambassador.

From Halle came another band of students, twenty in number, who also joined Jahn at his headquarters.

Quickly on the heels of Jahn came from Berlin a tale that thrilled every German heart. On the 20th of February, at high noon, and while the town lay completely under the orders of a French garrison, there dashed in at two easterly gates a reckless band of 150 "cow-boys," by the peasants called Cossacks. They knocked down all the Frenchmen they met, galloped about the parade-ground (where now stands the National Museum), stared at the big palace, made a short digression down the Un-

competent to determine that question, but had referred it to the Prime-Minister, Hardenberg. That letter reached Berlin April 29th. On May 2d the Berlin military governor announced that the government *did not need* the 750 Berlin recruits; he gave no reasons. And there the Jew question seemed to drop for the present. On July 11, 1813, in lieu of the 750 recruits, the military governor called upon the police chief of Berlin to see that 100 recruits were sent to fill up the ranks of the *Leibinfanterie-Regiment*. He said nothing more about Jews. On July 23, 1813, the police chief of Berlin answered that Berlin *cannot* raise the 100 recruits for the Leib Regiment; that Berlin had already sent more than 5000 volunteers to the front, and had raised, besides, 3000 infantry Landwehr and 576 cavalry—in short, had exhausted her stock of man material. He said not a word more about Jews.—MSS. War Archives, Berlin.

ter den Linden, and then pranced away to tell their comrades how they had given the Frenchmen a fright. Had this raid been well planned, the garrison of Napoleon might then and there have been taken prisoners, with the assistance of the citizen soldiers, and the Prussian King in Breslau might have been thereby induced to declare war against Napoleon nearly a month sooner than he actually did.*

But enough was done to show the French that their future stay in Berlin would be disagreeable. This handful of cavalry had stirred up the people.

From the east side of the palace, the Broadway, "Breitestrasse," came a mob of citizens, wrote a Berlin volunteer to his friend. They were smiths, who brought their hammers and meant to fight. At the head stalked a big blacksmith with a sledge-hammer on his shoulder. "Follow me," shouted he; "let us spike the French guns."

On they rushed round the corner of the Royal Mews to the Lange Brücke over the Spree, immediately at that corner of the old palace where the present Emperor has his study. This bridge was guarded by two pieces of artillery and a handful of Frenchmen. The black-

* "The French soldiers nearest to me, drawn up in ranks in the Stechbahn, were pale as ghosts, and trembled like aspen leaves—not, of course, at the solitary Cossack who galloped past, but at what might come after him. Here I received the assurance that soldiers even of the *Grande Armée* could tremble, which very many in that day could not believe, so firmly was confidence in that army established.

"From that day [February 20th] on the French camped in the Linden Avenue, regarding the iron railings as a breastwork. Each street opening into the Linden was commanded on either side by cannon or howitzers, so as to be enfiladed. At night the men slept by their campfires. This arrangement lasted until March 4th, when the French left Berlin."—Klöden, p. 305.

smith floored two of them; the rest took to their heels. Our Berlin mechanic then took two nails from his leather apron, and rendered these two guns useless by stopping up the hole intended for an igniting-fuse. But the enemy soon returned with reinforcements, and the state of this patriot band was a dangerous one. With nothing but his sledge-hammer our gallant smith held the bridge alone, making head against the hard-pressing soldiers. He felled to the ground several of them, but was soon himself overpowered, and a dozen French bayonets stained the Berlin street with his blood. But the citizens rallied over the body of their champion, for the time at least, driving back the French soldiers, and carried the dead body of their leader to an honorable resting-place in the Royal Mews.

All this, and much more, took place under the windows of the King's palace. These Berlin patriots were all rebels in the eyes of that King, who was protesting in Breslau his devotion to France.

Freedom and fatherland are two words which were never heard in Germany until this early spring of 1813; for it was during these days that the German people first had a voice in the making of their political vocabulary.

Breslau, Königsberg, and Berlin were by this time in the full tide of patriotic insurrection, and the popular feeling was encouraged by the King's best generals. Yorck remained in disgrace, and was ordered before a court-martial. The King did not acquit him until March 12th. Gneisenau hurried home from England as soon as he heard that the people of Germany were organizing for war; but his King received him coldly. Blücher was in idleness and disgrace at Breslau, battling with himself—torn between his duty as a soldier and



THE SMITH SPIKING THE GUNS ON THE LANGE BRÜCKE



his desire as a patriot. His fiery and fearless nature fretted because the King would not allow him to fight the French. His honest soul reflects itself in a characteristic letter to his dear friend Scharnhorst, dated February 10, 1813. The original is full of the most comical sins against German spelling and grammar; for Blücher was anything but a scholar. "I cannot sit quiet without snapping my teeth together when it is a matter of liberty and my country. Let the diplomatic vermin and sons of pigs go to the devil. Why should we not jump into our saddles and pitch into the French like a thunderbolt? Any one who advises the King to hesitate longer and treat of peace with Napoleon is a traitor to him and the whole fatherland, and deserves to be shot. For while we stay here gabbling, instead of rousing the people to war, the French take the opportunity of putting their army in order; and so I say, Up and at the enemy, and stick your sword between his ribs."

So thought and spoke, not demagogues, but most loyal monarchists, in the opening of 1813.

IX

THE ALTAR OF GERMAN LIBERTY—1813

"Be faithful, loved soil, I will bless thee
While anguish o'ercloudeth my brow;
Threefold will I bless him whoever
May guide o'er thy bosom the plough."
—Chamisso (1781–1833), "Das Schloss Boncourt."

In this early spring of 1813 the most absolute of Prussian monarchs found himself going to war with the weapons of democracy. Seven years before, he had been routed when in command of 250,000 professional soldiers commanded by officers of noble name. He was now to fight Napoleon once more, armed not with the strength of a large standing army, but with forces he could but dimly estimate. Napoleon had become great by fighting at the head of a people in arms, called together by a revolutionary congress. Germans were now to meet him on his own ground, not merely army against army, but people against people, to determine which could give and take the hardest blows. Frederick William III.'s call for volunteers on February 3d met with a response that reminds one of the noblest days of republican Rome. The local German newspapers contained lists of patriotic offerings made to the fatherland by rich and poor, but chiefly by the poor. The local museums of Germany treasure up these copies, and they make strange reading to-day. Here are a few:

Franz Lami advertises in Berlin that he will under-

take, "as far as his time will allow," to do the work of such poor teachers as desire to go and fight for their country, "and to forward them their monthly salary, without any charge whatsoever."

Another advertises that he wants to join the volunteers, but has only money enough to buy the cloth for the trousers of his uniform. He begs patriots to help him.

"The peasant Mayor of Elsholz had only two horses, but he gave the better of the two to the army without asking pay." This was an official announcement.

"The widow D. P. gives four thalers and her engagement ring."

Professor Cravenshorst of the Breslau University begged the government to keep back half of his small salary for the sake of helping on the war. And this, too, before the King had declared war!

Doctor Zirtzow, who was evidently proprietor of a bathing establishment, offered the proceeds of two hundred hot baths to his King, each bath being valued at eight groschen, or about twenty cents.

An anonymous patriot is recorded as sending three silver table-spoons. Herr Lanzfeld from Weiseldorf sends to the army a beautiful troop-horse, with this message: "The Frenchman has stolen five of my horses, so I send the sixth after them."

Professor Steffens is honorably mentioned as not merely himself shouldering a musket, but as having raised seventy-one thalers to equip volunteers.

Two ladies sent each her gold thimble, saying that they will now use brass ones instead.

Little Mary sends one thaler and eight groschen, which had been given her to buy a wax doll.

And so on down page after page of pathetic evidence that women and children, young and old, peasant and

noble, Jew and Christian,* all now joined in the common desire to give the last thing of value they had for the liberation of the fatherland.

The officials of the crown for once found themselves embarrassed by the rapidity with which the already hardly taxed people crowded upon them with precious offerings for their King. It was then no empty phrase to lay gifts upon the altar of their country. Every government office in Prussia came to resemble that of a prosperous pawnbroker, where every article with a market value could be found—from a baby's penny bank to a soldier's uniform.†

* "All the information from emissaries sent to the Duchy of Warsaw agree in representing the Poles of large estates as completely devoted to the French cause; on the other hand, however, those of smaller means, the plain people (*der gemeine Mann*), and the Jews, desire eagerly a return of the old Prussian constitution, and look to the realization of these desires," etc.—Secret report of the Prussian agent, dated Ortelsburg, April 20, 1813; War Archives, Berlin, MSS.

† "Unterzeichnete übersendet Ein hochpreissliche Königliches Preussisches Militair Gouvernement folgende flanellende Leib-Binden und dazu haben beigetragen:

1. Frau Stadtrichtern Wolnÿ.....	9	Stück Binden
2. Mademoisell Johanna Winkelmann...	3	"
3. Mademoisell Caroline Satorius.....	3	"
4. Verwittwete Bürgermeistern Bergmann	2	"
5. Madame Kragern.....	6	"
6. Madame Loeper.....	6	"
7. Madame Wothe.....	6	"
8. Frau Mühlenmeistern Wolfram.....	6	"
9. Frau Steinhausen.....	3	"
10. Unterzeichnete giebt.....	9	"

Summa, 53 Stück Leib-Binden
verwittwete Oberpredigerin
SCHWARZLOS.

"Woldenberg in der N. Mark.
den 14ten November, 1813."

(Copied from the original in the General Staff Archives, Berlin.)



One of the most touching acts of devotion to the cause of liberty was that of a girl of eighteen, a daughter of noble parents, living in Breslau. She was famed for her beauty, and, above all, for her masses of golden hair. She had nothing else to give, and so she went to a barber and asked him what her hair was worth. He answered, ten thalers. She asked him to cut it off; but the man refused, for obvious reasons. The girl went home, cut her hair off without assistance, wrapped it up, and sent it to the King's officials with this note: "The barber has offered ten thalers for this hair. I am happy in being able to make this small gift to my country."

The committee conceived the fortunate idea of making bracelets and rings of this famous hair, which they sold so successfully that from this source alone they received 250 thalers.

Another well-born maiden of eighteen left her home in Potsdam and joined the "free corps" of Major Lützow. Eleanora Renz was her name, and she fought, like another Joan of Arc, with a single purpose, the deliverance of her King. Not a man of the Lützow regiment suspected that one of their best troopers was a woman until September 16th. On that day they charged into a French battery, Eleanora in front. A cannon-ball smashed her right leg. She fell from her horse, supported by a comrade, and only in her death did she disclose the fact that she was a girl.*

* After the battle of Allatoona (1864) "the doctor stopped at a bed where a tanned and freckled young rebel, hands and face grimy with dirt and powder, lay resting on an elbow, smoking a corn-cob pipe. . . . The doctor said, 'That is the woman,' and told me that she belonged to the Missouri Brigade; had had a husband and one or two brothers in one of the regiments, and followed them to the war.

In the Körner Museum of Dresden, a place rarely visited by the tourist, I held in my hand a precious symbol of Germany's greatness—an iron finger-ring with these words only upon it: "*Gold gab ich für Eisen*, 1813"—"Gold gave I for iron."

It was in these days of early spring that a Berlin patriot, Rudolf Werkmeister, called upon his fellow-Germans to help in freeing their country by giving to the King their rings—the most precious things in the world to many. He pointed out that the value of a ring lay not in the mere fact of its being made of gold or silver; that it was precious because of its associations. He proposed to enhance the value of these associations by giving in return rings of iron, which should for all time perpetuate the memory of the noble struggle on which they were about to embark.

On the very first day after this call 150 rings of gold were exchanged for iron ones, and the best calculation on the subject records 160,000 gold rings laid upon the altar of German liberty in these early days of 1813.

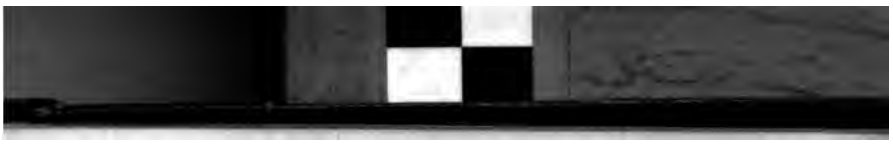
Think of it—you who know the German heart—the deep sentiment that is evoked by the sight of a ring, the emblem of love and fidelity! What struggles must these iron rings represent—struggles in which love of country triumphed over every other consideration! As the Iron Cross was to become the most precious decoration of the German soldier, so amongst women there was soon no ring so precious as the ring of iron.

The French in Berlin did not at first understand the strange enthusiasm that was abroad. They were disposed to think that all this activity meant new Prussian

When they were all killed, having no home but the regiment, she took a musket and served in the ranks."—*The Battle of Allatoona*, by Colonel Ludlow, late United States military attaché in London.



"FOR KING AND FATHERLAND"



regiments destined to march once more against Moscow under French orders. The streets of Berlin in these days were much like those of Breslau. The old men were drilling the youngsters; everybody wore the national cockade of black and white.* Those who had not already gone off to join the volunteers in Breslau were waiting only to complete their military outfit, and were seen hurrying about town, from saddler to tailor, urging on the completion of their uniforms. The French garrison soon learned through their agents that these volunteers had no idea of fighting any one but Napoleon, and the order was therefore given that no more volunteers should leave Berlin. But it was then too late. The volunteers streamed away from every gate, at first in disguise, but later in well-armed bands that laughed at the French guards who challenged them as they passed.

One of these volunteer leaders was the author of *Undine*, the poet De la Motte Fouqué, a man of French-Norman ancestry, but of German birth and feeling. At the head of seventy volunteer troopers he galloped away one day in February to join his King in Breslau. That King was still Napoleon's ally, but the poet sang as the heart sings, and not to the tune of diplomacy. On this glorious journey he first rested in Potsdam, and there, in the church which holds the mortal remains of the great Frederick, he and his seventy men knelt in prayer, while the Lutheran pastor consecrated them to the work of liberation. Then to horse once more, and on to Breslau, singing a song composed upon the march by their leader — a song that has lost none of its charm to the German youth.

* "My evenings were usually spent in drilling as a non-commissioned officer of the Landsturm—Sundays as well."—Klöden, p. 321.

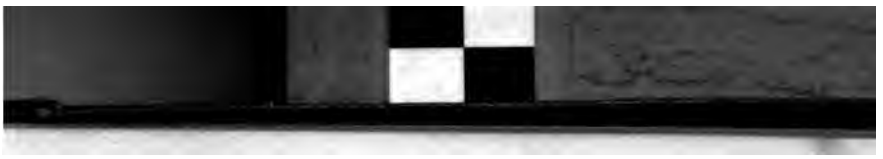


This song said nothing of helping the King's ally, Napoleon. On the contrary, it spoke only of Germany.

" Wir wollen ein Heil erbauen
Für all das deutsche Land."

" We are fighting for the great German fatherland," sang the poet, and the song was sung in the wake of his troopers wherever they passed between Potsdam and Breslau.

These days were days of rosy hope in the breast of every true German, and it is a pleasure to linger long amongst episodes that so beautifully reflect the generous impulses which in that year animated the body of the people. In the Prussia of 1813 golden rings and the songs of poets meant very much indeed, but still the cold fact persisted that down to March 16th of that golden year the King of Prussia was in alliance with the man whom Germans regarded as their only enemy.



X

THE GERMAN SOLDIER SINGS OF LIBERTY

"The free land, the German land;
That was the German's Fatherland."

So sang young Körner in 1813, wearing the trooper's uniform of the Lützow regiment. But Körner was not a Prussian. Dresden was his birthplace, and he had become an Austrian by adoption. At the outbreak of this war, in his twenty-first year, he gave up a valuable position as court dramatist in Vienna, and hurried to Breslau to fight for German liberty. He entered the ranks, and at once began to produce such war songs as Germans never heard before. The war became a holy one, and those who fought marched to battle with hymns.

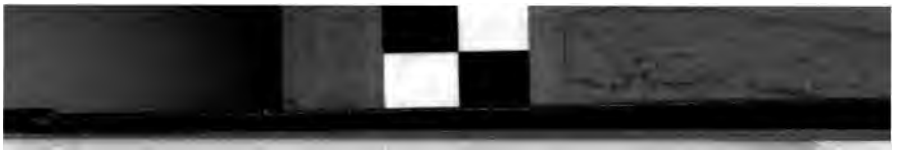
The army was full of poetry in those days. Its highest expression was the independent corps of Lützow. No sooner had this corps, on February 15th, secured its outward organization by royal permission than Jahn at once prepared a patriotic song-book and formed a choir from amongst his recruits. The army of Frederick the Great had no better soldier songs than the dirty ditties that are howled about in pothouses—for where should his men have ever heard of liberty and fatherland? They fought for pay and plunder, and ran away whenever they could.

The fellow-warriors of Körner sang hymns of praise



to the God of Battles—glorious appeals for justice at the hands of a great Jehovah. They made the long march musical with tributes to manly virtue, maiden purity, love of country, and, above all, a free and united fatherland. No ribald song was heard about the camp-fires of these men. Those whose lives had been loosest felt that in the ranks of volunteers they must at least pretend to the puritanism they could not afford to ignore. The poets whose verses cheered the patriots in 1813 were, as a rule, not Prussians. Schiller and Uhland were from Würtemberg; Arndt was from a Swedish province; Körner was an Austrian. Schiller died the year before Jena was fought, but his verses are full of his great passion for liberty. Amongst them, however, Körner holds a unique position. He had given up all his worldly prospects for the sake of fighting the battles of Prussia. His songs were written by the light of camp-fires, on the march, and not unfrequently in the saddle. They were sung by his fellow-fighters immediately after taking shape in his precious note-book; and this note-book absorbed his heart's blood when he died in battle, in the last days of August, 1813.

Körner was pre-eminently the champion of German liberty and German unity under the constitution. He did not leave his congenial literary work in Vienna for the sake of saving a dynasty merely Prussian. He joined the regiment of Lützow because that band of patriots symbolized United Germany. The men of the Lützow corps talked of Germany—never of Prussia. They worshipped the tricolor of Germany, not the mere black and white of Prussia. That precious little note-book in which Körner wrote his stirring songs is now sacredly preserved in Dresden, in the house of his birth. As a special favor I was allowed to hold it in my hands



and turn the blood-stained leaves on which is inscribed so much that helped to make Germany free.

Happy Körner, that he died with Scharnhorst in that same year 1813! Had he survived Waterloo, he too would have been branded, like Jahn and Arndt, as a man of dangerous purpose, seeing that he sang of liberty. Liberty is the key-note of Körner's songs, and it is well that Germans should be reminded of this in times when many people are disposed to look upon the German army as the only support of the throne.

Körner left Vienna on March 15, 1813. From that day till the moment of his death this book was never separated from his person. He wrote each day in it, and it is an extraordinary reflection of the mind giving voice to the strongest feelings of this stirring period.

On the 18th of March Körner passed the last Austrian post on his way to Breslau. Even the black eagle of Prussia suggested liberty, and he then and there dedicated to that despotic bird an ode in which he gave her credit for leading the way towards German liberty.

Those who hurried to Breslau in 1813, particularly those who were Germans from other states than Prussia, said in their hearts what Jahn wrote to his wife: "I have drawn my sword, not for glory, but for the liberty and unity of the German fatherland."

The regiment of Major Lützow took for its banner not the black-and-white colors of Prussia, but the black, gold, and red symbol of a united Germany. This was a free German regiment, and in its ranks was born the first great impulse towards a union of all Germans under one imperial head. The colors of Germany were so dear to them that even their uniform was black, with red facing and brass buttons. The King, however, even at this stage of the campaign, saw something revolutionary



in the way the young Lützow warriors sang of liberty, and he therefore forbade them to fly the imperial tricolor.*

The people held its colors dear, and after Waterloo the students and endless other organizations seized upon the red, gold, and black banner as an outward expression of their desire for a federal constitution. The government, however, regarded these colors as a sign of rebellion, and in 1832 it was made a criminal offence to show this flag. The short-lived revolutionary government of 1848 restored it to the people and to the army as a symbol of German unity; but in the days of reaction that followed this flag once more became the object of persecution. It has to-day lost all political significance; for the dreams of liberty and unity have been realized, and the tricolor of black, gold, and red is revived in the German imperial ensign of red, white, and black.

But liberty called for many a martyr before this end was achieved.

Körner's note-book reflects the feelings of a typical Lützow trooper, and the Lützow corps is a picture of what was noblest in the army of liberation. It is therefore not without significance that nearly every song of Körner is a song of union and liberty.

Körner's second poem was written on March 19th,

* From a letter of Lützow to the King, dated December 29, 1813: "After I have flattered myself that this corps had shown itself not unworthy the favor of our honored monarch, I received through the government in Berlin an order made out by the Prime-Minister, commanding all natives (*Einländer*) to leave this guerilla corps immediately under pain," etc. The King's answer is dated January 19, 1814. It contains no word of praise for the great services rendered by this band of patriotic soldiers, and quietly dissolves the organization by incorporating it with regular regiments.—Major von Jagwitz's *History of the Lützow Guerillas*, Berlin, 1892.



KÖRNER IN THE UNIFORM OF THE LÜTZOW FREE CORPS
[Drawn in Dresden by his sister, Emma Körner, while the Free Corps was on the march.]





the day after apostrophizing the Prussian eagle; and on this occasion he, the Austrian, made a glorious ode to the saintly Queen Luise, the Prussian Madonna, opening with the words, "*Du heilige, hör' deiner Kinder Flehen!*"—"Thou saint, hear thy children's prayer!"

Luise in her grave was a mighty power in that day, and the poet stirred a strong chord when he reminded the people that their Queen had died faithful to the cause of Germany.

> "As when an army, gathering up its strength,
> Goes forth with courage in a righteous war,
> A holy picture glows upon its flag,
> An oriflamme to lead them goes before,
> So shall thy picture on our banners wave,
> And light us on to victory once more.
> Luise, be thou our guardian in the fight,
> To lead us out of darkness into light!"

Another soldier-poet, Henry von Kleist, wrote of her after Jena, December 6, 1806: "She gathers about her all our great men whom the King neglects. She it is who holds together what has not yet fallen to pieces."

Körner sang of the soldier's joy in the field; of duty to God; of brotherhood and manly virtues; of the daring corps of Lützow. He wrote hymns and bacchanalians; political manifestoes and scathing rhymes against lukewarm Germans. But throughout recur the words liberty and unity. He appeals to God as the God of liberty. Even the Austrian eagle he addresses as the protector of German liberty. The Königsberg rebels he welcomes as the champions of liberty. "Liberty calls us," writes he, "and therefore let us fight."

"*Hoch pflanze da die Freiheit's Fahne*"—"There let us hoist high the flag of liberty."

"The star of liberty is the star of German life."

No wonder that the King began to ask where this revolutionary poetry was to end!

Körner called upon Germans to rally under the banners of this King, because, forsooth, "A golden future lies before us—a heaven full of the sweets of liberty."

Happy Körner, that he did not survive this war! So he sang, happily, "What is life without liberty?" confident that he was earning the gratitude of the Prussian monarch, who all the while regarded him as a pestiferous demagogue, along with the rest of the Lützow volunteers. And as Körner sang of liberty, so sang Jahn and Arndt and many another patriot. The people applauded Schiller and Goethe whenever was heard a line from them praising liberty. Goethe had no sympathy with this notion, and sneered at the efforts of his countrymen to throw off the Napoleonic yoke. He said once, in response to Körner's father, who spoke of his son and pointed to his sword hanging on the wall, "You good people may shake your chains, you will never break them; that man [Napoleon] is too big for you." That was Goethe's opinion of the war against Napoleon, given in the year 1813, as repeated by the poet Arndt.

Schiller's "William Tell" could not be given too often to please the taste of the day, and his lines were in the mouth of every schoolboy—a stimulus to patriotic effort:

> "Für seinen König muss das Volk sich opfern;
> Das ist das Schicksal und Gesetz der Welt.
> Nichtswürdig ist die Nation
> Die nicht ihr Alles setzt an ihre Ehre."

These lines were furiously applauded in the Berlin theatres before the eve of Jena, and gained in force with every passing year of national disgrace.



One or two of Körner's best-known lines are in his "Song of the Riflemen," written in the field, 1813, on March 22d, the birthday of that Prussian prince who was destined to become the first German Emperor. The volunteers sang it as they marched out of Zobten a few days after it was composed. In this splendid song are these lines:

"Yet, brothers, we together stand;
That keeps our courage good.
Bound by one speech, a holy band;
Linked by one God, one fatherland,
One faithful German blood."

On June 15th he wrote, in the field, the following:

"Herz, lass dich nicht zerspalten
Durch Feindes List und Spott.
Gott wird es wohl verwalten;
Er ist der Freiheit Gott."

And again: "In the house of God have we taken the oath to fight—to die for our—for your liberty. The blessing of God is with us, as are the hopes and prayers of all true loyal hearts. . . . In our midst is no distinction of birth, of rank, of nationality. We are all free men. . . ."

These are amongst the closing words of Körner's address to the Saxons, published in the Leipzig newspaper of Monday, April 12, 1813. It appeals to the Saxon's love of Luther and liberty—an appeal which, however, made no impression on the Saxon King and his court.

These few extracts will suffice to prove that in the days of "storm and stress" (*Sturm und Drang*) of 1813 Germany spoke with a freedom unknown before, and never again possible until the battle of Sedan made German unity a real thing.

The great national hymn, "The Watch on the Rhine," was not written then; and it is significant that with this one exception the popular patriotic songs of Germany to-day are the same as those which cheered the Prussians at Leipzig and at Waterloo. Great songs were rare before 1813, and few have arisen since. Good songs are the songs of free men, and the early days of 1813 were days of dawning liberty. All Germany became vocal with the song that springs from a bursting heart. Poetry was then a force that raised armies; the minstrel was mightier than the King; the people marched to battle for a mere idea; regiments went down upon their knees and asked strength of God.

But of all the songs of war, there was none more dearly loved than the glorious hymn of Martin Luther —"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

Such was German liberty in 1813.

XI

THE GERMAN FREE CORPS OF LÜTZOW

"Let flags and banners, all ye can,
Wave o'er our heads on high!
To-day we swear, yes, man for man,
The hero's death to die.
Wave o'er the daring phalanx, wave,
Thou flag of victory!
We'll vanquish, or seek in the grave
The pillow of the *free*."

—Ernst Moritz Arndt (1769–1859), "Vaterlandslied."

THE name Free Corps has suggested to some that Lützow's men were of a guerilla or bashi-bazouk character, but this was not so. He and his men were enrolled by their King with the same official regularity that marked recruiting in other departments of the Prussian army.

When Napoleon forced upon Prussia the humiliation of 1807, Scharnhorst and Stein at once began to prepare the ground for the next war, which patriotic Germans felt must soon come. Openly the army could not exist beyond 42,000 men, but in secret plans were made for a war strength surpassing anything achieved in the days of Frederick the Great.

Each year between 1807 and 1813 the patriotic party, represented by Blücher and Gneisenau, Stein and Scharnhorst, hoped that the King would give the order to march once more against the French. It was arranged that

in the event of war there should be created a number of independent small corps, who should operate on the French lines of communication, and arouse to insurrection the German states recently conquered by Napoleon.

The King of Prussia openly opposed every military movement that could irritate his French ally, but Scharnhorst found excuses for maintaining correspondence with a large number of patriots who lived in many parts of Germany, and who made it their business to prepare in every possible way for the coming struggle. They sent information to Berlin regarding the movements of French troops, the sentiment of the people, the storage of war munitions, and the chances of insurrection.

Among the officers whom Scharnhorst watched with particular interest was Major Adolf von Lützow. He had fought at Auerstädt in the great disaster, and in 1807 was under the walls of Colberg with Schill making raids upon the besieging French. He had only a handful of troopers, but with these he did so much harm to the enemy that his name became dear to his country, and particularly to Gneisenau.

In 1808 he left the army, along with a great many other good men, and in the next year started off with Schill to make war on his own account against Napoleon. How that raid ended we have already seen. Lützow was wounded, and disgraced in the eyes of the court, but more than ever a hero among the people.

He would have been court-martialled, with the rest of Schill's guerillas, had he not been on the retired list at the time of joining that expedition. On account of this special plea the King was induced to overlook his share in Schill's revolutionary conduct, and in 1811 took him back into the Prussian service.

When, therefore, in 1813, the government once more entertained plans for launching independent bodies of guerilla troops against the French, Lützow was the natural choice for leader.

Scharnhorst and Lützow were in perfect accord touching the composition and objects of this corps. Already on February 9th, only six days after the call for volunteers, Lützow had presented to the King a humble petition begging that he might organize an independent corps. He laid stress upon recruiting not merely Prussians, but many who would be eager to serve the cause of Prussia, though subject to other sovereigns.

He carefully avoided stating against whom he proposed to fight, and notably omitted to say that he expected his best recruits from the countries then subject to the ally of his King. However, there was no deception as between Scharnhorst and Lützow.

On the 18th February the King granted this humble petition for the formation of what was officially designated "The Royal Prussian Free Corps." In the royal permit it was carefully stipulated that the crown was to furnish nothing save pay, and arms only in so far as the corps was not able to procure them on its own account.

The King granted these volunteers also authority to wear a special uniform of black—a favor which enabled them to dress themselves at a smaller cost than would otherwise have been the case.

Thus at the outset we have the most complete evidence that Lützow and his men formed a recognized part of the King's army, and we shall see that in the progress of the war they never forfeited this character, though Napoleon chose to speak of them as brigands. They were a "free corps" only in so far as they enjoyed a

species of local self-government among themselves, and operated separately from the main army. But their officers had to be approved by the King, and the movements of the corps were guided by the Prussian War Department as completely as though they were a regiment of the guards. They were not the kind of guerillas who are one day in arms and the next are masquerading as peasants. On the contrary, they were uniformed soldiers operating under orders from headquarters.

This much is necessary to explain the feelings Germans entertained towards them in that beautiful spring of 1813.

The ink on the King's permit was little more than dry when Lützow commenced enrolling the men who sought admission to this corps. In Breslau he made his headquarters at the famous Golden Sceptre tavern, and all day he and Jahn and other patriots struggled with the problems before them.

To begin with, there was no war, and no one dared to say that there would be. The students were the first recruits, and they came only to fight France.

Secondly, there was no money, and the chief business of the recruiters was to get contributions from people who had already given more than their share.

Thirdly, Lützow did not enjoy the favor of his King; neither did the Free Corps.

There was much talking and singing of liberty in this corps, and the students who wore its uniform talked much about Germany and very little about Prussia. Their colors were those of Germany—not of Prussia; they even attempted to carry a flag symbolic of German unity, but this the King sternly stopped.

Thus at the outset Lützow had to combat with circumstances far from encouraging. Nor was the diffi-



LÜTZOW'S WILD HUNTSMEN



culty of his task made easier by the fact that the Prussian army was at the same time actively recruiting volunteers under equally liberal provisions.

But Lützow and Jahn were not ordinary men, and by the 19th of March, two days after the formal announcement of war, the Free Corps was declared fit to take the field, armed and equipped.

That did not mean much, to be sure. Many of the infantry had no guns, and had to be drilled with pikes; the muskets were of every imaginable pattern.* Jahn congratulated himself upon having secured a lot from Thuringia at eight dollars apiece. Most of them were useless beyond fifty yards, and of no value in wet weather. The sabres of the cavalry were mostly manufactured by the village blacksmiths, and, in short, the Lützow corps bore more resemblance to the minute-men of Concord and Lexington than to the correctly drilled and equipped battalions that take part each autumn in the grand field operations conducted by William II. of our time.

On March 27, 1813, Lützow marched away from Breslau. The corps increased in numbers as it marched along, numbering 1400 men, infantry, and 340 men, cavalry, as it entered Leipzig on the 17th of April, just one month after the formal declaration of war. Their march had been by way of Dresden, the birthplace of Körner.

Wherever they showed themselves they were the objects of patriotic demonstrations.

The spirit in which these young men started out to

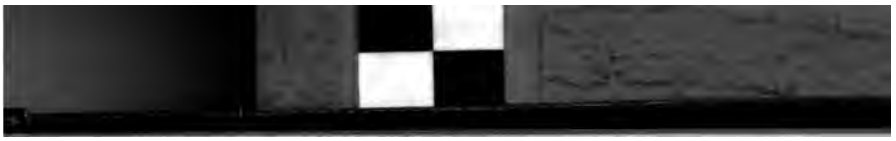
* A report of May 21, 1813, from Breslau to the King said that Silesia had not the means of making war—not enough powder, muskets, or anything: "In my opinion, the pike is a very good weapon for people who do not know how to shoot, since we now have no more powder or lead."—MSS. Berlin Military Archives.

wage war against the common enemy is well preserved to us in a letter of the poet Körner, telling how Lützow marched his men of the Free Corps into the Lutheran church of Rogau, near Breslau, in order that they might, in such a place, solemnly dedicate themselves to their high purpose:

"It was a grand, a worthy hour that I lived through on Saturday. We marched in parade dress from Zobten to Rogau, a Lutheran Protestant village, whose church had been simply but tastefully decorated for the consecration of our guerilla corps. . . . After singing a hymn which your friend [Körner] had written for the occasion, the local pastor gave us a vigorous and effective sermon. Not a single eye remained dry. . . . Finally he administered the oath—to spare no drop of blood in the cause of humanity, country, and religion, and to conquer or die. He then fell upon his knees and prayed God's blessing on his soldiers. . . . By the Almighty, it was a moment when consecration to death flamed in every breast, and every heart beat with heroic pulse! The solemn oath was then repeated by all—sworn upon the swords of the officers. Then was sung Luther's hymn, 'A strong fortress is our God,' which closed this noble ceremony. At the end these warriors for German liberty gave a thundering hurrah. . . . Every blade sprang from its scabbard, and the house of God was lighted with the myriad sparks."

Surely never was village church surprised by so strange a service, nor ever did men march away to war with more exaltation of spirit. It was a glorious Easter in the hearts of Germans, and wherever they marched they kindled into flame the love of country, which some professed to sneer at as a thing beneath the dignity of educated men.

The Lützowers were few in number; they never at any time exceeded 3000 men. But amongst them were men of every class, every profession, and, above all, every state of the great German Empire. In the popular mind the Lützow corps was the symbol of German unity—the poetry of the army—and in this respect



alone the men of Lützow were worth to their King as much as a full army corps of "regulars."

On crossing the Prussian frontier into Saxony, Körner, on April 5th, issued a glorious manifesto, calling upon his fellow-countrymen to cease to be vassals of Napoleon, and to help in founding a great free Germany.

After enumerating the sins of France against Germany, he calls upon the young men of Saxony to enroll themselves with the Free Corps. "In our ranks is no distinction of birth, of class, of country. We are all free men. We defy hell and her allies, and we shall drown them, though it be with our own blood!"

There were students and teachers, shop-keepers and mechanics, officials of the crown and professors of the university, all marching together through the beautiful villages of Saxony in that spring of 1813. But the greatest of them all was the young poet Körner, who wrote down in his note-book the soldier songs that made men fly to arms with patriotic passion.

Lützow made a famous march down into the heart of Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine. On the 3d of June he marched over the road leading from Weimar to Jena, a classic road to those who had fought in 1806, and in the afternoon reached Roda, a little town about seven miles southeast of Jena. Here were assembled 200 German recruits belonging to Napoleon's army. They were under active drill by officers belonging to the Confederation of the Rhine, and little dreamed that a Prussian uniform could be within a hundred miles of them.

Lützow did not hesitate a moment, but galloped into the town at the head of a few huzzars. He drew up before the amazed enemy, and gave them the word to



ground arms, as though he and not Napoleon was their commander. And, strange to say, he was obeyed at once. The officers were made prisoners on parole, and the men went to swell the ranks of the Free Corps.

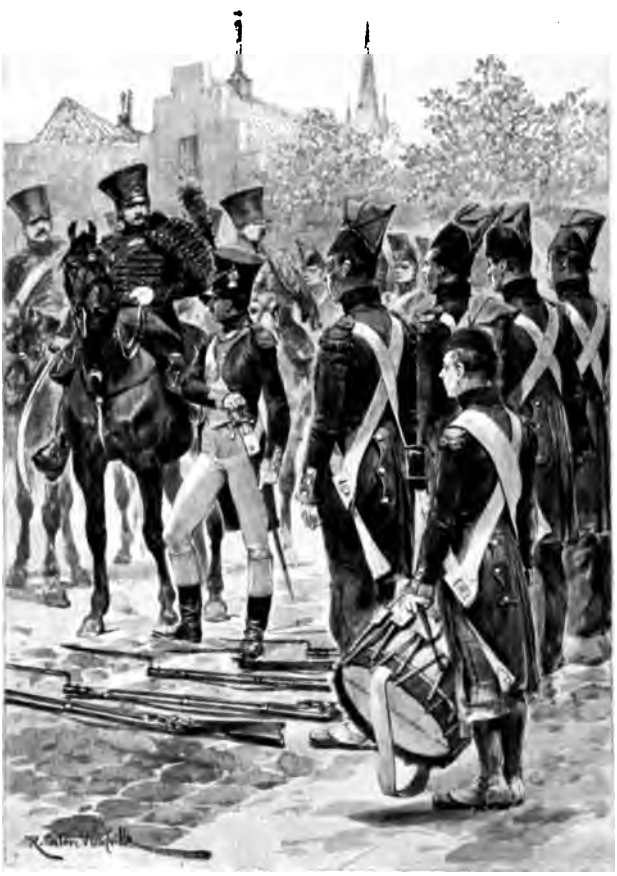
He was now in the enemy's country, and had to be exceedingly wary, for he was a long way from Breslau and far from support. But he determined to push on, and help Blücher by cutting off supplies from the French, capturing their messengers, and otherwise making their communications uncertain.

On June 8th his men were in Bavaria, a state whose monarch was then devoted to Napoleon, and whose troops were all pledged to the service of France. Here Lützow made such a disposition that the important town of Hof was practically in his hands. Hof is about half-way on a line between Nuremberg and Leipzig, and an important military point for an army moving from France—as we saw in 1806.

We here anticipate somewhat the main movements of the campaign, to remind the reader that on June 5th Napoleon made a truce with the allies.

Lützow heard of this truce only on June 11th, and was compelled, therefore, much against his will, to surrender at once the great prize already within his reach, and to hand back all the prisoners he had made after the truce was officially published.

The truce provided that all troops belonging to the allies should be withdrawn across the Elbe by the 12th of June. Now it was physically impossible for Lützow to obey this provision, seeing that he was then about one hundred miles from the Elbe, with only twenty-four hours at his disposal. Nor had he even then received the announcement of the armistice in an official form. Hof is on the border of Bohemia, and Lützow had nearly



LÜTZOW CAPTURES TWO HUNDRED RECRUITS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY AT RODA



completed his junction with the Austrian forces, which were moving on the line of Prague and Carlsbad.

Not until June 14th, two days too late, did Lützow receive official notice from Napoleon's representatives in Dresden that a truce had been made, and that he must retire beyond the Elbe. Accordingly on the very next day he started for the Elbe, choosing the shortest route by way of Leipzig. He felt free from anxiety regarding the personal safety of his command, because the enemy had sent a young Saxon officer to act as guide and protector to him while going through the enemy's lines. On June 17th he avoided Zeitz, twenty miles southwesterly of Leipzig, because it was occupied by a Würtemberg garrison, allies of Napoleon. For the sake of avoiding misunderstanding, however, he sent his Saxon protector to the commanding general there, notifying him of the circumstances under which he was seeking to obey the terms of the armistice.

Towards evening they made preparations to spend the night at a little village close to Lützen, about ten miles southwest of Leipzig. This is classic ground. Here, in 1632, Gustavus Adolphus gave up his life in defence of Protestantism, and here, at Gross Goerschen, Scharnhorst received a fatal wound in the first great battle fought by the new German army he had created.

Lützow had sent two of his troopers to forage, and these had been taken prisoners. Thinking that the arrest was the result of a mistake, he forbade every form of reprisal. But when close to the spot selected for camp it was reported that he was followed by a column of Napoleonic South Germans, marching with all the appearance of being at war. Lützow at once sent a flag of truce to the commander, and received in return instructions to halt and await a message from

the French commanding general, who had, it was stated, made arrangements for escorting him from this point. Lützow then exchanged solemn promises with the Napoleonic agent that neither would meanwhile undertake any breach of the peace.

Pending the arrival of the expected message from Leipzig, where Napoleon's kinsman, the Corsican General Arrighi, held court, Lützow despatched one of his officers to the French headquarters to demand the surrender of the two troopers who had been seized. Arrighi had been himself a guerilla in Corsica, and was prepared to associate with that name all the crimes which his countrymen perpetrated under the cloak of military license. Napoleon had made him Duke of Padua. But no honors that he wore can make us forget the meanness of his behavior towards the gallant men of the Free Corps.

When the Lützow uniform appeared on the streets of Leipzig it was at once recognized, and the officer with the flag of truce was cheered all the way to the headquarters of Arrighi. But here his triumph ceased. Six policemen brought him into the presence of the Corsican, and he was treated as a prisoner. Arrighi declined to receive him as the bearer of a flag of truce, and pronounced him an outlaw and a brigand. He was disarmed and locked up in jail.

Now let us go back to the Free Corps, who were at about one hour's sharp ride from the town. They had gone into camp at about six o'clock, and by seven the horses had been tethered and were getting their evening meal. At that moment Lützow received word that dust was observed, which indicated the approach of a hostile column. He at once sent a bugler to inquire the cause, and ordered his men to prepare for action.



CHEERING LÜTZOW'S FLAGS OF TRUCE IN LEIPZIG







Even now, when from opposite sides hostile forces presented themselves, Lützow would not allow a counter-demonstration to be made by his subordinates, hoping against hope that the word of honor given by Napoleon's officer would shield his men from outrage. And it seemed so for a time. Lützow had an interview with the French general commanding (Fournier), explained to him his desire to reach the Elbe as rapidly as possible, and asked categorically whether the French intended to attack him or not.

To this General Fournier answered: "I give you my word of honor that I shall not attack you, provided you keep to the Leipzig highway. I shall follow you with my corps."

Hereupon Lützow at once ordered his men to march on to Leipzig. But no sooner had the march commenced than he noticed a column of French dragoons break into a trot.

He demanded an explanation of this and got it:

"*L'armistice pour tout le monde, excepté pour vous*"—"Truce for all, but not for you"—was the answer of the Frenchman, who had just given his word of honor that he would not attack.

The fight was soon over. The men of Lützow were huddled together in marching order on the high-road, and were cut down like sheep. Some few sought to make a stand, but resistance under the circumstances was hopeless. Lützow's horse was shot under him, and he effected his escape in the night with the greatest difficulty. Three hundred and five horsemen were either killed or taken prisoner.

The poet Körner was severely wounded, and escaped capture only by the aid of patriotic peasants to whose hands he confided himself.



A remnant of the Free Corps had succeeded in cutting their way through the French lines, thanks to the gathering darkness, and had made their way to Leipzig. They persisted in thinking that the wanton attack was the result of a misunderstanding, and would be promptly disavowed by General Arrighi. And, indeed, the officer in command at the town gates promised them safe escort. But they had proceeded but a short distance in the streets when they were seized and locked up in jail, along with the flag of truce that had preceded them. They here learned for the first time that Napoleon himself had given orders that the men of Lützow should be treated, not as soldiers, but as highwaymen. No medical attendance was given to the wounded, who were all locked up separately in a church. These would have died of neglect had not the warm-hearted citizens begged permission to look after them.

As the wounded got well, they were locked up in jail with the rest until such time as it was found convenient to send them off in gangs, chained together like malefactors. They were sent off by way of Erfurt, Mainz, Metz, across France to the most extreme fortresses on the Mediterranean, there to do forced labor, which corresponded to what was called being sent to the galleys.

It would be well for Napoleon's name as a man if we could acquit him of knowledge of what passed in Leipzig during those days.

The French commandant of a town through which Lützow had passed on his return journey to the Elbe had entertained him at dinner—as a matter of courtesy to a fellow-soldier during an armistice. Napoleon heard of this, and immediately ordered him to Dresden, there to explain his conduct. The French commandant hurried to his master, and at once sought to justify himself

by showing that Lützow had acted in perfect accord with the rules of war. But Napoleon interrupted him with violence, and heaped upon him gross insults. He told him he should have seized "*ce brigand Lützow, chef du corps de la Vengeance*," that he should immediately have tried him for highway robbery, or, better still, ordered him shot at once without a trial. The poor commandant, who had done nothing but his duty as a soldier and a man of honor, sought in vain to justify himself. But Napoleon was mad with anger. Lützow at the moment seemed to have escaped him, and his Corsican love of vengeance clouded every other feeling. Though his commandant was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, so furious was the Emperor that he snatched the epaulets from his shoulders and ordered him "to go to the devil."

This circumstance was related to Lützow by the French commandant after the allies had entered Paris and Napoleon had been removed to Elba.

But Napoleon was still more angry when he heard that these Lützow "brigands" had been received with demonstrations of sympathy after their capture by the troops of Arrighi. He made an order, dated June 20th, placing Leipzig under military law, making all the police subject to the military authority, and providing for a forced contribution by way of punishment.

Two days later his Corsican kinsman Arrighi announced that "the town of Leipzig has incurred the displeasure of His Majesty the Emperor to a high degree, on account of bad behavior in connection with recent military and political events. Therefore, be it enacted that whosoever shall hereafter show *aversion* towards the French, or incur suspicion for behavior towards their allies, shall be treated as a traitor, arrested

at once, and brought before the French military authorities for the severest punishment."

Six days were allowed in which the citizens should give up every weapon they had. All provisions were confiscated by authority, and Leipzig was still further punished by being forced to furnish all supplies needed by the fortress of Wittenberg on the Elbe—the Wittenberg of Martin Luther.

The city fathers of Leipzig came humbly to Dresden and begged an audience of their mighty conqueror, but they begged long before they were allowed even to see him. Finally they were admitted, and at once he turned upon them the same character of abuse he had heaped upon the French commandant of a few days before. He called them dunces and sleepy-heads, and said they did not know what was going on under their noses; that they should have seized the Lützow men and sent them to the galleys, or, better still, have hanged them.

Each time that the city fathers attempted to say anything, Napoleon broke in with renewed abuse, until he deemed his time exhausted, when he turned his back upon them, slammed the door in their faces, and sent them home to ponder over the relative merits of different forms of government.

If ever there was a military murder with malice prepense, it was this one carried out by order of Napoleon. It is one of a series in which those of the Duke of Enghien, John Palm, Andreas Hofer, and Schill's men are conspicuous. By a strange fortune, Lützow himself escaped, or his name would have appeared in this interesting series.

But Lützow did not fight in vain. The street boys of Leipzig who cheered the uniform of the Free Corps



spoke for a larger public than that which filled the city of publishers. Every street boy in every village of the fatherland took up that cheer, and with every cheer for Lützow there went up a prayer for deliverance from the rule of this would-be murderer.

XII

HOW THE PRUSSIAN KING WAS FINALLY FORCED TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST NAPOLEON

"Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwert-Geklirr und Wogen-Prall,
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein,
Zum deutschen Rhein,
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein!"

—Max. Schneckenburger (1819–1849), "Die Wacht am Rhein."

King Frederick William III. of Prussia was in Breslau on the 24th of February, 1813, trying to make up his mind which was safest—to side with Russia against Napoleon, to continue his alliance with Napoleon against Russia, or to remain neutral. He was spinning a dangerous diplomatic web in all directions. To Napoleon he sent respectful representations, that were treated with contempt; to Austria he made overtures for a general peace; to England he posed as the victim of circumstances; and to Russia he sent a messenger who wearied the Czar by endless plans full of impracticable conditions. But, fortunately for Germany, the Czar was then close to Breslau, and so well supplied with war force that he could exert pressure upon Prussia more directly than any other monarchy then negotiating with the Prussian King. More fortunately still, he had at his side that noblest of Germans, the rugged Baron Stein. "I have but one fatherland," wrote Stein a few

weeks before, " and that is Germany. To me dynasties are matters of indifference in a time like the present."

Frederick William hated Stein for just such expressions as this, but Stein was not a man to worry at the loss of royal favor. He had inaugurated the revolution in Königsberg; had caused the province of East Prussia to put forty thousand men under arms without asking the King's permission; had then returned to the headquarters of the Russian Emperor, near Kalisch, a town almost immediately upon the border of the present Poland, only sixty miles northeast of Breslau.

Already Alexander had given notice to his friend Frederick William that if Prussia did not march with him he would regard the Hohenzollerns as his enemy, and would invade their territory and divide it up. But he hesitated to take the step, for fear of precipitating the Prussian King into the arms of France. So he halted on the border of Silesia and tried first a little diplomatic coaxing. But Stein knew the Prussian King well enough to know that nothing would be gained by such means. He was then suffering in health, but nevertheless offered to go to Breslau and force the King to make up his mind at once for one party or the other.

Much as the King disliked Stein, he had for him a vast amount of respect, not unmixed with dread. Stein habitually spoke the truth even to his sovereign, and did so in a manner scantily draped with diplomatic phrases. Frederick William so rarely heard the truth that an interview with Stein became a most humiliating moment in his life. Stein was not merely in the habit of speaking the truth, but he invariably advanced his own opinion in so strong a manner that it either had to be accepted or else there followed an explosion.

We can thus picture the King's anger on the 24th of

February when word was brought to him in the Breslau palace that Stein had arrived in town. Nor was that the worst. His late minister had not even adopted a formal manner of approaching his sovereign, but had driven at once to the very door of the palace and demanded instant audience. This magnificent impudence quite took away the King's breath. The audience had to be granted, for fear of giving offence to Alexander, and thus in a few hours Stein accomplished by personal contact (I had almost said violence) what the King's ministers would have required months to consummate.

Stein opened the eyes of the King to his danger—the Russians at his door; Austria secretly promising help; the German people burning for revenge. The King must at once accept the offers of Russia, or else accept the consequences. The King sought delay, but Stein was firm. Hardenberg was sent for, and the matter settled on the spot. Stein then declared that unless the King should send Scharnhorst as his messenger to Kalisch, the Russian Czar would not be convinced of his sincerity—for every German trusted Scharnhorst as being the soul of the patriotic movement. This was also agreed to by the King, and Stein withdrew to find lodgings and rest after his weary journey.

It is almost incredible that he, the personal envoy of the Russian Czar, had to wander about Breslau on this 24th of February hunting where to stretch his tired body.* Hardenberg, whom he had made great, did not

* "Neither the King nor his court took the slightest notice of Stein, who arrived [in Breslau] fired with the greatest zeal for the restoration of his former master and the liberation of Germany—having travelled in the bitterest winter weather, in the midst of ice and snow, whilst suffering from severe rheumatic gout. He arrived seriously ill, and had he died, would have done so like any unknown traveller,



so much as offer him a crust of bread. The King ignored him. No one of the many courtiers offered him any hospitality. He wandered from inn to inn, finding them all crowded to the very roof-trees with the thousands who had come in the wake of the King. At length Stein's patience was exhausted, and, in the centre of the market, he exploded into such bursts of anger as arrested the attention of passers-by. Amongst these happened to be Major von Lützow, busy with the organization of his Free Corps. At once he recognized the great statesman, took him to the Golden Sceptre, and by tight squeezing secured a small room for him at the top of the house.

Here for many days lay Stein at the point of death, dragged low by a violent fever. Not once did the King inquire after him. Not once did Hardenberg seek to make his suffering less. The court was ordered to avoid him; and thus the greatest German of his time, at one of the critical moments of German history, was ignored in his attic for a crime which is rarely forgiven at court—he spoke the truth.

One of the King's courtiers, a Prussian general, had honored Stein so far as to denounce him to the French ambassador, who at once hired a room from a tailor across the way, and systematically watched all who came in and went out of Stein's quarters. But this did not last very long, for Stein's true friends were wary, and came to him only after dark.

Doctor Hufeland, who had accompanied Queen Luise

and been buried without any one's knowing or caring. In short, he was avoided almost as though he brought a contagious disease, and it is probable that the swells and great people feared lest, by inquiring after him, they might incur the suspicion of being of unsound or disloyal character."—Arndt, p. 121.



on her sad winter's flight from Königsberg to Memel, 1806–7, braved the royal displeasure by giving Stein every professional help in his power; and old General Blücher showed equal indifference by climbing frequently to the attic room of the Golden Sceptre, and there luxuriating in very profane abuse of the courtiers and diplomatists who kept the people from fighting Napoleon.

Before Stein took to his bed, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the alliance offered by Russia accepted by Prussia. On the 27th of February it was signed in Breslau, and on the day following in Kalisch by Scharnhorst and the Russian plenipotentiary. On March 27th war was formally declared in Paris by the Prussian minister demanding his passports; and on April 15, 1813, Napoleon started once more from the Seine to make war beyond the Elbe.

The King's declaration of war contained an epitome of insults received from France. The answer of Napoleon to this was such a document as should have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of every Prussian official who shared the councils of the King. This document, which was largely circulated at the time, charged Prussia with every known form of national dishonesty.

"In 1792," wrote Napoleon's scribe, "when France, convulsed at home by a revolution and attacked from without by dreadful enemies, seemed on the verge of destruction, Prussia declared war against her. Three years later, and in the moment when France triumphed over the coalition of enemies, Prussia forsook her allies, whom she left to their fate; and of all the sovereigns who had taken up arms against France, the King of Prussia was the first to recognize the French Republic."

And from this date on, down through the period of



Austerlitz and Wagram to Moscow and Kalisch, the French document pitilessly laid bare the selfish and weak policy that had animated the Prussian cabinet in all its relations with France—professing loud friendship when French victories were gained, but secretly courting the enemies of Napoleon when there was a prospect of a successful coalition against his power.

The summary of Napoleon's manifesto, prepared by Maret, was in these words:

"In 1812 Prussia sought French alliance, because French armies were nearer to Prussia than those of Russia. In 1813 Prussia declares that her treaty has been violated, because Russian armies are nearer to Prussia than those of France!"

The French charge had much of truth in it, and Germans have taken very small pains to protest against the very serious reflections therein made against the Prussian cabinet government. Napoleon was much surprised at the Prussian declaration of war, and his ministers still more so. They were for once outwitted at their own game of deceiving, and by an adversary whom they despised as diplomatists even more than as soldiers.

Napoleon regarded Prussian politicians as sluggish—totally incapable of diplomatic deception; yet his envoy in Breslau had been completely deceived in regard to the great popular movement going on under his very nose.* He believed that Frederick William intended to persist in his loyalty to Napoleon, according to the promises constantly made by Hardenberg, and in spite of popular agitation to the contrary.

* On February 23, 1813, was signed by the King an order of mobilization, the sixteenth section of which emphasized the importance to the different regiments of carefully secreting their archives before marching out.—General Staff Archives MSS.

And who knows that such might not have been the case had Napoleon but acceded to Prussia's very moderate requests, and treated her less like a conquered province? Napoleon said of Frederick William III., on hearing that he had joined Russia: "This secession comes to me as punishment for the fault I committed at Tilsit in restoring the house of Hohenzollern to the throne—ay, of honoring it by my alliance."

And so far as Napoleon had to deal merely with thrones and dynasties and courtiers, his insolent language was not without its justification. But he was now on the eve of war with a power that had done no wrong for which it need blush—a war not against a king, but against an outraged people. What insults he chose to publish against Prussian diplomacy rankled in the breast of the King and his smiling circle of ever-flattering courtiers; but diplomacy was for the few, and not for those outside of the palace. There was, however, another power which Napoleon could not insult, for he did not know of its existence. It was the power led by Blücher and Gneisenau, by Scharnhorst and Stein. It was a new Germany, born in shame and sorrow, cradled in the storms of adversity, grown strong in the practice of domestic virtues, and now baring its arms for a life-and-death struggle to determine which of two principles should survive—that of Cæsarism or that of Martin Luther.



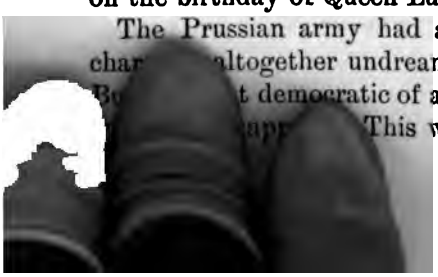
XIII

PRUSSIA'S FORLORN HOPE IN 1813—THE LANDSTURM

"A small nation has no need of a large standing army in order to protect itself against conquest—provided that each one from school-child to old man possesses the military knowledge of a six-weeks recruit."—Report of W. von Burgsdorff (June 24, 1813) to the Prussian government.

It was characteristic of the year 1813 that when his most absolute Majesty Frederick William was forced into war with France he addressed his first appeal for aid not to his army, but "To my people"—"*An mein Volk.*" This excellent document was not written by the King, nor were any of the other excellent proclamations of that time; but that he signed them showed that even in the palace new and startling ideas were finding acceptance—ideas which in 1806 would have been rejected as revolutionary.

The same Breslau paper that published for the first time the famous "*An mein Volk*" printed as its second article an address "To my army." In the same paper appeared the first official announcement that the order of the Iron Cross had been established, on March 10th, on the birthday of Queen Luise.



The Prussian army had already assumed a popular char altogether undreamed of in the year of Jena. Be t democratic of all the King's proclamations ap This was a sweeping order that



every male Prussian between the ages of fifteen and sixty, who had been exempted from the active army, should enroll himself in the so-called "Landsturm."

Here was the finishing touch to the military scheme worked out by Scharnhorst and Stein, and patiently explained to patriots in every part of the fatherland. This alone was needed to complete the idea of a nation in arms — an idea which to-day has become little more than a fine phrase, though in 1813 it was an accepted truth.

The King was a very long time in signing this order, and longer still in allowing it to be made public. Perhaps nothing official offers to-day such complete evidence of Frederick William's desperate straits as that he determined to save his throne by appealing directly to the whole of his people. He hesitated long not merely because he himself distrusted forces created by popular initiative, but because the Austrian Emperor detested democratic demonstration even more. The Vienna court talked in a half-hearted way about joining Prussia, and as long as there was a prospect of this aid the King tried to avoid anything which might offend the Apostolic Kaiser Franz, who had become Napoleon's father-in-law.

But when the first great battle turned out a technical victory for Napoleon (that called by Germans Gross Goerschen), and the cautious Austrian made haste to range himself with the side that seemed at the moment most promising, the King at last felt that he must fight for existence.

He had challenged Napoleon to a life-and-death struggle, and realized fully that in the event of defeat there would be no more Hohenzollerns on the throne. So on May the 8th he did what he hated most to do—called to



PRUSSIA'S PEASANT SOLDIERS, 1813



his aid the whole body of his people, and declared his war one that should end either with victory or extermination.

But here again the people had gone ahead of their King, and were fighting the French on their own account and in their own fashion long before they had received orders from Breslau. The French garrison of Magdeburg sought to send out parties in order to place that fortress in a state to withstand a siege, but these were successfully repulsed by the peasants, who organized as volunteers, and fought for their King on the banks of the Elbe as Andreas Hofer had done in the Austrian Alps four years before. They fought with halters about their necks, for they well understood that in case of capture they would be executed as brigands.*

* "Traduction d'un extrait du Règlement Royal Prussien concernant l'organization de la levée en masse (Landsturm):

"'Art. 39.—Il n'y aura pas d'uniforme, pour la levée en masse (Landsturm).

"'Art. 29.—Le Roi déclare solennellement qu'il va faire user sans aucun délai des représailles sévères envers les prisonniers français, sitôt que l'ennemi oserait faire essayer un traitement plus dur à quelque homme de la levée en masse (Landsturm) fait prisonnier qu'aux prisonniers qu'on aurait fait sur les troupes régulières.

"'Breslau, le 21 Avril, 1813. "'FRÉDÉRIC GUILLAUME.'

"Cet extrait, publié par les ordres de S. M. le Roi, sera affiché partout où la levée en masse serait dans le cas d'agir, afin que tout militaire français tombé dans nos mains subirait dans le cas ci-dessus mentionné.

"Il est du devoir de chaque sujet de S. M. de faire connaître le plutôt possible aux autorités prussiennes les excès dont les militaires français auraient pu se rendre coupables envers les individus de la levée en masse, pour qu'en vingt-quatre heures au plus tard les représailles sur les prisonniers français puissent être mises en exécution.

"Breslau, le 20 Mai, 1813.

"Gouvernement Militaire de la Silésie.

"Comte DE GOETZEN, Bar. D'ALTENSTEIN."

A place of honor must be given to the peasants of two little villages near the right bank of the Elbe, about fifteen miles northeasterly of Magdeburg. Schartau and Neigrupp are their names, but they are not to be found on the map. In the annals of 1813, however, they deserved well of their country, for they played a rôle full as courageous as did Concord and Lexington in 1775. Already in March, 1813, they had equipped between them three hundred men afoot and as many more mounted. Their leader was the Lutheran pastor. On the heights they placed tar-barrels, and, when the enemy was noticed, signals were flashed from point to point, and every peasant fell into the ranks with whatever weapon he could muster — lance or musket, axe or scythe. Men of seventy marched beside lads of fifteen.

The sandy soil of Brandenburg produces a peasantry unequalled for moral and physical courage. They are slow to stir, but when once in motion their march is irresistible. We shall see more of them later on. On April the 9th these peasants successfully checked a column of three thousand French who attempted to cross the Elbe some fifty miles below Magdeburg. Their leader was the chief citizen of the place. All this was

In his report of June 16, 1813, Major Rockow complains to the commander of Silesia from Rieglitz, near Neisse, that his men have been of late "rather demoralized (*intimidirt worden*) because the enemy treat every volunteer that falls into their hands with the utmost cruelty, simply because he is not in uniform, and on this account is entitled to no quarter (*pardon*). For instance, in a sortie a forester was severely wounded; he was immediately stripped naked by the enemy, and with his own hunting-knife stabbed so often and severely that he died the day following."

In consequence he begs for uniforms, and quickly, too.—Berlin General Staff Archives.



happening without the authority of the Prussian King, without even his knowledge.

Stettin was another strong place still held by the French. It was then, as it is now, an important Baltic port at the mouth of the Oder. At Küstrin, farther up the river, the French held still another fortress; and Napoleon was most anxious to maintain communication between the two places pending the arrival of relief. So, on April 18, 1813, a corps of six thousand French started from Stettin on their march of seventy miles to Küstrin. So far as the King was concerned there was nothing to prevent this important expedition resulting successfully for Napoleon; but the people on the Oder, as on the Elbe, themselves took up the quarrel. According to one local report: "At ten o'clock we received our orders, and by two o'clock the ranks were filled. The principal farmers and the pastor went ahead. And thus we marched out, singing as we tramped along."

On the way they met a gang of workmen engaged upon the canal connecting the Oder with the Spree. These at once left the business of canal-repairing, shouldered their axes, crowbars, and picks, and marched away behind the Lutheran pastor, in search of a fight with the Frenchmen. Farm wagons followed in the rear, filled with food stuff, and also something to drink. There was no military chest; each citizen paid himself as best he could. In the lead was carried a white flag with a black cross upon it, and under this banner the peasants of the lower Oder won a glorious victory, that proved that though Prussia at Jena lost an army, she did not lack brave men in other walks of life. The six thousand Frenchmen were beaten back, five hundred were made prisoners, and all this cost the King not one penny. With the five hundred muskets captured, a picked body



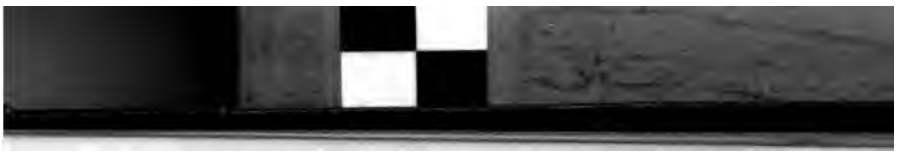
of sharpshooters was armed and drilled for further usefulness.

What was done on the Elbe and the Oder was repeated in hundreds of other parts of the country, and caused the French enormous loss, albeit each individual disaster was too insignificant to figure in a serious history.

In Berlin the zeal to join the citizen bands of the Landsturm was most conspicuous.* The university and the Royal Academy of Science took the lead. So great a philosopher as Fichte laid aside his academic robes in order to practise the goose-step on the Berlin drill-ground. Had Napoleon passed by Fichte in 1813, I doubt if he would have received a bow so low as he received at Jena in 1806 from that other philosopher, Hegel. The massive-minded Fichte appeared on the streets of Berlin with a belt so broad that it served him in the way of a cuirass. In it he stuck two big cavalry pistols. By his side there hung a huge sabre that struck fire from the Berlin cobble-stones as he stalked majestically to his warlike tasks.

The citizen warriors of 1813 had no uniform dress or

* On August 15, 1813, the Berlin police chief reports that further recruiting is impossible; that in 1811 the population of Berlin was 157,696; that at time of writing, or, rather, at the outbreak of war (March), it had but 150,000; that of this number there went into the military service 6000 to 7000; to which add Landwehr, infantry, cavalry, and officers, 5000, all fully equipped; total, 11,000 to 12,000. The present ratio in the German army is 1 per cent. in peace time. Thus in 1813 Berlin gave every twelfth or thirteenth man to the colors. Prussia in 1806, with a population of 10,000,000, called out only one man in fifty, for she only raised an army of 200,000. That, assuming present population of Prussia to be 5,000,000, if the country made in general sacrifices corresponding to Berlin the present Prussian army would be 400,000. For this reason he again begs his King not to call for another recruit from Berlin—that it is simply impossible to raise one.—Berlin War Office records. (G v. 1 A. 47.)



accoutrements, for the very good reason that they had no money themselves, nor had the government any. The war-office pardoned any extravagance of dress or accoutrement so long as it encouraged military exercises and cost nothing.*

Venerable preachers, professors, painters, men of retired scholarly habits, now masqueraded about the streets of the Prussian capital in a guise that would to-day suggest a season of carnival. Artists took down from their studio walls and wore upon the streets steel helmets such as Spaniards wore when they conquered Mexico, battle-axes that suggested the Crusaders, to say nothing of strange long swords that figure in tales of chivalry.

The head of the Royal Theatre, the dramatist Iffland, whom we already know for his devotion to Queen Luise, headed a band of actors, who for once had the opportunity of acting a part upon the stage of real life.

The arms of Wallenstein and of Richard II., and of many another stage hero, now stepped from behind the footlights and marched in the Avenue of Lindens. It was a war when every means was hallowed that promised the liberation of Germany; and Berliners, who are the wits and the wags of northern Europe, almost forgot to be facetious even when Iffland came to drill dressed in the breastplate and shield worn on the boards by Joan of Arc. The Maid of Orleans was a German hero then, a symbol of national freedom. In Paris she was ignored; for it had not yet become the fashion for

* The late Prussian Minister of War Boyen says that many Prussian regiments marched off to war dressed in English uniforms and hats (p. 67, vol. iii.). The English government was very liberal in sending to Colberg every imaginable thing needed by a soldier in the field.



Frenchmen to worship at her shrine. But in Germany she was a household goddess, a fairy Queen Luise. Her fame was spread abroad by the great poet of liberty, Schiller. And every German schoolboy could recite from his famous drama lines that exactly voiced the general feeling for freedom.

But as Schiller and Queen Luise died before their eyes could see the national life stirring in defence of German liberty, so too died another hero, the author of a citizen army—the nation in arms. Scharnhorst received his mortal wound in battle before the King published the law calling every Prussian of every age and condition to the war. This profound thinker and most kind-hearted of men was the son of a Hanoverian peasant. In his face as well as in his life he had many points of resemblance with Moltke. He was such a man as one associates with scientific research—a man of the study, and not of the battle-field, a man of reflection rather than of action. Never was there a character more pure from self-seeking. He lived for great national ideals, but never asked to be recognized as in any way the author of the good he was doing. He was the only one of the great patriots who combined with great military knowledge so much command of temper as to be able to keep before the King reforms which that monarch persistently rejected. Scharnhorst was no less keen than Blücher or Stein or Gneisenau, but he used vastly more tact in dealing with his King.

This last edict of Frederick William, which was published on May 8, 1813, and which completed the scheme for a whole people in arms, is so valuable that it should be in the hands of every school-child of every free country. It was decreed that the Landsturm, or *levée en masse*, was to take place wherever and whenever the



enemy invaded the country. "When the alarm is sounded, then it means that the war has become one of extremes which hallows every means. The most desperate are the best in the long run, for they bring the great cause to conclusion most quickly and successfully.

"The Landsturm must not merely prevent the enemy from invading the country, but must prevent it from retreating; keep it on the jump and out of breath; cut off its ammunition, food, messengers, and reinforcements; capture its hospitals; carry out night surprises; in short, worry it, rob it of sleep, destroy it piecemeal wherever there is a chance.

"Every citizen who is not already enrolled in the army or in the militia must join the Landsturm when ordered. On pain of death, no one shall organize or command the Landsturm other than those designated by authority, nor incite them by speeches to organize."

This was practically a dead letter, as we have already seen.* The Landsturm was to be democratic, every land-owner having to vote for members of a local defence committee. This committee then met and determined the manner in which its particular neighborhood could be most effectively defended. Referring to the country about Berlin, the edict calls particular attention to the great advantage offered to the Landsturm there, owing to the large tracts of forest, and the many lakes, streams, and swamps. The country was prepared for general inundation through a fortunate system of streams and dikes, which are still in existence, through which I was able to paddle a canoe as late as 1890.

* There was bitter opposition to the Landsturm amongst many of the aristocracy, the wealthy—and the cowards. The late Minister of War Boyen gave an excellent account of this whole matter in his matchless memoirs.



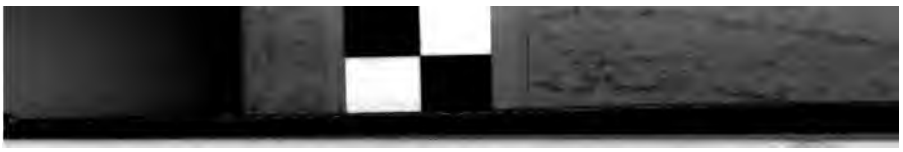
Severe penalties were promised to the unpatriotic: "Whoever refuses to obey the call to arms, or deserts, shall earn a degrading punishment, as, for instance, he shall be made to occupy a particular place in church. Cowards shall be punished by having to give up their arms. . . . Their usual taxes shall be doubled. They shall receive corporal punishment. He who shows the feelings of a slave shall be treated as a slave."

The clergy was called upon to explain the Landsturm edict to the people, and help make it popular. This popular levy in mass was to elect its own officers up to the rank of captain. But "the Landsturm shall wear no distinctive uniform, because that would expose them to pursuit and capture by the enemy." *

In other words, the Prussians in 1813 were commanded to make war as did the francs-tireurs of 1870–1. Now soldiers out of uniform, caught with weapons in their hands, are, and have been in all wars, regarded as bandits. Our civil war and the war of 1870 between France and Germany afforded many illustrations of this international maxim. The King's edict realized the danger to which it exposed the Landsturm patriots, and therefore added, by way of consolation to such as might in future be hanged as unlicensed guerillas: "It shall be the duty of every inhabitant at once to give notice in case a member of the Landsturm has been badly treated by members of the French army. In that case, and within twenty-four hours, revenge shall be taken to the same extent upon any French prisoner happening to be in Prussian hands."

The Prussian Landsturm edict anticipated an invasion

* On June 19, 1813, an official drill regulation was issued in Berlin for those of the Landsturm who drilled with the pike only.



similar to that of Russia in 1812. It ordered the country to be laid waste in advance of the invaders. Food must be carted away, wine and spirits must run to waste, cattle must be concealed, houses destroyed, all factories and mills burned down, and finally the wells choked up. A Berlin professor of architecture found these provisions altogether too mild, and when he was made captain of a trainband, or Landsturm company, he marched his men into the Trinity Church of the Prussian capital, and there made his warriors solemnly swear to not merely fill up the wells, but to poison them also. Red savages could not have sworn more horrible vengeance upon pale-faces than was vowed against Frenchmen by heads of God-fearing families in the Easter-tide of 1813. And yet these were the same Germans who only a few weeks ago had given food and comfort to the stragglers of the "Grande Armée," groping their helpless way to France across the snow-clad plains of North Germany.

The edict goes on to say that the state would repay such peasants as had burned down their houses and mills for the sake of their country, but that no peasant should be indemnified for cattle that might have been seized by the enemy. Fruit trees were not to be cut down—merely to have the fruit knocked off, so that for one season at least they might be of small use to the enemy.

"Physicians, apothecaries, and surgeons must be the first to move away, and take with them their instruments. . . . Boats, ferries, and bridges are to be burned. . . . No one shall, on pain of death, take oath of allegiance to the enemy. Should he be compelled by force, it shall not be regarded as binding." This provision was aimed obviously at the large number of pliant Prussian

officials who, after Jena, continued to draw salaries by virtue of having sworn to obey Napoleon I. as faithfully as they had formerly served Frederick William III. The morality here preached suggests rather more that of the Jesuits than that of the straightforward monk of Wittenberg.

The citizens were also forbidden to do police duty in towns that might be occupied by the enemy. In Berlin, after Jena, not only did Berlin citizens police the town for their French master, but they even recruited a regiment to serve under French colors.

"Every town occupied by the enemy shall regard itself as in deepest mourning. Nobody shall attend any theatrical performance, dance, or any public amusement of any kind. No marriage shall be solemnized excepting by special permission of an official free from the enemy's influence." From these few illustrations we can readily appreciate how completely forlorn the King regarded his cause. Throughout this strange document we trace the guiding hand of Scharnhorst and of Gneisenau, the spirit of Stein and of Blücher. No famous battle-fields are suggested by the hundreds of citizen bands who drilled in their dozens on the village greens of Germany; their leaders were half-pay retired officers, often local elders of the village council. No record has been handed down of the patriotic deeds they did, and their fame is only in the fireside tales of old men who heard of these things from their fathers. The Landsturm had no showy uniforms, no brass bands. To the enemy they were mere bandits; to the professional soldiers of Prussia they were an object of pleasantry, if not ridicule. Few military leaders of that time were able to take so broad a view of the soldier's work as Scharnhorst. His colleagues looked upon the Landsturm volunteers



much as Braddock regarded the Virginia militia when he marched to Fort Duquesne in 1755.

The little guerilla bands of Prussian patriots made all the mobilizing work of Napoleon difficult, while it correspondingly facilitated that of the patriots. The Landsturm volunteers did not fight great battles, but in their skirmishes they organized the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo.

XIV

LÜTZEN

"Not a civilian profession, trade, or calling but had its representatives on this day fighting for the preservation of their country—even candidates for holy orders fought for the independence of their country as the basis of a free Protestant Church. . . . Men of science and artists fought for the exalted citizenship which the sacred love of country secured to ancient Greece. . . . May Divine Providence cause this beautiful spirit to spring up in the hearts of our descendants whenever the fatherland may have need of them! Nor let the government ever misinterpret (*verkennen*) the great value of such a spiritual manifestation."—Testimony of General Boyen to the value of citizen soldiers in the battle of Lützen, May 2, 1813 (*Mémoires*, iii., p. 41).

The first great battle in the war for German liberation, if not liberty, was fought on the 2d of May, 1813. Frederick William III. of Prussia and Alexander I. of Russia had made together a triumphal entry into Dresden; had been received by white-robed virgins, and had listened to meaningless speeches of welcome, and still more unprofitable verses. They both hoped that the King of Saxony would here join them and unite his army with theirs. But that monarch had not forgotten the battle of Jena, so he retired to Prague, under protection of Austria, there to wait until one side or the other had been defeated, after which he might come forward and make terms with the stronger party.

So the Prussians marched on to Leipzig, and a little way beyond to the village of Lützen, where in 1632



Gustavus, the great Swede, gave up his life in the cause of religious liberty. With the Prussians came the Russians—not 100,000 strong, as they had boasted, but only a trifle over 35,000. The Prussians had about an equal force, so that here at the very heart of Germany these two allies, in the seventh year after Jena, could only gather together 70,000 men for the purpose of defending the country against invasion. And Jena was in everybody's mind, for that inglorious field lay not more than thirty miles to the southwest, and Auerstädt still nearer. Napoleon had ridden across this battlefield a few days before, coming from Paris by way of Erfurt and Weimar — places which did not fail to awaken in him and his men the belief that one Frenchman was a match for two Prussians. In 1806 the Prussian army, though largely outnumbering that of France, had run away in confusion. In 1813 Napoleon opened his campaign at the head of nearly 120,000, against the 70,000 of Alexander and Frederick William.

Here was an advantage of 50,000 men in favor of Napoleon. But there were many other elements to be considered. The allies had more cavalry and artillery, and were operating in a country flat as the plains of Texas, therefore one in which horse flesh could be of the greatest service. Napoleon's army was made up of young recruits, whose military instruction had been gained principally in the long march from France to the seat of war. But the French leaders were masters in their art. Each knew how to get the utmost out of the men, how to give them confidence, how to relieve them from the merely ornamental detail of soldier life, and, above all, each one knew how to fight. They had good reason to feel confident, for their enemy were also



inexperienced soldiers, commanded by men not one of whom ranked as a first-class general.

On mounting his horse at Weimar, Napoleon said, "I shall conduct this campaign not as Emperor, but as *General Bonaparte*." The year 1812 had been a lesson to him, and he now proposed to share the hardships of his men and seek to retrieve himself, at least in the eyes of his marshals.

On the night of May 1st he slept at Lützen, occupied himself with reading about the battle of 1632, and next morning leisurely inspected the battle-field, little thinking that he was about to associate the name of Lützen with his own in memorable manner; for Napoleon here displayed generalship equal to any in his career, and displayed it under most difficult conditions.

He was marching to Leipzig, there to unite with the rest of his army, to defeat the small allied force; to separate Prussia from Austria, and then once more occupy Berlin. It was an excellent plan so far as Napoleon could judge of kings and cabinets, and as he jogged along the Saxon highway he hummed, "*Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,—mironton*," etc., with a mind easier than it had been for a twelvemonth past. But he did not know the spirit of new Germany, and could not think that the small army opposed to him would dare attack him.

The head of the French column was already at Lindenau, which forms now a part of Leipzig, and Napoleon himself had passed the village of Mark-Ranstädt, six miles west of Leipzig, when he received news that made him withdraw to one side of the road, while his men marched on, leaving him buried in thought. There was some firing in the direction of Leipzig, and that was expected, for Napoleon intended there to drive back



NAPOLEON AT WEIMAR





what he took to be the Prussian advance-guard. But between ten and eleven o'clock a violent burst of artillery was heard in the rear, upon his right flank, in the neighborhood of a little village called Gross Görschen, which was about three miles southeast of Lützen, and about ten miles from the head of the French column.

This was the moment which born soldiers yearn for, and which frightens the ordinary one.

At once Napoleon ordered the whole of his command to turn about and march the other way—towards the sound of the cannon. This operation is simple enough on the open prairie and on the drill-ground, but most difficult when the one road is jammed with artillery, ammunition-wagons, and baggage.*

The reader must bear in mind that though the country is flat as the prairie, it is slightly cut up by irrigating ditches, which afforded considerable shelter during the battle to the infantry, but made the work of cavalry and artillery difficult. The villages, too, had very substantial houses and barns, which in 1813 were bullet-proof, and consequently of greater relative value than they would be to-day.

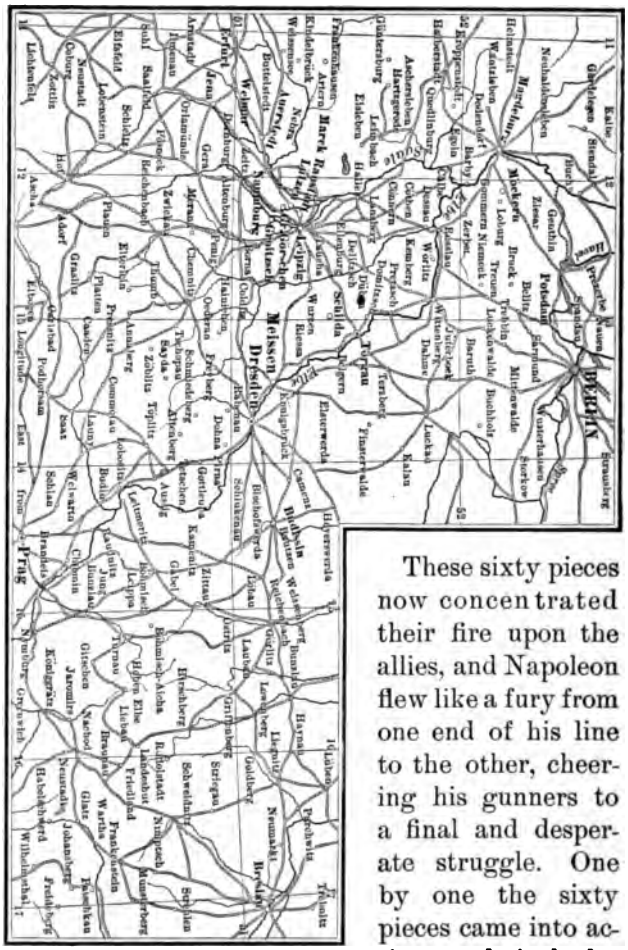
* The country in this plain of Leipzig is perfectly flat, and the little villages look one so much like another that they rather confuse than assist the pilgrim of to-day. The land is rich as Mississippi river-bottoms, and for miles is cultivated like a vegetable-garden. But no trace of the battle can be seen, and I could find no one in the neighborhood who could refer me to any one capable of telling me more than was on my map and in my note-book. In the pretty village of Lützen I sought the old castle where Napoleon spent the night of May 1st, but no thanks to the officials of the place, who knew little of the great things that happened here in the days of their fathers. The Napoleonic headquarters are now occupied by local officials, and the buildings are sadly neglected. From the towers of Lützen one can readily see every point of this important field—notably the cluster of villages for whose possession so much precious blood was spilled.



About this little group of villages, Gross Görschen, Klein Görschen, Rana, and Kaya, the battle raged all day, and until half-past six in the afternoon. Napoleon was in a state of mind bordering on desperation. If the Prussians won the day his army would be cut in two, for the allies had attacked his column while it was on the move, in its long, helpless line. Villages were taken, then lost, then retaken. Both sides fought with fury—one of those battles when darkness and complete exhaustion end the fight. At one time the French were chased out of a village by Prussians—it was their fifth repulse—and Napoleon stood on a slight elevation near by as the messenger rode up with the bad news. An eye-witness recorded that in this moment Napoleon cast upon his chief of staff a look whose meaning was a question—"Do you believe that my star has sunk at last?"

Napoleon fought the battle of Lützen with comprehensive thoroughness. He was complete master of himself and of every one of his military units. His personal power was felt in every part of the field. He was playing for tremendous stakes, and the loss of one little Saxon village on the 2d of May, 1813, meant to him the loss of Saxony, the loss of Austria, retreat and ruin. He exposed himself to the bullets of the enemy with apparent indifference, and watched every dent in his long, swaying line as a professional fighter on the lookout for a good opening for a telling blow. At last his eye found the point he sought, and he launched one division of the young guard to help retake the village of Kaya, out of which his men had just been violently ejected for the fifth time. At the same time he made a radical change in the whole scheme of the fight by ordering sixty pieces of artillery brought to one point which he

designated. He knew exactly where each piece was, and ordered them taken from the different corps in action.



MAP SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF LÜTZEN TO BERLIN, DRESDEN, PRAGUE

(From Napoleon's manuscript map)

These sixty pieces now concentrated their fire upon the allies, and Napoleon flew like a fury from one end of his line to the other, cheering his gunners to a final and desperate struggle. One by one the sixty pieces came into action, and inch by inch they crept forward towards the positions still stubbornly held by the allies. When darkness finally fell

upon this savage picture it concealed some 15,000 bodies of dead or wounded Frenchmen, to say nothing of 2000 Russians and 8000 Prussians who fell on that day.

When I followed the ground of this battle-field there was no difficulty in finding the very spot where Napoleon ranged his sixty guns. It is a slope towards the village of Gaya from near Starsiedel—so gentle, so clean, it seemed to have been made for just such a man at just such a moment. There was no other slope like it anywhere near, and yet no eye but that of Napoleon seemed able to make use of it. So little has the topography been modified by modern works that it has not been necessary, in studying this battle, to use any other map than that published to-day by the War Department of Saxony.

The 2d of May, 1813, closed with no immediate advantage to either side. The Prussians had held their ground, and the French had saved their line from being cut in two. Both sides lay down to sleep, confident that the fight would begin again at daybreak with still more ferocity and obstinacy. But before turning in, Napoleon called a Polish officer and gave him this order: "Hurry to Krakau, and carry the news that I have won a battle." The Corsican knew that Poland and Austria would be more influenced by news of success than by a dozen diplomats.

But so little did Napoleon himself believe in this victory that he kept his troops all night in squares, ready to repel a sudden attack. He had not captured a single cannon; he had not gained a single foot of the battle-ground.

Times had indeed changed since the days of Auerstädt and Jena. Napoleon was now fighting against the German people, not merely against a mercenary army. The



men who now faced him did not require to be flogged in order to make soldiers of them; they went into battle happy with the hope of a free country.

But the generalship of the allies was bad enough to have ruined a better cause than that of German liberation. The Prussian King and the Russian Czar were constantly in the way, particularly the Russian, who was very anxious to make a military reputation. The nominal commander-in-chief of the allies was called Wittgenstein, a Russian mediocrity not fit for a high command. Who really commanded on the side of the allies I have not yet found out—sometimes one crowned head, sometimes another; sometimes the nominal commander-in-chief, sometimes Blücher, sometimes Scharnhorst, and sometimes different aides-de-camp, who pretended to be inspired from headquarters.

At about ten that night the Russian chiefs held a council of war, and decided that they had best retire, giving as a reason that they were short of ammunition. Then old Blücher got up and said to them: "What! Has all this blood been spilled for nothing? Never—never will I consent to retreat. No; this very night I'll pitch into the Frenchmen, and I'll make those ashamed of themselves who talked of retreat."

Then old Blücher, who was seventy-one years of age, stalked savagely out of the room, mounted his charger, placed himself at the head of twelve squadrons of Prussian cavalry, and tumbled into the French headquarters so furiously that he came within two hundred yards of where Napoleon had sought shelter behind his squares of infantry. The attack did not accomplish all that was anticipated, owing to an irrigating ditch of awkward size, but it produced upon the French something akin to a mild panic. They were not used to such reckless-

ness on the part of Germans, and began to take precautions which formerly they would have deemed unnecessary.*

While the Prussian King was in bed that night at Groitzsch (six miles from the battle-field, in a south-east direction), he was suddenly awakened by his ally Alexander, who came in person to tell him that they must at once retreat to beyond the Elbe. Frederick William would not listen to the Czar's rather awkward explanations on the subject, but interrupted him: "Oh, I know how it is! Once begin retreat, and we'll not stop at the Elbe—we'll be back at the Vistula again. At this rate, I can see myself once more in Memel. It will be Auerstädt all over again."†

As a soldiers' battle this was a glorious day, and Germans everywhere spoke with pride of their fellow-countrymen, who had met the French in fair fight and proved fully their equals. But the patriots groaned in spirit as the long lines of Prussian wounded returned across the Elbe, followed by the rest of the allied army. Goethe seemed to have spoken the truth when he said that Napoleon was too big a man for Germans to attack. And there seemed to be a fatal spell upon Prussia, by which, no matter how bravely her people fought, her leaders always managed to lose what the soldiers

* "When one considers that at the close of the battle [Lützen] the French were 102,000, the allies only 69,000, these numbers alone are sufficient evidence of the rare courage with which the newly organized Prussian army fought on this memorable day; nor be it forgotten that our two principal leaders, Blücher and Scharnhorst, were wounded."—Boyen, iii., 40.

† "Notwithstanding that we have in our column 13,000 carriages, we did not abandon any; and I can certify to this, having been constantly with the rear-guard."—Sir R. Wilson, *Retreat to Bautzen* (i., p. 364), in letter to Duke of Gloucester, dated Bautzen, May 10.



had won. On the French side they saw unity of command; on the side of the allies was no unity at all. The King of Prussia was treated as a military cipher by the Russian Czar, whose military knowledge was equally worthless. Instead of marching ahead independently under such a popular leader as Blücher or Yorck, Gneisenau or Scharnhorst, the Prussian army was made merely an appanage of the Russian. No one can be blamed for this excepting the Prussian King. Instead of declaring war with Napoleon in January, and leading the way for the Russians, he dawdled away the time until the Cossacks had overrun his country and forced him to fight, not as a leader, but as a follower. Throughout the war we shall see the same faults of leadership on the part of the allies — faults which were manifest at the very first battle, and which must weaken all movements of allied armies where the command is not in one capable hand. At Lützen the military capacity was altogether on the German side of the alliance, but the power to dictate was with the Russians.

Napoleon felt bad when he saw how well the German soldier fought, but his spirits revived when he thought of the two monarchs who commanded.

XV

SOME UNEXPECTED FIGHTS IN THE PEOPLE'S WAR

"When a people has prosperity, intelligence, civil liberty, and a sense of moral obligations, such a people will allow itself to be destroyed rather than surrender these things."

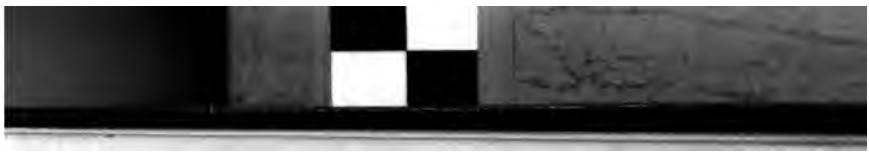
So wrote Gneisenau, and so talked Blücher and the rest of the German patriots—and so thought the people of Germany in so far as they dared dream of deliverance. But all the princes of Germany did not think so, particularly those who had gained in importance by submission to Napoleon.

And it is because Germans accomplished so much in spite of the princes to whom they were subject that this period carries lessons to us who believe in government for the people and by the people.*

* "Bericht der höhern Polizei- und Tagesereignisse: Man bemerkt bei den freiwilligen Gaben zur Rettung des Staats, dass die Mittel-Klasse der Staatsbürger im eigentlichen Sinne Opfer bringt: dagegen die Klasse der reichen Leute durchgängig verhältnissmässig viel zu wenig giebt.

"Es würde daher vielen Beifall finden, wenn eine besondere Kriegssteuer ausgeschrieben: wobei die freiwilligen Gaben in Anrechnung kommen und das *Plus* erst als ein Staatsopfer betrachtet werden müsste.

"Die bisherige Lage des Staats hat Colberg wohlhabend und einige reiche Leute gemacht, und man durfte wohl von einem Kaufmann wenigstens 1000rt [*i. e.* Reichsthaler] patriotischen Beitrag mit Recht erwarten; es sind aber von der ganzen Stadt nicht 800rt zusammen gebracht worden.



The free city of Hamburg had been incorporated by Napoleon into his empire, but the moment its citizens heard that Germans in Königsberg and Breslau were arming in the cause of liberty, they too became rebels, and made common cause with their fellow-Germans in Prussia. On the 24th of February, nearly a month, therefore, before the declaration of war, and when both Hamburg and Prussia were in bondage to France, the republic at the mouth of the Elbe rose up against the Napoleonic garrison.

The longshoremen and apprentices joined with their more prosperous fellow-citizens, and after soundly thrashing every Frenchman they could find, they hoisted once more the free flag of Hamburg. The French commandant barricaded himself with his garrison, and managed to take vengeance on a goodly number of public-spirited citizens by means of drum-head court-martial, but by the 12th of March he had to evacuate the city to make room for the advance-guard of the German army of liberation.

It was the enterprising guerilla Tettenborn who appeared on March 16th under the walls of Hamburg. His command consisted of Cossacks, who had ridden all the way from Moscow to the German Ocean before the King of Prussia could make up his mind whether to

"Der am 20sten v. M. hier durchpassirte Fürst Dolgorucki hat einen Secretair Namens Montigner hier zurückgelassen, der französischer Oberster gewesen sein soll: der Fürst hat ihn in Holland kennen gelernt und nun unter den Gefangenen bei Moskau wieder erkannt und zu sich genommen. Er hat ihn hier aus Vorsicht zurückgelassen; doch lebt er hier äusserst eingezogen und geht kaum des Tages eine halbe Stunde aus.

"Colberg, den 3. April, 1813. v. DAUTZEN."

—MSS. police reports, Prussian Archives.



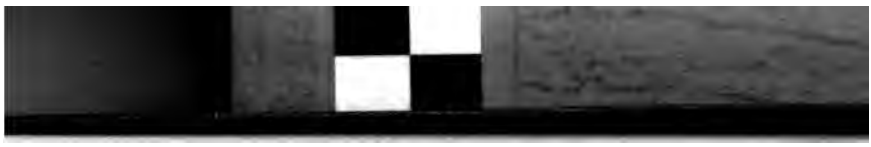
serve France or his people.* The leaders of these Cossacks were, to be sure, Germans fired with zeal for the cause of their country, but none the less strange is it that the Prussian government of that day looked on with folded hands while the Czar of Siberia preached liberty in the land of Luther.

When Tettenborn entered Hamburg at the head of his rough riders, on the very day, by-the-way, that war was made known in Breslau, four hundred miles away (March 18th), the good people went wild with joy. Deliverance had come at last, and the snub-nosed cowboys from the steppes of the Don appeared to the maidens of Hamburg as so many gallant Lancelots or Lohengrins. Their horses were decked with flowers; the air was filled with song and cheering; the visitors were feasted as only Hamburgers know how to feast—for have they not always been the best cooks of Germany? Those who were present wrote that they were nearly smothered by the embraces of the grateful people. In short, from the descriptions I have at hand, it must have been such a jubilee as filled Berlin when the grand old Emperor William marched in Under the Lindens leading back his victorious army from Metz and Sedan and Paris.

Nor was the enthusiasm less marked in two other great free cities of the Hanseatic League.

In Lübeck the scenes of Hamburg were repeated when

* "At noon the Russians entered the town [Berlin]. . . . A few Russian regiments occupied the Lustgarten — small creatures, miserable in growth; stupid and brute-like appearance. They swallowed with avidity the onions we gave them. At one end of the ranks they were singing a quaint minor song; at the other end flogging a soldier. They contrasted markedly with the French. In the palace courts the Cossacks lounged about the walls picking fleas one off the other quite unconcernedly."—Klöden, p. 306.



a German commanding three hundred Cossacks entered that Baltic city on March 21st, thus setting free the most northerly city of what Napoleon was pleased to call the Rhine Confederation. Bremen also tried to strike for liberty. An English war-brig had landed some men, and, in conjunction with peasants and boatmen armed with pitchforks and oars, they had attacked the French coast-guard and customs officials. But in Bremen there was a French general named Vandamme, whom we shall meet again at the battle of Kulm. He had prepared for a popular outbreak by such an exercise of military law as had made the Spaniard Alva hated when he ruled the Protestant Netherlands in the spirit of apostolic order. The flag of Bremen did not fly, therefore, at the mouth of the Weser until October 12, 1813.

There is a fourth town also famed in the history of free cities, Lüneburg, not more than twenty miles southeast of Hamburg, and not twelve miles from the Elbe.

In Lüneburg the people sprang to arms at the very first sight of a prowling Cossack. Their arms, to be sure, were but pitchforks and other domestic utensils, but these sufficed to drive out the French spies and police and customs officials and tax-gatherers and all representatives of the hated rule. On March 26th a detachment of French gendarmes tried to force their way into the town, but they were driven back.* Finally, on April 1st, the French once more secured a foothold in

* "I am sorry to be obliged to observe to your lordship that the Russian force is daily rapidly diminishing. The battalions are too weak for duty, and they waste without extraordinary casualty." . . . "The general spirit [Russian] is, I am also very much grieved to note, unfavorable to those exertions and sacrifices which the exigency of the time requires."—Wilson to Cathcart (May 8, 1813).

the town, at the head of 2300 troops, many of them Saxons. Of course the plain citizens could do little against a regular military force, but what they could they did, and in consequence many were at once shot by the French for having weapons in their possession, while some fifty were sent to jail to await sentence.

But help was nearing in the shape of some of the volunteers of the Lützow corps, a battalion of Pomeranian infantry from the neighborhood of Stettin, and a Russian battalion. With them came some 2000 Cossacks under German leadership. They came in forced marches to save from death the fifty citizens in jail, and the last fifty miles of heavy marching was done by the Prussians in twenty-four hours, the infantry keeping pace with the Cossack ponies.

In spite of the wearing march just completed, and in the full light of day, on April 2d, this band of deliverance stormed the walls of Lüneburg, and after a desperate fight at every gate and in the narrow streets the patriots triumphed.

The French were driven out, but only to find themselves thrown upon the lances of Cossacks. An effort was made to retake the town, but it failed, and Lüneburg was free.

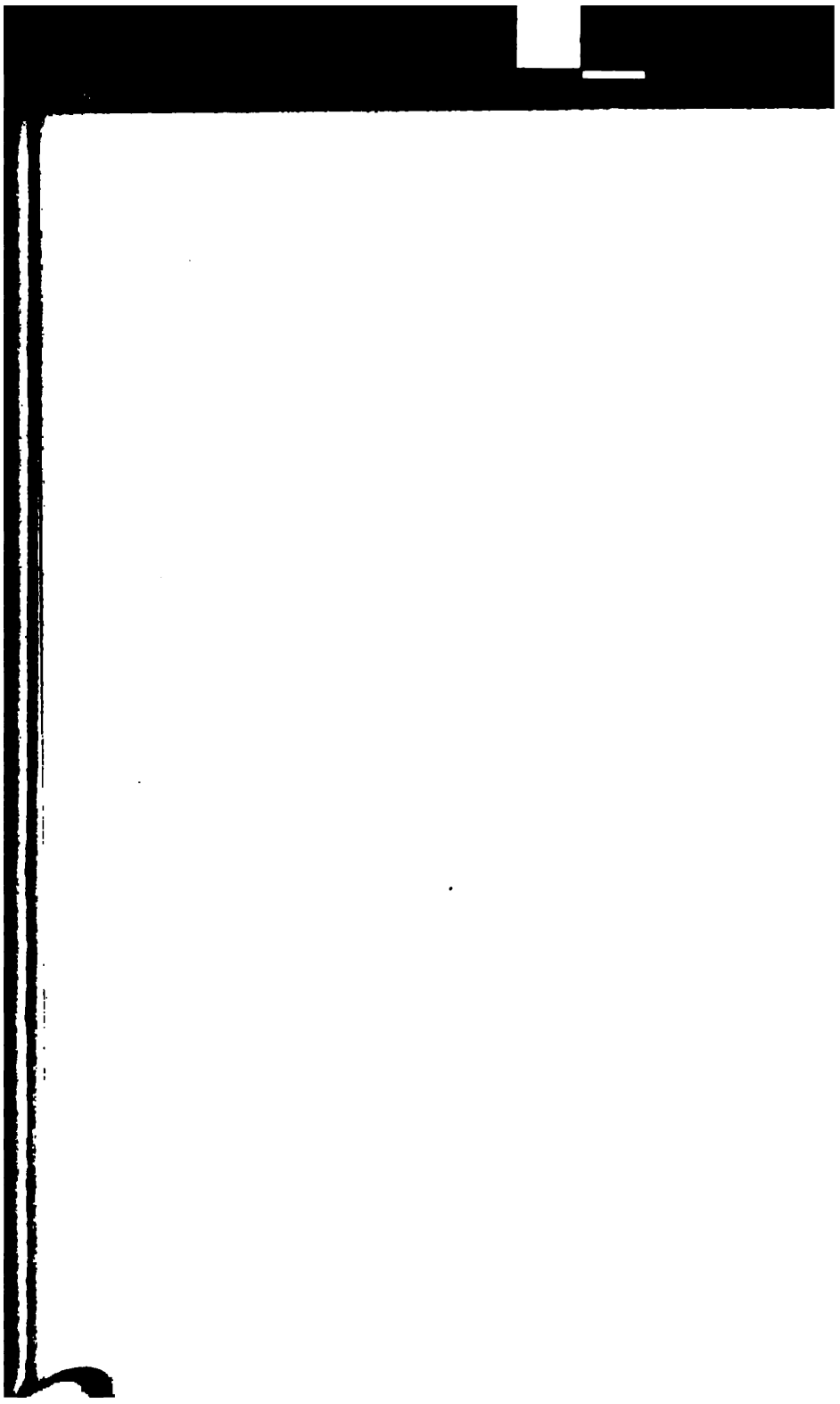
The French surrendered as prisoners of war their commanding general, 100 officers, 2200 privates, and three standards.

In the history of war this is a remarkable event, the capture of a walled town by so small a party and after so vigorous a defence. It was the stroke of a few enterprising men wholly separated from the main armies, and operating much after the manner of independent guerillas.

But with all the courage that day shown by men,



ONE OF TETTENBORN'S COSSACKS ENTERS LÜNEBURG





the hero of it all was a woman. Joan was her name—another Joan of Arc arisen to make weak kings feel ashamed of themselves.

This beautiful girl of twenty, with blue eyes and golden hair, of sweet, womanly character, and known only for acts of gentleness—this modest German maid became a fighting fury when she saw the Pomeranians struggling against the French. She sprang out into the rain of bullets, filled her apron with cartridges from abandoned ammunition-wagons, and then, holding the ends of her apron fast between her teeth, she hurried from man to man amongst the brave defenders, giving them the ammunition they sadly needed. Her powder and shot decided the day at Lüneburg; and from the sandy shores of the Baltic to the rocky peaks of German Switzerland the story of this day brought hope to German hearts—the story of Joan, the maid of Lüneburg.

Joan narrowly escaped being shot, by court-martial sentence, when the French again occupied this part of the country.

Her heroism was sung by poets. She died in 1842, the wife of a respected citizen of Berlin, who had served through the war of liberation. Yet to-day few people who pass the Hindersin Street in Berlin know that it commemorates the marriage name of the beautiful Joan, the maid of Lüneburg.

It is refreshing to recall a few of the many instances of courage and patriotism shown by the people of Germany in so many different parts of the great fatherland in these early days of the great war.

At Moeckern, about twelve miles east of Magdeburg, and on the road to Berlin, on April 5th, only three days after Lüneburg, 20,000 Frenchmen were routed by 10,000 Prussians.

There were no macadamized or chaussée roads in Prussia at that time; and as the whole country is as sandy as Long Island, military moving was very slow, particularly for the artillery. It seems incredible, but the allies who were in Potsdam on March 29th required six full days for marching thence to the Elbe near Dessau, a distance of less than sixty miles.

The French had been seeking once more to get Berlin in their power, making as their base Magdeburg, the city for which the lamented Queen Luise had so ardently pleaded with Napoleon at Tilsit. They got no farther than Moeckern, however, though their way was blocked by a force much smaller than their own. It was over this road that Napoleon's troops chased the Prussian "regulars" flying from Jena in 1806, when Magdeburg surrendered without a blow, and the King went away to hide himself.

In 1813 there was the same Napoleon, but the "regulars" of 1806 had made room for an army of citizens—less "regular," but more plucky.*

* Napoleon left Paris for war April 15th; reached Mayence, 18th; Erfurt, 25th; and on 26th addressed the Weimar Councillor Müller in characteristic manner: "I know well that your duke is a covert enemy (*abgesagter Feind*) of mine, and has never ceased to act with all my enemies. Has he not Prussian officers in his pay? Has he not constantly corresponded with the Empress of Austria, my mother-in-law, who is spinning poisonous nets for me from Vienna? But I am not so easily deceived, you may rest assured! I have read them all—these letters; the art of deciphering and opening letters without leaving a mark has developed prodigiously! *Votre prince est le plus remuant de toute l'Europe.* And your *Tugenbund* (your League of Honor); the impudent and revolutionary language of your Jena professors; the seed of revolution which they are everywhere scattering amidst young men! Were not the outposts of General Durutte at Jena alarmed by students disguised as Cossacks? And what are they up to—these idealists, these babblers? They want a German

Moeckern was the first serious conflict or skirmish in the war, as Lützen was to be the first great battle. It was fought on the allied side as a soldiers' battle, contrary to the orders of the commanding general, who was marching with reinforcements from Berlin. As at Lützen, the victory lay with the party that could occupy and hold a few villages—in a sandy plain that seems even to-day scarce worth cultivating, let alone fighting for. As at Lützen, the French had great numerical advantage, particularly the advantage of experienced leadership. We have seen that even Napoleon at Lützen gained but a barren victory; at Moeckern there was no Napoleon, and though the French were two to one, they were driven from the field and chased as long as there was a ray of daylight. The Prussians won their points mainly in hand-to-hand fighting with the bayonet—a test of personal courage, coolness, and endurance equal to any which a soldier can be called upon to endure. The accounts of eye-witnesses to this fight unite in referring to the bitterness, not to say fury, with which the Prussians launched themselves at the Frenchmen, determined to wipe out old scores. The very fact that the fight occurred showed that the men could not be held back when there were Frenchmen in sight.

Each volunteer in the ranks could recall outrages upon those he held dear perpetrated by Napoleon's men, and six years of oppression lay behind them.

It seemed, indeed, as though the dream of the German people was to be realized—more rapidly than even the

revolution—to destroy the bonds that unite France with Germany! But I shall make a terrible example. This very evening the Fifth Army Corps enters Jena, and on my table here is the order to General Bertrand to lay the town in ashes. I am on the point of signing it." (Order not signed finally.)

sanguine dared hope. The war had been declared but a short three weeks, and lo! all of North Germany was in arms, and the French had been driven beyond the Elbe. The news of Hamburg's liberation, of Lübeck, of Lüneburg, and finally of Moeckern, all following so close one on the other, spurred the patriots to superhuman efforts; for these were all triumphs of the popular cause, carried out quite independently of kings and cabinets and court intrigues.*

* Perthes (vol. i., p. 239) tells what Hamburg citizens did when the French were at their gates in May, 1813, returning to retake the city they had recently evacuated: "Since May 9th the 'Bürgergarde' [citizens' guard], which possessed but 3400 muskets at the outside, and consequently was armed in part with mere pikes, furnished from 800 to 1000 men each day to defend the city against a surprise of its approaches. Each night some of these had to camp out." Perthes, during these weeks, felt it his duty as member of the citizens' guard to exert every effort of which he was physically or intellectually capable in the task of sustaining the courage and endurance of his fellow-citizens—a difficult enough task in itself, but made still more so by the behavior of the *military authorities*. At night he sought out the most distant posts beyond the town limits, carrying encouragement and confidence with his appearance. His wife wrote: "Since May 9th, and for twenty-one days after that, Perthes has not been out of his clothes, has never been in a bed. Each day I was in fear for his life, and only now and then did he appear for half an hour in our house. . . There was not a man in the house; all were on guard duty. But people were constantly at our house who wanted food and drink; for all of our acquaintances in town had broken up house-keeping. I had spread sacks of straw about our drawing-room, on which each night weary citizens lay down and snatched some needed rest." May 29th the French recaptured Hamburg, and Perthes, as a rebel, flew for his life. "Perthes had lost all he possessed. His business house in Hamburg was confiscated; the rest of his property put under seal; his home, after being plundered of all that could be carried away, was occupied by a French general. He had not money enough to support his wife and seven children." Writing from Aschan to his nephew, he says: "Don't think that I complain. He who has nothing to repent has no cause for lamenting. I have acted in the sight of God,

The war of the people between Hamburg and Magdeburg was glorious, but there was much dragging in the neighborhood of the imperial Russian headquarters. Frederick William had allowed Russia to name the commander-in-chief of the allied army, thus forcing generals like Blücher and Gneisenau to subordinate themselves to men vastly inferior in soldier qualities.

But Blücher, while nominally an insignificant part of the great Russian combination, had much of the fox in him, and was particularly crafty in disobeying the spirit of his instructions while still pretending to obey the letter of the law. He managed to slip away from Breslau on March 16th, before war was officially declared, and at once hunted up the nearest French force, in the hopes of a fight. He entered Saxony, and found there a king who ran away with his money and jewelry at the first news of danger, and left Dresden in charge of the French. Dresden is another beautiful city on the Elbe which sent valuable cargoes to Hamburg, notably porcelain-ware and fine textiles. But it was lucky that the Senate of Hamburg did not look to the Dresden monarch for an example of what a patriotic leader should be.

Dresden has most beautiful palaces, museums, terraces, parks, and is singularly full of attractions to English and Americans who go abroad for education or recreation. But of all the Dresden monuments none was so dear to the people as their famous bridge—one of the three most famous bridges of Europe, Prague and Regensburg having the other two. The French decided to evacuate Dresden, because too weak to hold

and often hazarded my life. Why should I, then, at this time lose courage because I have lost my property?"

it. But they decided at the same time to destroy this bridge. It may be well to recall this when later we hear Blücher called a savage for ordering a bridge in Paris to be blown up—the Pont d'Iéna.

On March 9th the French commander started his work of destruction by sending a party of laborers to tear up the road-bed. These laborers were driven from their work by a band of patriotic apprentices, or, rather, they were forced to relay the paving-stones as they had found them. The next morning the French commander once more started upon his work of vandalism, but once more the towns-people crowded upon the scene, paying anything but compliments to the guard sent to clear them away. The uproar increased as the crowd swelled, and when a French officer undertook to measure off the space required for the charge of gunpowder, the people forgot the teachings of their passive officials, threw the measuring-line over the bridge into the Elbe, and would have done the same to several Frenchmen had not a strong reinforcement of police restored quiet. Then came a troop of Saxon cuirassiers, who trotted up very bravely to the point of conflict, and who had orders to cut the people—their own people—down, and keep the bridge clear. But a public-spirited stone-mason stepped out of the crowd, and with a loud "Halt!" made them a speech such as the soldiers of his Saxon Majesty had not been used to. Said the stone-mason:

"Fellows, we are all of us brothers and Germans; don't cut in among us. I have a better plan. Let us unite and give the French a thrashing."

This was followed by tremendous cheering, in the midst of which the cuirassiers took it upon themselves to beat a retreat, preferring rather to incur flogging in



A SAXON CUIRASSIER





their barrack-yards than the odium of assisting the French to blow up this beautiful bridge.

The Napoleonic garrison meanwhile shut itself up, hoping that the popular storm would soon blow over; but it had to wait some very uncomfortable minutes. The apprentices, laborers, mechanics, and other patriots were so delighted at their success in converting Saxon cuirassiers that they marched in a body to the famous Brühl Palace, where the French commander held his precarious court. They drove away his sentries, smashed his windows, and smashed also the windows of the Saxon Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was held responsible for making the Saxons allies of Napoleon. The French general was not hurt, and smiled to think what a very tame thing, after all, was a German riot. In Paris there would have been by this time a dozen corpses dangling from handy lamp-posts; the river would have been strewn with the carcasses of obnoxious officials. The German is a poor hand at conspiracy — is too humane and too honest. Had he been otherwise, not a Frenchman would have recrossed the Elbe on the return from Moscow.

In Dresden that night the people who had been fighting for their bridge went to sleep thinking they had done their work thoroughly. The secret police of Napoleon, however, remained awake, and, one by one, hunted up the patriots who had made themselves conspicuous during the day and had been too honest to conceal themselves at night. These were all bunched together outside the town, and hurried off under strong escort to the Saxon fortress of Königstein, a lonesome rock towering above the Elbe, full of blackholes, mostly occupied by people who differed in politics from the Saxon monarch.

Meanwhile the French commander sent for reinforce-

ments, and soon came the great Marshal Davoust with 10,000 more men, making now a French garrison of 14,000 men to overawe a mob as gentle as that of a Saxon town. He had miners brought from Freiberg, and under the third arch from the palace side of the Elbe he laid a mass of gunpowder. The beautiful Brühl Terrace, where in warm weather hundreds of Saxon families nowadays sip beer and admire the beautiful view, was then crowded with cannon pointed against the citizens of Dresden. Cavalry patrolled the streets night and day, and they had orders to arrest or cut down any citizens who appeared in groups of three or more.

On March 19th the beautiful bridge was blown up—the bridge that had been dear to Saxons for five hundred years—and the French had not even the apology of military necessity for their ungenerous act. Those who read of this campaign, and compare it with that of the Germans to Paris in 1870, must be amazed at the many opportunities which the Germans neglected of paying back the French in their own coin.*

Within a week old Blücher was in Dresden. The French garrison had anticipated his coming by marching away in the night, followed by the hootings of the rabble.

The people everywhere loved Blücher, and received him as their father. They loved him for his ignorance of grammar; for his rough vernacular, full of quaint oaths and colloquial jokes; they warmed to him instinctively because the old general was wholly devoid of pretension.† He did not care for medals and gold lace and

* "The Germans who occupied Versailles in 1871 had many such reflections to make."—Verdy du Vernois, *Im Grossen Hauptquartier, 1870–71.* Berlin, Mittler, 1896.

† It was not Blücher's fault that even in war time letters should



the showy society of courtiers; on the contrary, he liked his pipe in the company of the towns-people, where he could crack his jokes and learn the news without being constantly reminded of what was etiquette. But what could all the people of Saxony do for Blücher, so long as the Saxon King refused to join the Prussians. They fed the men from Breslau and Berlin; they sang with them and drank with them; but they had been so well drilled in the school of passive obedience that they could only say, "We shall fight with you against Napoleon if you will only persuade our dear King to lead us."

The most courageous of the Saxon army was General Thielmann, who commanded the strong Elbe fortress of Torgau, with its German garrison of nearly ten thousand men. Torgau is a beautiful little town to-day, with a castle as interesting as any in Europe—now converted into barracks for Prussian infantry. Luther preached here; his wife lies buried here, and one of the churches was consecrated by the great Reformer. It is still further endeared to Protestant Germans by the battle which Frederick the Great here fought in 1760, in which he routed the apostolic army of Austria most memorably. It was on the retreat from this battle that little Gneisenau was born, in the village of Schilda, hard by, the son of an obscure Austrian artillerist, and of a mother who had sad reasons for seeking still greater obscurity.

Torgau lies below Dresden and above Magdeburg—a

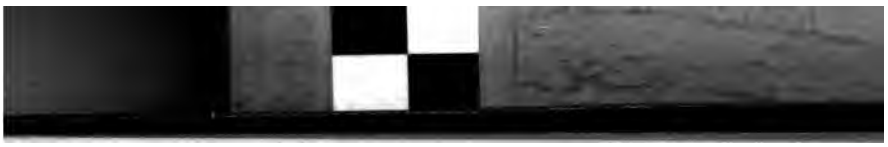
come to him with all this on the envelope (which I copied from the original in the Record Office):

"To the Excellence of the
Royal Prussian General of the Cavalry, Commanding General
of an Army Corps, and Knight of all the higher Royal orders,
Mr. (Herrn) von Blücher,
zu Cl emnitz."

menace to any army seeking to march from Berlin to Leipzig, and correspondingly so to an invader marching from Jena to Berlin. The Prussian and Russian monarchs held triumphal entry into Dresden on April 24th, and exhausted promises and fair words in seeking to win the Saxon King to their side. The patriots labored in vain with Thielmann. He was a German and spoke as a German, and he begged his King not to give up Torgau to the French. But he could not act the traitor, and refused to make common cause with the army of the allies until ordered to do so by his King. This order did not come. The King had no confidence in Prussia, or, rather, in Prussia's monarch. He believed that Napoleon would win the campaign, and that he would be rewarded by a large share of Prussian territory. So he ordered Thielmann to hand Torgau over to France. Thielmann did so on May 11th, and at once laid down his commission in the Saxon army—another cheering evidence that in 1813 there were eminent German generals who loved their country more than their shoulder-straps.

The battle of Lützen (May 2d) happened while Germans still hoped that Torgau would be cast on the side of the allies; and had that battle ended in the retreat of Napoleon, no doubt the people would at once have forced Saxony's King to join the party of liberation, and likewise the Austrian Kaiser Franz.

But Lützen was not cheering news to timid courtiers, whatever it might be to simple citizens. On the 11th of May the plain facts of the case were, so far as Kaiser Franz and other undecided monarchs were concerned, that Napoleon was driving before him the armies of Alexander and Frederick William, and that he controlled Magdeburg, Torgau, and Wittenberg on the Elbe; Spandau on the Havel, near Berlin; Stettin and



Küstrin on the Oder. Kaiser Franz sent a special messenger to Napoleon on May 12th, the day after Torgau's surrender, congratulating him on having won the battle of Lützen ; but, with strange dishonesty, he sent also a messenger to the camp of the allies, promising to join them towards the end of May.

There was so much lying done at that time—done on both, or rather all, sides—that a truthful statement came to be regarded as either an accident or a blunder. Kaiser Franz, as a good apostolic Hapsburger, hated the Lutheran Hohenzollern cordially—much as Austrians do to-day, in spite of Triple Alliances.

But Napoleon had treated the Danube empire with so much contempt that for the moment there was a very strong disposition in Vienna to harm him, if that could be done without much danger. So that through the labyrinth of lies, which in that day passed for diplomatic craft, even the uninitiated felt some hope of Austrian assistance, provided the patriot army proved its power to face Napoleon in the field.

The organizer of the new Prussian army, General Scharnhorst, was wounded at Lützen. But he thought so little of his wound that he started for Vienna on a mission of the utmost importance—to discuss the military situation with the Austrian government, and, above all, to encourage Kaiser Franz to declare against Napoleon. But the Austrian minister, Metternich, who was the echo of his master, looked upon Scharnhorst as an anarchist, a man of popular ideas, a dangerous demagogue, and would not let him come to Vienna. The Hapsburger had even more dread of popular uprisings than the Hohenzollern monarch, and the term republican at that time sounded in Vienna as nihilist does today in St. Petersburg. So poor Scharnhorst took up

his quarters in Prague, lived at the inn under an assumed name, fretted at the way time passed, and in so fretting his wound became worse, and at last, on June 28, 1813, in a strange land, and in the darkest hour of the struggle for German liberty, he closed his tired eyes in death.

When Scharnhorst passed away, his dear friend Blücher could not keep back his tears; he declared that the loss of Scharnhorst meant to the cause as much as the loss of a great battle. Stein and Gneisenau and every patriot appreciated his worth to the army, for he was the only one of the great generals who had some influence upon the King, while with heart and soul supporting the objects of the radical reformers.

Born in Hanover, he died in Bohemia—lived and died amongst strangers. His life was one of work in silence —living for an ideal; submitting to constant discouragement from the King whom he labored to save; subject to the sneers of courtiers who were jealous of his influence, and who despised him because he was not of titled ancestry. His bones have since been laid to rest in Berlin, in the "Invalide" cemetery, and his monument, by Rauch, stands under the Lindens. But much more may still be done before Germany can repay this wonderfully simple genius for the long years of silent labor in which he organized the German victories which have culminated in German unity and a German empire.



XVI

NAPOLEON WINS ANOTHER BATTLE, BUT LOSES HIS TEMPER

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutschen Rhein!"

To be an alderman in the capital of a petty German prince was not an easy job in the days of Napoleon. Dresden, for instance, had to be particularly active, decorating its public places one day for one monarch, next day for that monarch's enemy.

To be sure, the same dramatic properties served French and allies alike; but still, minor alterations had to be made in the lettering of the placards. On the way to the battle of Lützen the Dresdeners had beflagged themselves in honor of Blücher, Alexander, and Frederick William; now, on May 8th, they hurriedly tore down their German lettering and hastened to put up texts suitable for Frenchmen. Napoleon made his entry on that day.

He had been there in the early summer of 1812, and had again been there in the early winter of the same year, huddled up in furs, and flying to Paris, away from his frozen army. Now he was once more there, and looked down with sour mien upon some round-backed officials, who stood beside the road, trying to make believe that their backs had not been equally rounded on the day before, when the Prussian monarch was there.

"Who are you?" said Napoleon, gruffly.

"We are aldermen of Dresden," was the answer.

They had come to pay compliments, but the Corsican was a practical politician, and cut them short with the words, "Have you bread?"

The aldermen looked at each other in embarrassment, for this they had quite overlooked. Napoleon now commenced one of his characteristic tirades—a string of disjointed expletives somewhat like this:

"You must get me bread and meat and wine. You deserve to be treated like conquered people. I know all that you have done. I know every Prussian volunteer that you have equipped to fight against me. I know that you hate France. I know all the libels you have printed against me. I know how you cheered the Emperor Alexander and the Prussian King. The wreaths I see now on your houses are the same that were hung for my enemies."

The ruder Napoleon waxed, the more did the aldermen bow their backs. When the lecture ended, the aldermen were dismissed, and were promised that if they treated the army well they in return would be protected.

Then the conqueror sent for the Saxon King, who was hiding in Austria; told him that if he did not come at once he should lose all his possessions — and of course that little monarch obeyed. All seemed going well with the French, for German princes sold Napoleon their people, as in 1776 they sold their soldiers to George III.

But Napoleon was too good a soldier to feel quite at his ease. He felt the new influences that were opposing him. His messengers were stopped by enterprising patriots; his recruiting was rendered difficult, because the "Landsturm" peasantry sounded the alarm whenever a Frenchman showed himself; Napoleon had no



THE BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE AT DRESDEN AT THE PRESENT DAY



fear of regular armies, but he dreaded an angry people armed with pikes and pitchforks.

The shadow of the rugged Stein once more came across his path, like the spectre of a people in arms. Napoleon had hounded this man out of the Prussian service after Tilsit, and would have hanged him without a trial had he been able to catch him. The greatness of Stein lay in that every German trusted him, and that Napoleon singled him out for persecution. After the battle of Lützen, on May 3d, Napoleon wrote in his bulletin: "The Tartars who burned Moscow have come to Germany, and with them all the scum and deserters of Germany, France, and Italy. They come to preach rebellion, lawlessness, civil war, and murder. Stein and his conspirators, the apostles of every crime, seek to make a moral conflagration from the Vistula to the Rhine, and after the manner of savages they seek to lay the land waste between us."

Four days later he wrote: "The infamous Stein is despised by all honest people; he tried to stir up the mob against people of property," etc.

All these lies were believed in France, just as half a century later those were believed which the third Napoleon scattered shortly before he, too, lost his crown.

But meanwhile the allied monarchs had once more taken courage, and decided to make another stand in their retreat from Lützen, and they selected a beautiful spot called Bautzen, about thirty miles almost due east of Dresden, near the source of the river Spree (which in this neighborhood makes good paddling for a canoeist, but is not large enough for more practical navigation). It is a land of picturesque villages, of rich soil, and very interesting ethnologically in that even to-day the peasants all

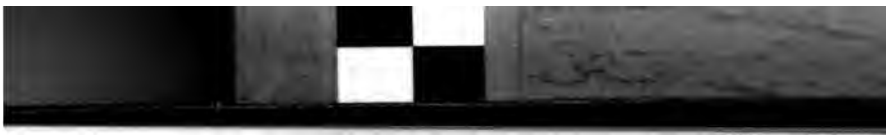
speak the language of the Wends, who lived here long before Germany was known to history.

Napoleon brought 150,000 men to Bautzen. The allies opposed him with 90,000. The Frenchman won the battle and proclaimed another victory; but he fought very hard for it, and did not manage to capture a single gun, a single banner, or a single prisoner. He lost between 20,000 and 24,000 men in dead and wounded to the enemy's 12,000. In fact, he could now begin to see how a few more such victories would ruin him. The allies had, as at Lützen, the disadvantages of a divided command. They had intrenched themselves on the right bank of the Spree, and their infantry had a good position, but it was not one where their excellent cavalry could do them much service.

They retreated as methodically as though in a field drill, and left Napoleon to count the day's cost, and watch the Spree run red with blood on its way to Berlin and Hamburg. He stamped in rage at Berthier, who gave him news of the results—plenty of killed and wounded Frenchmen, but nothing that he could send to Paris to justify his bulletins of glory, not even a Lützow volunteer. The Germans, on their side, had 3000 French prisoners and twelve cannon with them as they retired from the field.

At one time, indeed, it seemed as though Napoleon might have had the pleasure of seeing the Prussians and Russians punching one another's heads instead of carrying out the original purpose of this unsympathetic alliance. There were angry words exchanged at headquarters in regard to the day's fighting.

The Russian guards had been purposely kept out of action by the Czar, but their commander had the impudence to reflect upon the behavior of the Prussian troops



during the day's work. At once the Prussian Colonel Horn halted his brigade, pointed to a height occupied by fifty pieces of artillery, and challenged the Russian to a duel. Each should lead his men against that French position.

Both sides prepared for the charge, when interference from headquarters luckily stopped this affair of "honor."

The retreat of the allies was to the eastward, mainly for political and Russian reasons. The allies wanted to keep close to the Austrian frontier, and the Russians were very much afraid lest Napoleon should cut off their retreat to Poland. So on May 21st they started towards Breslau, fighting every now and then, until June 4th, when, to the disgust of every patriot, a truce was agreed upon, which lasted until August 10th, with six days' grace.

These ten weeks were filled with diplomatic intrigue —lying and counter-lying. The monarchs of Russia and Prussia cast longing eyes towards Austria, and Austria in turn held back until she could enter the alliance on her own terms. Kaiser Franz, however, wished it clearly understood from the outset that he did not propose to fight for German liberty; on the contrary, he thought liberty a very dangerous thing. He wished no reference made to such things as popular movement, national constitution, people in arms, or any of the many terms which indicate that the throne is in any way dependent upon the good wishes of mere citizens. In other words, Kaiser Franz offered the assistance of his army on condition that the Prussian King surrendered the dearest object for which his people had taken up arms — German liberty and German unity. The Austrian dreaded the idea of a united Germany, for it would make Prussia too strong; he liked the idea of a

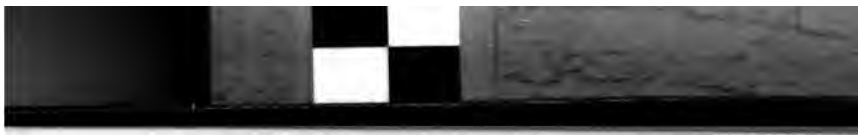
great many petty states, for by that means his own relative importance was magnified.

Gneisenau judged correctly when he wrote (May 29, 1813), "The thing we have most to fear is the flabbiness (*Kleinmuth*) of those who are at the head." He did not say whether he meant particularly Alexander, Frederick William, or the Russian commander-in-chief.

But so weak was the Russian leadership that old "Go-Ahead," as the men called Blücher, wrote on June 1st a strong letter to his King, urging him to cut loose from the Russian army and to make an independent fight of it. "I can foresee," wrote he, "that the [allied] army will be ordered to retire each time that the enemy appears; and that this sort of thing will make our men still more discouraged."

Old Blücher was not consulted about the truce. He wanted to fight all the time, drawing Napoleon farther and farther from his sources of supply. He was disgusted with his Muscovite brethren in arms, and would have been happy to see them all go back and leave Prussia to a single-handed war to the knife. Gneisenau gave expression to the universal feeling of the patriots, writing on May 29th: "The command of the army is wholly in Russian hands. We have nothing to say about it. We are not even listened to. We are merely tools. We have to look on and see our country pillaged by our alleged friends quite as much as by the avowed enemy. Even our own troops are robbed [by the Russians] of the food that has been collected for us with the greatest difficulty; and we are indignant that our allies even plunder our wounded upon the battle-field." *

* On April 18, 1814, the governor at Berlin for all land between the Elbe and Oder reported to the King regarding Russians that in spite



Blücher and Gneisenau did not, of course, know anything about the secret work that was going on amongst the diplomats, or they would have been still more angry at the truce. But still they feared that a truce at this time was but the prelude to another shameful treaty of peace.

And so it would have been had Napoleon been in his right mind. Happily for Prussia, however, he was blinded by a madness which consisted in believing that his own will must of necessity prevail. He rejected overtures of peace which were very moderate, and soothed his generals by assuring them that the allies were sure to quarrel amongst themselves, to make gross mistakes, and then he would smash them again, as he had so often done before.

When the truce was signed he rode back to Dresden for rest, over the battle-ground of Bautzen—he must have thought of Borodino now and then. His road at one point was blocked by seventy ammunition-carts that had been captured and blown up by Prussian guerillas. The sight made him angry, and he turned away and galloped across country. At another point he was so furious at a little dog that snapped at his horse's heels that he drew his pistol and attempted to shoot the animal behind him. Luckily the pistol missed fire, which so added to his rage that he threw it away from him. Had the pistol gone off, the chances are that Napoleon would have shot one of his marshals, for his aim was very uncertain.

of the greatest desire of the good country people to feed and care for them—"In spite of all this the people have to endure much bad treatment [at the hands of the Russians]. The villages are pillaged, and the Prussian military authorities who seek to keep order are not respected. Our complaints to the Russian commanders are of no avail." This refers to a continuous state of things—universal complaint in Germany.—Archives of the Berlin War-Office.

On June 10th he was once more back in Dresden, and took up his quarters in the Marcolini Palace, which was then famed for its beautiful garden, and is still a favorite resort of Dresdeners, particularly when the fountains play about the Neptune group. This palace has been converted into a hospital, and the visitor to-day finds little there of historic interest, for the rooms once occupied by Napoleon have been dismantled. However, there is a garrulous janitor, who takes one to the room where the great Corsican had his famous scene with Metternich—a room looking out upon the beautiful garden.

Metternich came to Dresden on June 25th, bearing a letter from Kaiser Franz to his dear son-in-law—for let us not forget that Napoleon had divorced his excellent wife in order to marry the daughter of an emperor. The father-in-law's letter professed much good-will towards the husband of Marie Louise; but it was not wholly sincere, for on June 27th a contract was signed at Reichenbach, a short way from the Austrian border on the way to Breslau, by which Kaiser Franz practically agreed to join with England, Sweden, Prussia, and Russia in castigating this same son-in-law.

On the day before this convention of Reichenbach was signed, Metternich drove to the Marcolini Palace, and found Napoleon in a worse temper than usual. His spies had been supplying bad news—his troops were not holding their own against Wellington in Spain; the Prussian patriots were arming far too effectively to please him. The man of destiny stood with his hat under his arm, his sword by his side, and wasted no words in compliment. "Here you are at last, Monsieur de Metternich," he snapped out. "If you desire peace, why have you come so late? We have already wasted a month, which I might have employed in destroying the

Russians and Prussians. . . . Do you want to fight me? Three times I have given Kaiser Franz his throne back again—and I was even fool enough to marry his daughter; but nothing seems to bring him to his senses. . . . I have given the Russians and Prussians a good thrashing—shall I take you in hand next? Well, so be it. We shall meet again in October—in Vienna."

And so on, one insult heaped upon the other, brag and bluster and bluff—weapons which had served him fairly well in the past, but had now grown blunt.* Napoleon

* England alone was responsible that in 1812 the United States declared war against her instead of against Napoleon. So loyal an Englishman as Francis Horner, writing to a friend on December 10, 1814, said: "As to the American war, the historical truth I take to be that we goaded that people into war by our unjust extension to them, while neutrals, of all the unmitigated evils of maritime war; and still more by the insulting tone of our newspaper and government language, etc. . . ."—Correspondence, vol. ii., p. 213.

"It is, as you remark, difficult to understand the meaning of Bonaparte towards us. There is little doubt that his want of money and his ignorance of commerce have had a material influence."—President Madison to Jefferson, March 18, 1811.

On February 24, 1812, Madison wrote to Joel Barlow, the United States Minister to France, a strong letter protesting against Napoleon's duplicity and ill-disguised hostility to the United States, and soon thereafter the President wrote: "Your return home may possibly be directed even before the meeting of Congress, if the intermediate information should continue to present the French conduct in the provoking light in which it has hitherto appeared."—April 11, 1812.

"To go to war with England and not with France arms the Federalists with new matter and divides the Republicans. . . ."—Madison to Jefferson, May 25, 1812, in which letter the President discusses whether war should be declared against England, Napoleon, or both.

"Every new occasion seems to countenance the belief that there lurks in the British Cabinet a hostile feeling towards this country, which will never be eradicated during the present reign; nor overruled, whilst it exists, but by some dreadful pressure from external or internal causes."—President Madison to Pinckney, May 23, 1810.

intended to frighten Metternich, or rather Kaiser Franz, into either siding with him, or at least remaining neutral. But even that weak and easy-going monarch had grown tired of Napoleon's offensive manner, and as Metternich listened to the angry Corsican he could afford to be cool, for he knew that his master was drawing up the contract that linked him with the allies.

He answered Napoleon by some empty diplomatic phrases about Europe's desire for peace, when Napoleon turned upon the Austrian ambassador with the words, "Metternich, how big a bribe did England give you for talking this way to me?"

The Austrian's answer to this insult has not yet been made public.

But Napoleon went on to say that France would not allow him to make peace, that she needed more glory.

"But, sir," protested Metternich, "France does indeed need peace. My way to Dresden carried me through the midst of your regiments. Your soldiers are children, and if these are shot away, will you call out younger ones still?"

Napoleon grew white with anger at this painfully true observation. He crumpled his hat and dashed it in fury to the floor, and, with lips sputtering with rage, "Sir," screamed he, "you are no soldier; you have never lived in camps and learned to despise life. *Je me fiche bien de la vie de deux cents mille hommes.* What are 200,000 men more or less to me? Human life be damned!"

"Let us open the windows," then said Metternich, with irony, "that all Europe may hear."

Napoleon was now lashed to such a pitch of fury that he cared no longer what he said or did. He kicked his hat upon the floor, and Metternich did not offer to pick it up. This was proof positive that Austria had nothing

further to offer France. Napoleon stormed away aimlessly, insulting his wife, his father-in-law, and everybody who at the moment displeased him, dismissing Metternich with the words, "*Au revoir* in Vienna!"

As the Austrian statesman passed from the audience-room to his carriage he was besieged by anxious courtiers and generals eager to know the result of the meeting. "Were you satisfied with what the Emperor said?"

"Oh, quite," answered Metternich; "for your master has cleared up everything about which I was in doubt. I swear to you that he is a madman."



BLÜCHER'S FAVORITE PIPE

Smoked during his campaign against Napoleon. Now in the Körner Museum of Dresden, and photographed for the author by Dr. Hofrath Peschel, the director.

For once Metternich nearly spoke truth, and well had it been for France had the men who heard this acted upon it.

For on August 16th the truce came to an end, and old Marshal Go-Ahead Blücher at once sprang into the saddle, ready for more fighting.

XVII

BLÜCHER CUTS A FRENCH ARMY TO PIECES AT THE KATZBACH

"Was blasen die Trompeten?
Hussaren, heraus!
Es reitet der Feldmarschall
In brausendem Saus."

—Soldier song.

THE truce lasted through June, July, and half of August. During these months each side drew together all that it could of fighting machinery, until, on August 16th, the day when war was officially renewed, there were gathered together in the field, to merely kill one another, between 900,000 and 1,000,000 Christians. Napoleon had of this number 440,000, of which 330,000 were infantry, 72,000 cavalry, and 33,000 artillery. The allies had 493,000, of which 76,000 were cavalry, 30,500 artillery, and, besides, 22,000 Cossack irregulars. Napoleon had 1200 guns; the allies, 1338.

The allies had the advantage so far as mere numbers were concerned; but Napoleon was his own commander-in-chief; the armies of his enemy were led by many minds, mostly of inferior power.

Prussia furnished the strongest contingent to the allied army, roughly 164,000 men, of whom 60,000 were provincial militia (Landwehr), men between seventeen and forty, who volunteered, and were equipped by the districts to which they belonged. Old-school soldiers and



courtiers sneered at the Landwehr, but Blücher and Gneisenau appreciated them.* They had to get used to gunpowder, but when they once had a good taste of it they fought as well as any one — at least so said old Marshal Go-Ahead.

Mighty Russia supplied less than 151,000, and the great Austrian empire only 115,000. To be sure, neither Russia nor Austria was fighting for liberty, or even for national existence, and it is not strange that they should fail to place in the field armies relatively stronger than Prussia; but they actually failed to equal in numbers so utterly exhausted a strip of sand as Prussia in 1813, with her 5,000,000 souls. But Germans may fairly wonder that, in spite of the grand effort their people made in this war, the Prussians should always, in some mysterious way, have been pushed aside by Russia or Austria.†

* In the American War of Independence, taking 1779 as the middle year of that war, the population of the United States was 2,175,000, and the males of military age, reckoned as one-fifth of the population, were 435,000. One-fifth of this number being computed as those who should have been in the ranks would give us an army of 87,000 as the reasonable quota for that time. Congress in 1777 did call for 80,000, but got only 34,820. In 1781 this army had dwindled to 29,340. (Compare John Fiske, "*The Critical Period of American History.*) The Prussians were better patriots than were the Americans—if war records be a test! Taking Prussia in the summer of 1813 as containing 5,000,000 of people, one-fifth of this, or 1,000,000, would represent the males of military age, and one-fifth of these would indicate the number that might be fairly expected to be under arms, namely, 200,000. But Prussia not only kept in the field her 200,000, she had under arms at the close of the armistice 302,539 men, according to the official statement of General Boyen. If we compare these figures with those of the Federal armies in the great American civil war, the Prussians still carry away the palm.

† General Stewart to Castlereagh, May 18, 1813: "As it is, both his Imperial Majesty and the King mar and confound the arrangements, and this is visible."

The Prussian King in 1813, as in 1807, was content to act the part of an ornamental nullity—to surrender everything his allies demanded, and to accept the rôle of autocrat amongst his own loyal people.

Sweden had joined this alliance, and her Crown-Prince, the French Bernadotte, had brought 24,000 men to the grand total. The Russian Czar flattered Bernadotte extravagantly, and succeeded in making him commander of one of the three armies into which the whole allied force was divided. Bernadotte was either a coward or a charlatan—perhaps both — at least so thought Napoleon. Yet Frederick William III. allowed him to command the so-called Northern Army, which included over 78,000 Prussians. This army of Bernadotte did great things only when it acted without Bernadotte or contrary to his instructions. Bernadotte carefully avoided doing anything energetic, but moved from place to place on the map of Europe just slowly enough to avoid Napoleon, and just fast enough to claim subsequently the price of his assistance, namely Norway. In parenthesis it should be recalled that Alexander's flattery of Bernadotte was in order that Sweden might not raise disagreeable questions relative to Finland, which the Czar had stolen from her Scandinavian neighbors in 1808.

Bernadotte's army was to operate in such a manner as to protect Berlin and the lower Elbe. Another army, called the Silesian, was strong, nearly 100,000, but only 38,200 of them were Prussians. This army the Prus-

Stewart to Castlereagh, June 6, 1813 : "The disorder in the Russian army is great ; Prussians are infinitely better. They have everywhere greatly distinguished themselves, and will do much more in a little time. You cannot send them too much ammunition and arms. Russia rides the bear over them, but they are obedient and patient, and I will pledge my faith for theirs."



sian King wanted to hand over to some courtly general. But there was such a storm of indignation raised everywhere, and not merely in the Prussian army, that finally the King gave way, with as good grace as he could muster, and made the seventy-year-old Blücher its commander.

This Silesian army had fewer Prussians than either of the others, but with old Marshal Go-Ahead it soon became the chief fighting body of the allies—the object of supreme interest to all, and particularly Napoleon.

The main army, officially so called, was that of Austria, to which were added Russians and Prussians, making a grand total of about 225,000, under command of an Austrian grandee named Schwarzenberg, whose title to fame is that the diplomats of his day said he was a soldier, and the soldiers said of him that he was a diplomat.

The grand strategy of the opening campaign was simple enough. Napoleon had got as far as Dresden in his scheme of conquest, and rightly concluded that he must deal his enemies a severe blow in Saxony before he could safely move on to the reconquest of Prussia or Russia. With the growing activity of the German patriot guerilla, he found, too, that his line of communication from Dresden to his sources of supply in Magdeburg, Erfurt, Mainz, and elsewhere, was no longer so secure as it had been in 1807. He was at the centre of his enemies. The Schwarzenberg Austrian army was in Bohemia, Blücher's to the eastward in Silesia, and Bernadotte's to the north. He was superior to any two of these armies, though not to all three combined. His obvious object, therefore, was to force them to fight him before they could unite in superior numbers—to defeat them singly, one after the other.

To do this Napoleon presupposed that the allies would make many mistakes and he none.

The allies made plenty of blunders, it is true; but if Napoleon made none, he had generals who made them for him.

And this at once brings us to Blücher's glorious battle at the Katzbach. It was indeed a glorious fight —one of the first great victories for the German cause, and won in spite of two generals who did what they dared to thwart the impetuous old marshal; one of these generals was a Russian, but the other was General Yorck.

Napoleon had celebrated his birthday—his last birthday on German soil—in Dresden. He had arranged it on the 10th instead of the 15th of August, for on the 26th the armistice would come to an end, and he wished to spring upon his enemy without loss of time. The first spring he made was at Blücher; but that foxy old hussar knew how to dodge, and kept Napoleon floundering about in Silesia until the Bohemian army had time to creep up from the south and threaten Dresden.

This was all part of the general war plan arranged by the allies during the truce—that whenever Napoleon should march against one army, that army should avoid fighting until the other two had time to come up and help.

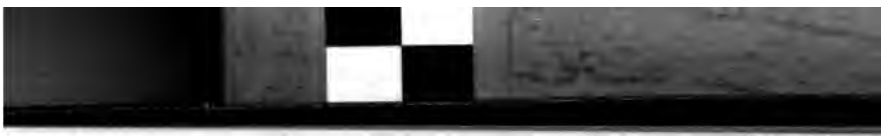
It was August 23, 1813, and Napoleon was in Löwenberg, a town about half-way between Bautzen and Breslau. And by the afternoon of August 26th he had marched his guards, a corps of infantry, and another of cavalry, all the way to Dresden—a distance of ninety miles. This achievement did much to cheer him up, and to console his army for having missed Blücher.

But he left behind him 105,000 men, commanded by



PRUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS ATTACK NAPOLEON'S PICKET TROOPS





the gallant Scotchman Macdonald—the same who had been victimized by Yorck in the winter of 1812. Napoleon ordered his marshal merely to hold Blücher in check, while he went to thrash the Austrians. This was more easily said than done. For old Blücher knew that something must have gone wrong when he found that the French remained idle on the banks of the Katzbach, and, though they were still in stronger force than himself, he at once decided to fight them.

But Macdonald did not suspect this audacity, and was leisurely crossing the Katzbach on the morning of August 26th, with the idea of marching a few miles to the eastward, to Jauer, when his men came into conflict with those of Blücher, who had likewise proposed to cross the Katzbach and march west. Macdonald had nearly 50,000 men in this operation, and the first of the Blücher men were driven back across the stream; for they were few in number, and had not looked for this movement on the part of the French. It was a misty and rainy day, with a cold, piercing northwester blowing hard.

Macdonald could not see well enough to make out the full extent of Blücher's preparations; and he was further encouraged by Yorck and the Russian, who declined to start their men over the Neisse, as Blücher had originally ordered.

But Blücher showed here generalship of the highest order—the capacity to form a new plan of battle after the engagement had already commenced. Seeing that Macdonald was crossing the stream in force, he concealed the main part of his command, and allowed the French to fancy that they were driving the Prussians before them, while in reality they were merely engaging a line of skirmishers.

The Katzbach and Neisse were much swollen on the 26th of August of 1813, for it had been raining hard for some days past. It so happened that it had been much swollen also just before my visit to the place, some eighty years after the event. But when I was there the picture of war was not wholly wanting, for it was during the field operations of the German army—60,000 men, commanded by a Hohenzollern who was not merely King of Prussia, but Emperor of United Germany. One could easily picture horrible difficulties of the day's work in 1813—the artillery sunk in the mire, horses unable to pull their legs out of the heavy mud, men slipping and splashing along, and in the midst of it all Blücher smoking his quaint pipe and cracking his quaint jokes in his quaint Mecklenburg dialect. The men who splashed and floundered before Blücher in 1813 were not so well dressed or so well drilled as those commanded in our time by William II., but they fought like heroes, and their fighting made possible the German Empire of 1871.

Old Blücher counted the Frenchmen as they slowly floundered up the steep banks of the swollen stream, and patiently waited until a goodly part of Macdonald's army was on the eastern shore, not merely of the Katzbach, but of the Neisse as well. Then, turning to his impatient men, he said, with a smile, which gave his face a remarkable likeness to that of Mark Twain: "Now, boys, I guess we've got enough Frenchmen over here. Pitch in!" And with a yell of delight the long-pent-up passions of his volunteers found free scope in a fight that was decided principally by the bayonet and the butt, for powder was mostly wet.*

* September 6, 1813, is the date of the Königsberg newspaper giving



OLD MARSHAL VORWÄRTS ATTACKS THE FRENCH ON THE KATZBACH



Gneisenau sat down at midnight and sent the news of the victory to every part of Germany; but there was no rest for the army—they chased the French into the swollen streams and beyond them, driving them before them, without stopping for breath, until September 1st, when Blücher summed up his work, and found that he had captured 103 cannon, 250 ammunition-wagons, all the enemy's hospital outfit, his field-smithies, and his provision-train. They had taken prisoner three generals, many hundred minor officers, and 18,000 others; also two eagles and other trophies, to say nothing of killing and wounding some ten to fifteen thousand.

Macdonald sent Napoleon a short despatch: "*Sire, votre armée n'existe plus*" ("Sire, your army is wiped out").

the first report of the Katzbach battle from the mouth of Lieutenant Scharnhorst. It is called *Königl. Preusz. Staats-, Kriegs- und Friedens-Zeitung.* (No. 107.) The page is 9x7 inches, of the coarsest paper, bad print, and 12 pages, full of war news. The copy is filed in the archives of the Berlin War-Office.

XVIII

THE PRUSSIANS WIN BACK WHAT THE AUSTRIANS HAD LOST

"Who knows where fortune blooms for thee?
Go, seek her, wouldst thou win.
The evening comes, the morn doth flee,
Thy pilgrimage begin."

—Ludwig Tieck (1778–1853), "Zuversicht."

On August 10, 1813, Napoleon celebrated his forty-fifth birthday with the usual brilliancy. He was in the very height of his manhood, at the age when most professional men have yet their names to make. Blücher was nearly seventy-one, and had yet his name to make as a great general. Moltke, let us note in parenthesis, was sixty-six years old before his fame as a strategist was established by the battle of Königgrätz.

And, indeed, Napoleon was just as great as ever before, and showed it whenever he stood face to face with the same class of generals who had usually been his antagonists. Such a one was the Austrian Prince Schwarzenberg, who commanded not only the Austrian contingent, but had been made commander-in-chief of the whole allied force of nearly a million men.

Schwarzenberg proposed to march upon Dresden to attack it on August 25th, in the absence of Napoleon. But he had to consult an Austrian Kaiser Franz, a Russian Czar, and the King of Prussia, to say nothing of

field-marshals who regarded Schwarzenberg as rather a make-believe commander. So, between indecision at the top and very feeble generalship at the bottom, the great Austrian contingent arrived a day too late — a day on which Napoleon himself arrived from before Blücher.

The battle of Dresden deserves a chapter to itself, but here I shall merely look upon it as one step in the progress towards Waterloo. It is a beautiful view that stretches before the visitor who stands on the high ground occupied in 1813 by the allies. The line of the Elbe is before him, a beautifully cultivated country spreading like a fan, and in the midst the graceful towers and spires of the Saxon capital. Far to the right is the Saxon Switzerland, and to the left, also on the Elbe, the city of Meissen, famed for its porcelain. The present town has much expanded since Napoleon built his breastworks here; indeed, the Dresden houses now reach into the lines that were defended by the French in 1813.

In looking down upon Dresden over the gentle slope that leads from the Elbe up to the many beer-gardens that now occupy the ground of the allied armies, it must appear to the student of the battle that Schwarzenberg had every advantage on his side excepting generalship.

The battle opened on the day that Blücher was killing and capturing some 30,000 Frenchmen at the Katzbach, but no one knew that in Dresden. By the evening of the next day Napoleon had killed about 15,000 of the allies and taken about 25,000 prisoners.

That was 40,000 for Napoleon against 30,000 for Blücher; but Blücher destroyed his enemy completely by chasing them day and night. Napoleon, instead of chasing his defeated enemy in person, sent Vandamme after them with 40,000 men, and thus managed to lose at Kulm what he had won at Dresden.

Napoleon defied the laws of nature in so far as he devoured his food like an animal, and treated his organs of digestion as though they were not subject to natural laws. In consequence he became subject to violent pains in the stomach, for which physicians have various obscure names. In plain English, he had been forcing his stomach to do more work than any human stomach could do, and that stomach had finally got out of repair. The pains arising from this complaint are most acute, and Napoleon had several times before, notably in the Russian campaign, been rendered helpless by the result of his gluttony, coupled with a necessarily irregular mode of life.

After his brilliant victory he followed the wreck of his enemy as far as Pirna, on the Elbe, then entered his carriage and drove back to Dresden, to seek comfort in hot poultices at the hands of his faithful Mameluke.

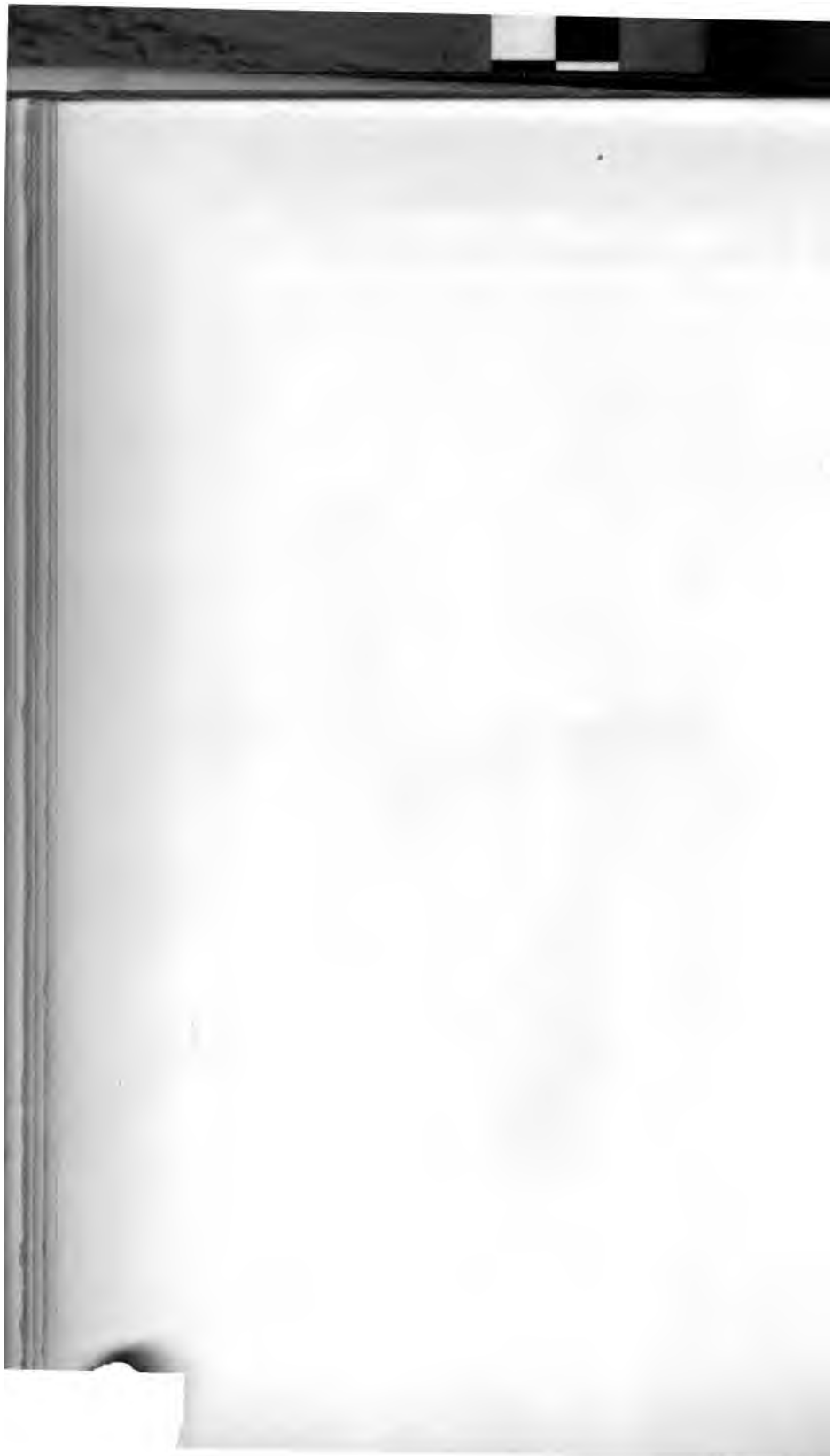
It had been raining hard in Dresden, as at the Katzbach, and the allies had a wretched tramp of it back towards Prague, over the mountains that separate Saxony from Bohemia. They would have marched in better order had they known that Blücher was then chasing a French army over roads just as bad, and in a state of hunger just as keen. But the army of Schwarzenberg ran before Napoleon, as, seven years before, the Prussians had run from Jena, throwing away muskets, and leaving their shoes sticking in the mud.

They drew breath when they had the mountains between them and Napoleon, and were foraging amongst the prosperous Bohemians who inhabit the upper Elbe. Schwarzenberg had gone out with about 200,000, and had been thoroughly beaten by a vastly inferior army.

On the 29th, two days after commencing the retreat from Dresden, he once more got his men together on



MONUMENT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF KULM





Austrian soil, and tried to make a stand a little north-east of Töplitz, about half-way between Prague and Dresden. A thick mist covered the whole beautiful valley. Schwarzenberg thought that Napoleon was chasing him with a large army; Vandamme thought that he would have an easy task. In the midst of the mist came some Cossacks galloping in, shouting that all was lost—the French were surrounding them. The allies were chased out of Peterswalde and Nollendorf, and fell back upon the pretty little village of Kulm, where they expected some protection from the main army. It was a Sabbath morning, and the bells of the church were rudely interrupted by artillery thunder, as the French stormed into Kulm and fought their way in streets cumbered with domestic utensils, which the peasants had been desperately striving to cart away. The battle opened and proceeded no one knew how. The country is much cut up by ditches, hedges, trees—obstacles useful to soldiers resisting an advance—and the allies desperately made use of such shelter as they could find, each part hoping that support of some kind would soon appear. Metternich, who was at headquarters, was so frightened that he at once posted off a message of peace to Napoleon, and Schwarzenberg sent to beg Blücher—eighty miles away—to hurry to the Austrian assistance, or at least to send 50,000 men. The village of Pristen was taken and retaken, the soldiers of the alliance warming to the fight as they little by little discovered that they could hold their own against the French so long as it was a soldiers' and not a general's battle. But the commanders had no hope of a good ending. When the Russian guards were ordered to march into the fight, their commander refused flatly, giving as his reason that the Czar did not wish his picked men sacrificed uselessly. They subsequently did

pitch in, however, and fought well, but it took very much persuasion to get them started.

That night Vandamme spent in the Schloss or Château of Kulm, confident that reinforcements would soon reach him by way of Nollendorf, and that in the morning he would deal the allies a finishing blow. Schwarzenberg had revealed his incapacity for war so thoroughly on this occasion, as well as before Dresden, that he was forced to resign, and the Russian Czar placed the command in the hands of Barclay, a Russian subject of English lineage.

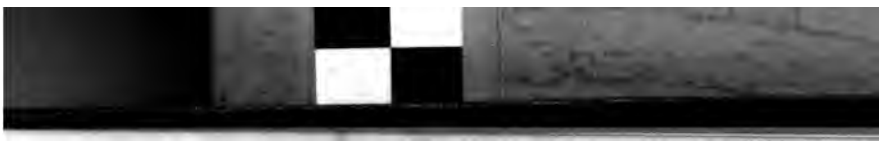
The fighting on the second day opened auspiciously by a single combat. An Austrian hussar regiment had been drawn up close to Karbitz, facing some French cavalry. A French trooper suddenly sprang from his ranks, swung his sabre, and challenged the world to single combat. Out from the hussars leaped a Hungarian trooper, one of that proud race which furnishes the best cow-boys and soldiers in Europe. It was a fine bit of sport, and eagerly watched, for both men were expert with their sabres and at home in the saddle. The horses snorted and reared and foamed with excitement; the sabres sparkled merrily. At last by a dexterous short and sudden turn the Magyar parried a stroke in a manner that gave him a quick return that laid the Frenchman on the ground. Then, seizing the horse of his enemy, he galloped back to his squadron, amidst wild hurrahs from the Germans, and still more wild *Elyen!* from the Magyar comrades.

All day long raged the battle, at one point a success, at another a defeat; at many a mere muddle, in which friend and foe joined in what each thought was a race for life. The allies were holding their own with difficulty towards Kulm, when suddenly appeared on the sky-line of the mountains to the north the head of a col-



SINGLE FIGHT BETWEEN A MAGYAR AND A FRENCH HUSSAR





umn of troops. They wore blue coats and shakos, and the French at once set up loud cheers, for they looked upon the new-comers as the relief sent by Napoleon. So they attacked more furiously than ever. But soon smoke appeared upon the mountain-side, and artillery began to play against the rear of Vandamme's little army, and the French realized that instead of comrades, the new-comers were Prussians making an attack upon their rear.

It was the corps of General Kleist, on his way from Dresden, who was tardily joining the allies by way of Nollendorf. When Vandamme saw that his retreat was threatened, he at once attacked Kleist's Prussians with all the force he could spare, still facing the Austrians and Russians, who now had an easy fight of it. The allies had a decided advantage in cavalry, and they soon surrounded the French, so that Vandamme's only hope was to break through where Kleist barred the way.

And so well did Vandamme fight that Kleist, who did not know what was going on amongst the Russians and Austrians, thought himself beaten, and sent a message to that effect. His men were carried away along with the wreck of Vandamme's army, and that night French and Germans lay down in the woods about Kulm, completely exhausted, each in doubt as to the result of the battle. Both sides agreed not to fight any more, but to become prisoners next morning of whichever side proved to have won the day. Next morning the news was known that Vandamme had been captured, along with 10,000 Frenchmen and a long list of cannon and other trophy.

Nobody was more surprised than Kleist himself. He had seen nothing of the battle excepting disorganized Prussians fighting impotently, and then being carried

away amidst a stream of fugitives. He had stumbled upon the scene at ten o'clock in the morning; had been attacked, and had got decidedly the worst of it. He rode despondently to his night quarters at Arbesau after the day's work was done, and confided to an intimate friend that he expected to be tried by court-martial for failing to cut his way through the French, and thus joining the allies. His despondency was heightened, no doubt, by the consciousness that he had not in his defeat done anything to retrieve the military fame of his country. He considered his career as ended. What, then, was his surprise to be waked in the middle of the night to be told that he was the winner of a glorious battle, that he had been the saviour of his country, and that his King proposed clothing him with splendid honors!

Poor Kleist thought it all a dream or a joke. But it all came true. He was made a Count Kleist of Nollendorf, and a splendid estate worth three hundred thousand thalers was given him. He has a grand monument in Berlin, equal to that of Scharnhorst or Stein.

Vandamme, on the other hand, had made an excellent fight of it; had counted upon the assistance of Napoleon, which never came, and been defeated. The Czar sent him to Siberia, and had him transported like a highwayman, exposed at every post-house to the hootings of the mob.

Such are the fortunes of war.

XIX

THE FRENCH TRY TO TAKE BERLIN, BUT ARE PUT TO ROUT BY A GENERAL WHO DISOBEYS ORDERS

"Die Leute des Landsturms waren voll entschieden, guten Willens, und Männer aus allen Ständen gaben durch ihre Theilnahme bei den täglichen Uebungen sehr ermunternde Beispiele."*—Field-Marshal Boyen's *Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 51.

"THE mainstay of a monarch's might is unquestionably the people (*das Volk*). By means of standing armies the ruling powers separate their interests from those of the people." Such was the language of Gneisenau, a professional soldier in the army of His Absolute Majesty Frederick William III. of Prussia. His words came true; and if in this war we find Napoleon less and less successful, we must seek the reasons largely in the new spirit that animated Germans since they had felt the first breath of civil liberty.

The most concrete expression of this new spirit is the fact that, over and above the regular army recruited and paid for by the Prussian state, the individual provinces or counties sent to the front at their own expense volunteers to the extent of over 140,000.†

* Translation: "The volunteers of the Landsturm [of Berlin] were filled with the very best spirit, and men of every grade in life set an excellent example by participating in the daily drills."

† On September 1, 1813, Sir R. Wilson reported to the British government from Teplitz: "The Prussians, all of whom I have seen, are in the very best condition; and the day before yesterday the Duke of

When Napoleon had driven the Austrian army away to the south from before Dresden, he remarked confidently to his chief of staff: "I calculate that Schwarzenberg will require at least three weeks before he can again appear in the field. I shall not require so much time as that to carry out my plan against Berlin."

But soon came news of Vandamme's disaster at Kulm, the news of Macdonald's disaster at the Katzbach was on its way, and Napoleon was plotting vengeance for the manner in which the German volunteers had thrashed another army of his within sight of the walls of Berlin three days before the Katzbach battle, and therefore only one week after the truce came to an end.

The battle of Gross Beeren is ever memorable in the annals of the German people, for it was fought wholly by Germans, commanded by a German, and it saved Berlin from being sacked. It was won on August 23d, and the news of it reached the allies on their retreat from before Dresden. It is safe to say that had the French succeeded in their raid upon the Prussian capital, this disaster, coming at a moment when the allies were already badly frightened, owing to the losses before Dresden, would have caused the three monarchs and their pliant ministers, all with one accord, to sue for peace—the Austrian in order to save Vienna; the Russian for fear of having his retreat cut off;* the Prussian for fear of losing his throne.

Cumberland, after he had viewed their infantry, cavalry, and artillery, said to me, 'It was really worth coming from England to see such troops.'"

* To illustrate why Russia worried so much about her line of retreat, I copy here a letter (preserved in the Berlin War-Office) of May 2, 1813. It is from one of Prussia's trusted agents, Ober-Förster Eschment, and addressed to the King:

"Another revolution in Poland has been most certainly planned. Ac-

Gross Beeren, Katzbach, Kulm — these three great battles were fought between the 23d and the 30th of August, at intervals of about three days — one close to Berlin; another near Breslau; the last in Bohemia. All of them were largely influenced, if not determined, by the volunteer citizen soldiery, who were hastily drilled and poorly equipped. They were fought at points far apart one from the other, and under no general orders from the commander-in-chief. On the contrary, Blücher acted wholly on his own responsibility when he decided to attack Macdonald at the Katzbach; Kleist and his Prussians stumbled upon Vandamme at Kulm, because he had taken another road than the one specified by the commander-in-chief; and at Gross Beeren General Bülow's volunteers gained a splendid victory because they deliberately disobeyed the orders of Bernadotte.

These are not the illustrations best calculated to inculcate unquestioning obedience in young lieutenants eager for glory, but they are facts.

As before indicated, the allies had three armies in the field. The largest, about 250,000, was the Austrian, which was thoroughly beaten under Schwarzenberg at Dresden, and strangely saved by Kleist at Kulm. The

cording to the usage of the Roman Catholic religion, all must go to confession on Charfreitag—peasants, burgers, small and great nobles. On the Charfreitag just passed, the whole country therefore went to confession; and there in churches and cloisters, in greatest secrecy, under penalty of everlasting hell fire, they were called upon to join the revolution; and every man who did not possess a musket or sword was ordered to provide himself with a knife two feet long to be fixed to the end of a pole. In Scjucjin, close to the Prussian frontier, several hundred of these knives were found concealed in a church. The revolution is to commence by murdering and plundering every Prussian and Jew male. . . ."

second army was the smallest, about 100,000, commanded by Blücher, who had just beaten the French at the Katzbach. The third army was given to the Franco-Swede Bernadotte. Under him were near 160,000, of whom about 20,000 were Swedes.

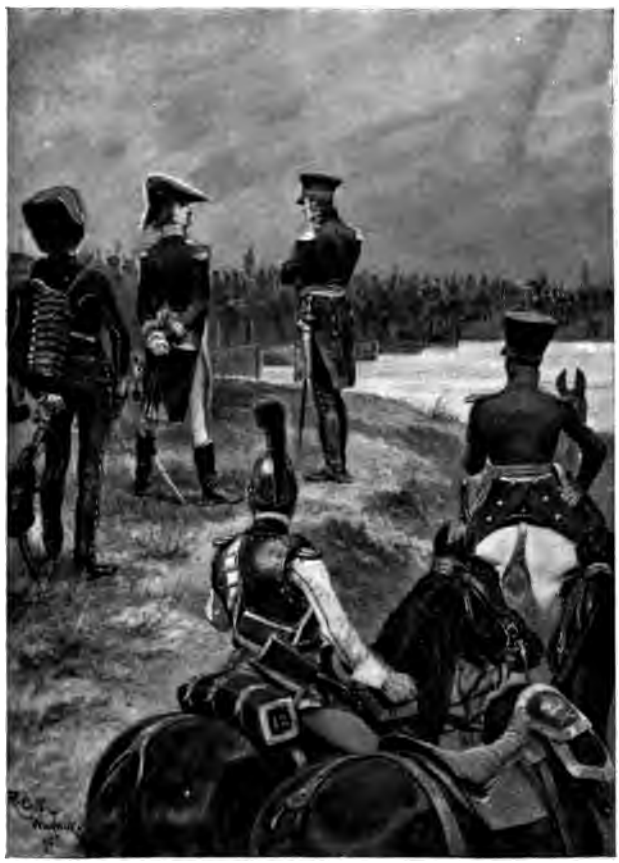
Bernadotte had been one of Napoleon's generals, and was credited with great military skill. He, at any rate, affected contempt for Prussian officers, and particularly for the ill-equipped, half-armed volunteers. Many of these were armed with pikes, and knew as much of war as did the American minute-men of 1776.

But volunteers who are weak on the parade-ground often fight well in battle; and in the great German war for liberation no soldiers did their King greater service than the Landwehr men who defended Berlin on the 23d of August, 1813.*

When Bernadotte heard that some French troops were marching towards Berlin from the Elbe, he at once built bridges over the Spree near Charlottenburg, and arranged to have all his army retire, and thus hand the capital over to the enemy. He would have done this had not General Bülow, who commanded one of the Prussian corps, flatly refused to co-operate in this scheme of retreat; and as the Prussians represented about half of this army in numbers, and pretty much all of it so far as enterprise

* Boyen reported that in Berlin, where he was sent in May, 1813, to organize the defence of the capital, he found great willingness amongst the professional, trading, and peasant classes. "Only a few remaining courtiers, at their head Prince Wittgenstein: a few noble families; a few timid officials, and a few rich merchants—these were frightened by the universal excitement, and trembled at the idea of a populace in arms quite as much as at the possible vengeance of Napoleon. These found it scandalous that such aristocratic and wealthy people as they should be compelled to take part in the war movement."—Boyen, *Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 49.





BERNADOTTE PLANS A RETREAT





and intelligence were concerned, the Swedish Crown-Prince had to make what he could of the situation.

"What!" cried Bülow, when the proposal to retire was first heard, "does your Royal Highness mean to abandon Berlin without a fight?"

"What is Berlin?" answered Bernadotte, with haughty indifference. "It's a city—nothing more!"

"Permit me to remind your Highness," rejoined Bülow, with rising anger, "that for us Prussians Berlin is the capital of this kingdom; that neither I nor my Prussians shall make use of your bridges leading backwards from Berlin, but that we prefer to fall in front of Berlin, with arms in our hands!"

As Bülow rode away from headquarters he spoke his mind freely to his adjutant. "I have no use for Bernadotte," said he.

The public-spirited Berliners had worked throughout the spring and summer preparing their city for the attack which was now upon them.* Volunteers had worked day in, day out, throwing up breastworks—university professors, retired officials, and day-laborers vying with one another as to who should do the best spading. But the chief defence of the capital, and one that need not be despised even to-day, consisted in a large area

* "Very few came themselves [to work on the fortifications of the town], but sent day-laborers, principally women. The pay was eight groschen a day [a shilling], and consequently there were, every day, many such laborers. . . . There came, whenever he was commanded, an old pensioned colonel, who brought a servant with him. Both of them worked continuously and in silence, with the greatest industry and attention to details. They did the best work exactly according to orders; they spoke with no one; but one could see how much the colonel regarded it as a matter of honor to be in his old age useful to his country. That was a true Prussian heart."—Klöden, p. 319.

of land that could readily be flooded. From Berlin out, pray follow the map down the Spree, past Charlottenburg and Spandau to the Havel, and then down the Havel southwesterly to Potsdam; then south up a narrow stream past Sarmund to Trebbin; then by way of several swamps and ditches eastward to Zossen, Mittenwalde, and Wusterhausen, and thence back to Berlin by way of the upper Spree at Köpnick — or Cöpenick, as the old map has it. Out of curiosity to see how far the modern topography tallies with that of 1813, I recently paddled my canoe the whole of this distance, making only one or two short portages. It is to-day, as it was then, a land of forest and swamp—lakes, rivers, and ditches—just the ideal country to defend by enterprising guerilla bands.

Had there been no royal highness commanding this army of 160,000 men the brave Landwehr and Landsturm of Berlin would have marched out into this wilderness under men of their own choosing, and they would have made each approach impassable by felling trees, by preparing ambushes, by doing for the "regulars" of Napoleon what such men as Ethan Allen and Marion did for the "regulars" of King George III. in the swamps of Carolina and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

It was raining hard on the 23d of August as Marshal Oudinot's 70,000 men picked their way through Brandenburg, being forced to march in many separate columns because of the frequent ponds and swamps in their path. There were no roads, only sand tracks. Oudinot was cheery, however, for he counted upon an easy victory, and everywhere was heard the war-cry of the day, "Rendezvous — Berlin!" The German of to-day must learn with regret that a large portion of Oudinot's army



consisted of Saxons, and that they fought their Prussian fellow-Germans as bravely and as furiously as ever troops had fought in civil war—and more cannot be said.

The soldier who wants to know the succeeding steps of this savage campaign must read the exhaustive work in four volumes by Lieutenant-General Quistorp, called *Geschichte der Nord-Armee* (Berlin, 1894). But that distinguished authority, like so many purely military minds, leaves the reader as cold as though he had been reading a medical encyclopædia. In his pages we look in vain for a just estimate of the magnificent sacrifices made for Germany by the Lützow volunteers, the Landwehr, the Landsturm, and the other voluntary forces that drilled badly, but were making Napoleon's movement each day more difficult.

Towards afternoon of August 23d, after a series of engagements which neither party regarded as more than skirmishes preliminary to a grand battle on the morrow, General Bülow held a council of war at Heinersdorf, and there deliberately accepted the responsibility of disobeying Bernadotte by leading his Prussians against the French, and deciding at once the fate of Berlin. His orders were such as any citizen soldier might have given, and may be summed up in the words "Pitch in!" and on that day nothing more was needed. The archives of the Berlin War Department contain no record of any disposition made for this battle, and we may safely assume that the regiments were left to fight their way forward according to the openings they could make each for itself. The village of Gross Beeren was the objective.

Bülow had immediately under him about 26,000 bayonets; the French facing him were 16,000; and yet with this advantage Bernadotte talked of retreat. The Prussian general in this case knew, too, that French supports

were marching up, and that to succeed at all he must put in his blow at once.

The rain was so hard that the Prussians were not detected until they had got their artillery into position and commenced to play upon the enemy. The same rain had made the musketry almost useless, and consequently what the artillery left unfinished had to be done with the bayonet.

An eye-witness wrote: "The enemy received our bayonet attack up to within three paces; then began the sticking, for there was no more shooting." As at the Katzbach, so at Gross Beeren, the French were meeting an enemy they had never met before, and meeting him in a manner that gave the German the advantage; for to smash in the skull of a Frenchman with the butt-end of a musket was child's play to the deep-chested Pomeranian farmers, who had hardened their muscles in felling trees and swinging the flail over the threshing-floor. Here again was a soldier's battle — a veritable massacre, the details of which would sicken any but a surgeon or butcher. Against the walls of Gross Beeren flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Germans, whose wives and babes were praying for them on the shores of the Baltic, forgot everything but their hate — the hate that had been growing during many years. They gave no mercy, and they asked for none. Clumps of Frenchmen were smashed to pieces, one on top of the other, in the angles of walls, where escape was cut off. But no hatred of Frenchmen could equal that which they felt for the Saxon who had come as his henchman; and the fighting between these two peoples of neighboring states was even more furious than between Prussian and French. The Prussian could respect the Frenchman, but for the Saxon he could but feel as for a traitor to the German cause.



THE PURSUIT AFTER GROSS BEEREN





The most recent and most exhaustive researches have not yet enabled the German military student to trace with precision the details of this great fight;* and this is generally true in battles that soon resolve themselves into hand-to-hand scuffles, where officers count for little more than for what each can do with his pistol and sword in the midst of men who remain blind with fury. Darkness and exhaustion finally put an end to this madness for murder.

But it was a glorious victory. What Bernadotte had not dared to do with a whole army, that had been accomplished by a single corps of half-trained patriots under Bülow. The French threw their arms away, and retreated in confusion, leaving thousands of dead and wounded on the field. Berlin was saved, and next day from every gate of the capital came long trains of wagons laden with barrels of beer and strings of sausage—brought by the citizens for the men who fought at Gross Beeren.

* The press censorship in Berlin was entirely in the hands of Le Coq, the police chief. Lestocq, the military governor, declared that he knew absolutely nothing of what was going on in that department. Indeed, many complaints were made in regard to this, notably by Von Bülow, who averred that his report of the battle of Gross Beeren was suppressed by the press censor until after the Crown-Prince of Sweden had printed his.

XX

HOW THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG COMMENCED

"Bei Leipzig in der grossen Völkerschlacht.
Da hätten wir beinah' 'nen Gefangenen gemacht."
—Old German song ("Krahwinkler Landsturm

On the 7th of October, 1813, Napoleon had spen
last night in the Marcolini Palace of Dresden—
might say his last night as master of Germany.
left the Saxon capital for the purpose of seeking
destroying the army of Blücher, who, on that same
of October, had come to a small village on the M
called Mühlbach (mill stream), for the purpose of ar
terview with the Crown-Prince of Sweden, who c
manded the so-called North Army.* Now, Bernad
was a man of big promises and small fulfilments. H
erto he had carefully avoided fighting, and, above
things, appeared to fear meeting Napoleon. He
been given command of one of the three great ar

* September 3, 1813, General Krusemark to the King of Pr
(from Rödicke): "All the movements and preparations of the Cr
Prince Bernadotte have shown distinctly that his Royal Highne
tends to act in the most cautious manner. The prince has ad
the rule of always having a large force concentrated about him,
to manœuvre right and left by detached corps, and never to e
himself to even a partial check. It is with manifest impatience
he hears on all sides the demands for swift movement, and it w
difficult to persuade him to alter his views," etc.—Archives.



for no better reason than that he was Crown-Prince of Sweden, and Blücher had for him great aversion.

Bernadotte knew no German, and Blücher no French, so that the conversation between these two commanders had to be carried on through interpreters. This was not altogether a misfortune, however, for the downright Blücher used language full of strange hussar oaths, intended to express contempt for cowards in general, and a Gascon coward in particular. It was all that Gneisenau and other friends could do to keep the two generals from an open scandal.

Bernadotte was so frightened when he learned that Napoleon had moved out of Dresden that he arranged at once to retire across the Elbe to the right bank, and desired Blücher to follow him. But Blücher laughed at the idea, and with a crashing string of "*millionen Donnerwetter!*" let the "Gascon" understand that he (Blücher) was hunting for Napoleon, and would go after him, whether the North Army went back to Sweden or not.

Blücher took great risks in moving forward at this time, for his army was then only 60,000, while that of Bernadotte was 90,000; but the old hussar was as crafty as he was courageous, and he judged rightly that Bernadotte would not dare to go alone.

Napoleon, on leaving Dresden, aimed first for the army of Blücher, which he expected to find at Düben, on the river Mulde, about thirty kilometres (twenty English miles) northeast of Leipzig, and on a straight line from Leipzig to Berlin. After destroying Blücher, his plan was to turn against the Austrian army of Schwarzenberg, which was approaching from Bohemia. Napoleon treated Bernadotte as wholly beneath his notice—as a mere stage hero. But in regard to Blücher, Napo-

leon made a serious miscalculation, for, on arrivir
Düben, on the 9th, he found that his enemy had cle
eluded him—had crossed the Mulde, destroyed the i
vening bridges, and joined the Bernadotte army
Jessnitz, half-way between Düben and the Elbe.
was a serious check to Napoleon, for he needed a
sive victory in order to prevent the three armies
uniting against him. He felt, too, that the South
man states were becoming disloyal, and that they w
soon turn traitor to him, unless he demonstrate
power to win battles once more.

In parenthesis we may note here that while Nap
had lost nothing of his ability to command troops
the field of battle, yet he had lost much of the pow
had so successfully wielded in 1806. The Germans
no longer his devoted servants and spies—at least
all of them.* To this fact alone we may trace mar
the difficulties he had to contend with in 1813—dif
ties which affected not merely the prompt deliver
his orders, but equally hindered the movements o
supplies. The peasants found excuses for refusin
furnish their cattle and their corn; the conscripts f

* Napoleon spent in cash for spy service, between January and
tember of 1813, 259,823 francs (over $50,000), quite independen
the large efforts made in this department by the aid of deserter
prisoners of war, and yet he was singularly ill served during
months.—Prussian war archives.

Count Goetzen (military governor of Silesia) wrote to the
Breslau, May 5, 1813: "The Poles appear to hate heartily the Je
account of their devotion to the cause of Prussia. They have
the means of giving us much information regarding the plans
Poles."—Prussian war archives.

The secret police of Berlin had much occupation relative to
For instance: "We are informed that the enemy has despatched
Magdeburg to Altona a very pretty woman with instructions to g
formation from General von Tettenborn."—Report of October 11,



THE TOWN-HALL AT LEIPZIG





facilities for escaping; volunteer spies were no longer to be had, and hired spies proved of little value. Provision trains were daily attacked by Landsturm patriots, and the German highways were no longer secure for small bodies of Frenchmen. All this showed that the spirit of the people had changed since the days of Jena and Auerstädt. On one occasion, after one of his generals, Lefebvre, had allowed himself to be badly worsted by guerillas of the allied army, he said, angrily: "My lieutenants have become stupid, awkward, dull, and that is why they have no luck. My marshals don't like to fight any more, because I have given them too much wealth and too many titles. They all want quiet, and would purchase it at any price. *I alone* carry on war." He might justly have added that his generals resented the insulting arrogance daily displayed towards them by the Corsican soldier of fortune.

On October 10th Blücher was forced once more to meet Bernadotte, and once more to put upon himself the curb of comparative courtesy while listening to many reasons for going backward rather than going forward. To say the truth, at no time in Blücher's life had he more struggles with himself than in these days before the battle of Leipzig, while trying to be civil to this Swedish Crown-Prince. "The scoundrel (*Hundsfott*) may wait long before I ever trouble myself on his account again," grumbled the old general. "Hereafter we shall depend upon our own strength alone, and have nothing to do with this Frenchman beyond telling him what we have already decided upon—he may go to the devil!"

And Blücher went on smoking his quaint old pipe and swearing his strange oaths. He had now made his headquarters in the old university town of Halle, northwest

of Leipzig, on the Saale, where the Turnfather Jahn had studied, and where is still shown the cave to which he retired for solitude. Here on the 13th once more did the panicky Gascon send messages to old Vorwärts telling of imaginary armies that were on their way to cut him off from Sweden; in short, Bernadotte was thoroughly frightened, and again said he was going back across the Elbe. "Follow me as quickly as you can," wrote he; and then, feeling that Blücher was not the man to accept any such invitation, he added: "And, besides, I must remark that His Majesty the Emperor Alexander has informed me that under certain circumstances your excellency was to be subject to my orders. Such a contingency has now arisen, and I therefore request you at once to follow me across to the right bank of the Elbe with the army of Silesia."

This was the last straw for old Blücher. He roared out his "*Millionen Schock Donnerwetter!*" while the more politic members of his staff sought to answer the Swedish Crown-Prince in a manner that should render the sense of Blücher's reply without the violence of his language.

So frightened was Bernadotte that he actually did move his army across the Elbe, and would have gone farther had not General Stewart, who represented the British Exchequer, threatened him with very serious penalties in case he persisted in his backward movements.

Napoleon, finding that Blücher had escaped him, and believing that he need now fear nothing from either the Silesian or the North Army, hurried to Leipzig on the 13th (the eve of Jena, 1806), expecting there to meet the army of Schwarzenberg, and to destroy it before Blücher could again make his appearance. But the foxy hussar



THE CAVE AT HALLE, ONCE A RESORT OF JAHN.





was a match for Napoleon at that game — he not only knew how to fight, he knew also how to avoid battles until the proper moment for striking arrived. He knew every movement of Napoleon's, though Napoleon knew very little about his.

On July 12th, at Trachenberg, the allies had determined upon their common plan of military movement. Napoleon in Saxony was at the centre of three independent hostile armies, each one of which he sought to destroy in detail. The object of the allies, therefore, was to avoid a battle until all three armies could co-operate on a common field. If Napoleon turned against one of these armies, that army retired, and the other two at once marched to its relief. This was a very simple general plan, and worked so admirably that subsequently each commanding general of that day claimed it as his peculiar property — even Bernadotte put in a claim. It was so simple that not even Napoleon suspected it until the 15th of August, when he exploded angrily at his enemy with, "*Tiens!* these animals have learned something, after all!"

Many of his generals shook their heads ominously when Leipzig was selected for the great battle—they advised abandoning Saxony altogether and taking up a position nearer the Rhine. Napoleon knew well the relative forces that would be battling soon, but had enough of the gambler in him to stake much upon several chances that had in the past served him well. He was in a strong position, and was in sole command. His enemy had many heads, speaking strange tongues, and feeling as different people. The allies had always been famous for stupid generalship and hasty capitulations—why should Napoleon's luck be less to-day than at other times? He knew that Schwarzenberg was wholly devoid of military

talent, that Bernadotte was a timid wind-bag, and he believed that Blücher was far away. He had 190,000 men on hand, and believed that the allies would be thoroughly beaten before they could develop their whole strength.

And, besides, it was a time when much must be risked. The Saxon King was following him about from place to place like a lackey, and only this strange devotion of their monarch held the Saxon people from declaring themselves against France. If Napoleon deserted Saxony, the little German states, whose rulers obeyed Napoleon only because they regarded him as invincible, would all rebel.

And thus a multiplicity of reasons, mostly personal and political, persuaded Napoleon to accept battle at Leipzig—a battle close to Jena, close to Rossbach, close to Lützen; a battle in which half a million men fought with the hatred of tigers, killing and maiming, until the ditches ran like the trough of a slaughter-house; a battle that enlisted men of every creed and tongue and every resource which Christian nations could then command for the purpose of mutual extermination. Yet was ever battle more necessary to mankind? For on that field were joined Napoleonism and anti-Napoleonism in a life-and-death struggle. Those men died that the speech and spirit of Martin Luther might live to vitalize a new Germany.

But this is anticipation. The great battle of Leipzig, the *Völkerschlacht*—the battle of the nations, as it is popularly known in Germany—commenced with the morning of October 16, 1813. On the day before, Blücher started his army of 60,000 from Halle, having made up his mind meanwhile where and when he could fight to the best advantage. It was characteristic of



the volunteers under his command that before marching out to battle they should unite about beer tables and sing the songs they had sung as students, some at Göttingen, some at Berlin, some at Heidelberg, some at Greifswald, some in Leipzig, under whose walls they were about to bleed, and many of them here in Halle. They represented the free spirit of United Germany, the searchers after truth, who, though subject to different monarchs, were none the less citizens of one great German republic of letters. On the eve of battle they sang hymns of patriotism and devotion; the university town of Halle never before or since embraced so much that spoke for a German empire.

At the same time old Blücher was smoking his pipe in his quarters, while his generals were working out problems of strategy for the coming operations. Gneisenau came to him and announced that the disposition had been made.

"Well, then, you men of learning," was Blücher's greeting to his staff, "what have you grubbed out that is good?"

"Thus and thus, your Excellency," was the answer.

"Yes, yes—no doubt it's all very fine; but the question is, can I turn it to practical account? When I get to the field with my boys (*meine Jungens*), I can soon tell what can be done. So let's have another pipe."

This is what Blücher's host in Halle reported, and it was no doubt true. Blücher had scant book-learning, and hated pedantry. But no man appreciated more completely than he the professional thoroughness of his dear friend and chief of staff, Gneisenau. These men were indispensable one to the other, and Blücher was never tired of referring to Gneisenau as his *head*.

Once more, then, as at the Katzbach, as at Denne-

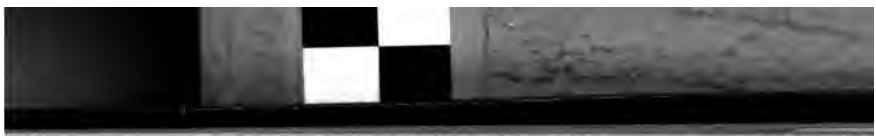
witz, as at Gross Beeren and Wartenburg, the Prussian volunteers were destined to be the first in action, the fiercest in fight, and finally to determine the fortunes of the day.

On the morning of October 16th, at eight o'clock, Blücher was at the head of Yorck's corps on the road from Halle to Leipzig, on the banks of the Elster. He heard the rumbling of Napoleon's artillery far away towards Lieberwolkwitz, which was beyond Leipzig to the southeast. He was burning with eagerness to be nearer. Up rode General Stewart, the English military agent, with news that the slippery Bernadotte, instead of marching towards the sound of the cannon, was trying to get out of the way once more. With a mouthful of expletives old Blücher shouted, "Yonder by Leipzig Bonaparte has started a dance — we want to dance with him. *Müssen vorwärts!*—forward, march!—bend or break!"

By nine o'clock his army was in full swing towards the sound of the fighting, each corps commander provided with necessary instructions. For the troops that filed by him he had always some homely word of encouragement that went straight to the hearts of his "children," as he called them.

"*Na, Kinder, heute hauut mal auf gut preessisch ein!*" —"Give them a good old-fashioned Prussian thrashing!"—he called out to a regiment of East Prussian volunteer calvalry. "Whoever to-night is not either dead or deliciously happy (*wonneselig*), he must have fought like a scoundrelly spawn of a dog!"

While Napoleon with the bulk of his force was fighting the army of Schwarzenberg on the southeast side, he had detached only a small force under Marmont to keep an eye open for a possible interference from the



direction of Blücher on the northwest, explaining to Marmont that he meant to thrash Schwarzenberg on the 16th and Blücher on the 17th. Marmont made a gallant stand, and defended his excellent position on the Elster with ability. Again and again the Prussian volunteers stormed his barricades, and as often were they driven back. Yorck, the peppery old soldier, bore the brunt of this bloody attack. He was full of crotchets and very difficult to manage in ordinary times, but when the battle had once commenced Blücher could trust him completely. Many a time in this day was old Yorck seen to open his snuff-box, take out a pinch of snuff, and then forget to carry the hand to his nose. In his case this betokened deep disquietude; and, indeed, there was cause for worry. His whole corps was but about 20,000, and before the day was done he lost in dead and wounded near 6000 of his men—and all for a little village on the Elster, whose ruins at the close of that day were worthless to any man.

At the point of the bayonet the Frenchman was at last driven out, and with him fled Napoleon's last hope of maintaining himself in Germany. This victory of Blücher's settled the fate of Napoleon at Leipzig. What followed was in the nature of fighting for a line of retreat.

Since on this 16th of October Napoleon had failed to thrash the main body of the allies, he was consequently not in a position to smash Blücher on the 17th. On the contrary, he had just managed to hold Schwarzenberg's army in check near Lieberwolkwitz. His crushing defeat at the hands of the Prussians on the northwest of Leipzig cost him about 6000 dead and wounded and 2000 prisoners—8000 in all.

Yet Napoleon set all the Leipzig bells a-ringing to

celebrate his glorious victory! And messengers flew to the ends of Europe carrying false news to his wavering allies. The King of Saxony rejoiced in Leipzig. He took his meals in a cellar to avoid the cannon-balls, and from thence sent messages to his troops, exhorting them to fight well for him and France.

There had been hope for Napoleon on the morning of the 16th, for then he had on the battle-field 177,000 men against 193,000—a discrepancy not very serious, considering that the allies were the attacking party, and that Leipzig is in the midst of a boggy plain, much cut up by ditches, surrounded by little villages, whose stone walls proved useful to the defenders, for they had to be stormed as though they were forts. The small numerical advantage of the allies was more than made up to Napoleon by the excellent ground he had to defend, and by the feeble generalship of Schwarzenberg. Napoleon had at one point a concentrated force of 109,000 men, but Schwarzenberg never succeeded in uniting more than 84,000. Napoleon had no reason to complain of fortune in so far as he had counted upon his enemies making mistakes. Schwarzenberg had a glorious opportunity of exhibiting his plentiful lack of soldier wit, and he did so. He admitted that as late as October 14th he did not even know what had become of Blücher's army. Of course he was somewhat hampered by having three monarchs to look after, notably the Russian, who rather liked to play the general.

In parenthesis the reader has no doubt had occasion to note the fact that though this war was started by Prussia, fought chiefly by Prussians, and though the Prussians produced the only first-class generals this side of the Rhine, the leadership appeared to be divided



GENERAL YORCK AND HIS SNUFF-BOX



between the Russian Czar and the Austrian field-marshal.*

The bells of Leipzig rang on the 16th of October for Napoleon's sham victory; they commenced to ring before he knew the full extent of his crushing defeat at the hands of Blücher; and they kept on ringing as though their merry peals could make his loss the less. But with the sound of these bells in his ears, the Corsican was yet sober enough to know that he had been badly worsted, and must see to his safety.

So at midnight he sent off a flag of truce, proposing the conditions of an armistice. But it was too late. The allied sovereigns were fortunately indisposed to parley; Schwarzenberg had plenty of reserves, and knew also that Napoleon had none. To be sure, Bernadotte was off skulking somewhere with his army of 100,000, but even without these the allies felt fairly confident of success. And thus closed the first day of the memorable battle of Leipzig.

* Cathcart (p. 353) says that Czar Alexander ordered all the victorious troops who entered Leipzig, "by virtue of the supreme authority which on that occasion he did not hesitate to assume, to withdraw, and a regular Russian garrison and commandant were immediately appointed to relieve them."

Sir R. Wilson to Aberdeen, October 21, 1813: "I do not like to see Russia take the lead in Germany as she does. . . . Why Russian garrisons everywhere? Why Russian commandants?"

XXI

NAPOLEON'S STAR SINKS IN THE MUD AND BLOOD OF LEIPZIG

"The greatest service ever done by an English fleet had been thus accomplished by men whose wages had not been paid from the time of their engagement, half starved, with their clothes in rags and falling off their backs; and so ill found in the necessaries of war that they had eked out their ammunition by what they could take in action from the enemy himself."—From Froude's account of how England dispersed the Spanish fleet of 1588 in spite of Queen Elizabeth (*History of England*, vol. xii., p. 513).

THE second movement in this great Battle of the Nations, this cosmopolitan butchery, this "Völkerschlacht," began with the dawn of October 17th, while Napoleon was vainly hoping that his flag of truce would be answered in some way that might gain time. The Austrian Captain-General Schwarzenberg, while himself a man of small soldier talent, recognized thoroughly the great gifts of Blücher, and by this time had come to the conviction that the old cavalry hotspur was, after all, the most important element in the allied army, and its virtual leader. So he sent over to Blücher to find out in what state his "children" were after the horrible work of the day before, and to learn if old "Vorwärts" cared to fight again on the 18th. It was a dangerous ride, this —from the Austrian headquarters southeast of Leipzig to the Blücher headquarters northwest of the town, with a French army in between. It was about ten miles as

the crow flies, and the dangerous task was given to Count Stephan Secheny, a name honored wherever Hungary is held dear. The "Great Magyar" was the name he was known by in later days, and, indeed, it must be a superficial traveller who does not in Hungary feel that this noble patriot deserved well of his countrymen.

Secheny's task was to ride to Blücher straight through the French lines, and with him arrange for a joint attack on the 18th. None but a Hungarian could have done this successfully, and few Hungarians could have done it better than this fearless horseman. He found Blücher not merely ready to fight on the morrow, but ready to begin at once, in spite of the losses his army had sustained. "Tell your commander," said Blücher, "he needn't worry about me. I'll be there, and your prince can rely on me—Schwerenoth! But as to that Bernadotte—only the devil can get him into the fire!" Secheny loved him for these words, for in Blücher was a strain of that electric current which makes the Magyar the best horseman and the hottest fighter anywhere between the British Channel and the Black Sea.

To get Bernadotte's army on the battle-field was now the object of the allied monarchs and their craftiest persuaders. The English General Stewart was the most successful, for he threatened to cut off the subsidies paid to the Swedish army by Great Britain unless Bernadotte at once marched towards Leipzig. Of course the Gascon promised, but soon changed his mind after moving a very short distance.*

* Despatch of General Sir Robert Wilson, dated October 22, 1813: "Stuart [General Sir Charles Stewart] decidedly says that he [Bernadotte] not only did nothing, but wilfully avoided doing anything, although he might, by co-operating with Blücher, have crushed a great portion of the enemy's forces; and yet for such a fellow we are to pay £100,000 a month," etc.

He sent on the 17th an adjutant to Blücher, again proposing to retreat. To this the old soldier merely remarked, "My compliments to the hound (*Hundsfott*) and he may . . . ," etc.

Another adjutant came begging Blücher to meet the Gascon once more. "*Millionen Schock Donnerwetter* on that gypsy scoundrel!" was the Blücher reply, as he went on with his work. He cared no more for this Gascon Crown-Prince of Sweden than for so much camp baggage; but he took pains to let the Prussian and Russian commanders in the North Army know what he was doing, and gave them a broad hint that if they wished plenty of fighting they must manage to slip away from Bernadotte and follow him.

Finally, however, so much pressure was brought to bear upon Blücher that he agreed to meet Bernadotte; but he took plenty of witnesses, and had a stormy interview on the morning of the 18th, the result of which was that the Swede agreed to do so and so under conditions which he named himself, and which were so unreasonable that he expected Blücher to reject them. But, on the contrary, the old hussar agreed to everything, trusting that his own craftiness would checkmate any further evasions on the part of Bernadotte.

On the morning of October 18, 1813, Napoleon had scarce 150,000 men left to meet double that number of the enemy. In talking of armies in the field we must be perpetually revising and comparing figures, because of the enormous waste, caused less by bullets than by disease.* On August 10, 1813, when the armistice

* Lestocq to the King of Prussia, October 11, 1813: "It has been universally noticed that all such sick or wounded as have made the Russian campaign are in much worse condition than the others suffering in the same way. This is obviously because their power of

ceased, Napoleon had taken the field in Saxony with 330,000 infantry, 72,000 cavalry, 33,000 artillery, 4000 technical troops—total, 440,000 men. On the same date the allies could put into the field only 364,000 infantry, 76,000 cavalry, 30,500 artillery and technical troops, which, along with some 22,000 Cossacks, made 493,000 men. Napoleon was obviously not crushed by sheer weight of numbers, although many writers say so. He was pretty fairly matched up to the 18th, and before that day he had made his preparations for evacuating Leipzig and retiring beyond the Rhine.



MAP SHOWING NAPOLEON'S LINE OF RETREAT FROM LEIPZIG

The 18th of October, therefore, resolved itself into a species of rear-guard fight, in which Napoleon sought to save what he could out of the 330,000 men with which he had com-

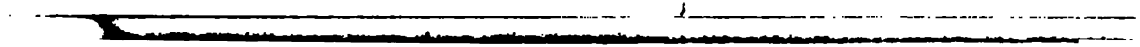
resistance is less on account of the cold and exposure they have been forced to endure."—Archive MSS.

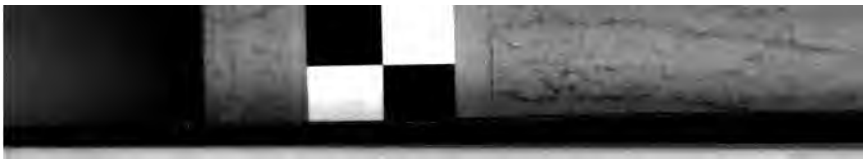
menced his autumn campaign. The allies stormed the famous old city simultaneously from different sides, the French fighting only for time to pass over the one avenue of retreat that was open to them, the road to Naumburg. This led them westward by way of Lützen, Gross Görschen, Rossbach, Jena, Erfurt—all places calculated to excite mixed feelings in the minds of the French generals, who had come in along this road as conquerors only seven short years before.

All day long near half a million men made the fields about Leipzig a ground of slaughter, while the hundreds of cannon are said to have made the ground literally tremble. Napoleon's men had the shelter of stone walls, while the allies had to fight in the open, so that there was a tremendous amount of hand-to-hand butchery before the French could be, step by step, driven from behind their shelter. The Saxon King, cowering in his cellar, had been on the 16th cheered from hour to hour by news of victories that were never won, and the weak man obstinately refused to believe that any misfortune could permanently affect the star of Napoleon's destiny. But his troops knew more than their King on this subject, and seized the first opportunity that offered of running over to the Prussians and making common cause with the allies. The Saxon example was followed by the Würtembergers, whose King also persisted in his allegiance to the French, and treated the soldiers who had joined the allies as Frederick William III. treated Yorck on his return from Russia. The Prussians had but a very cold reception for those Germans who had fought their fellow-Germans when the cause of Napoleon seemed irresistible, and who only repented when their assistance had become to the allies a matter of comparative indifference.



THE SAXONS GO OVER TO THE ENEMY





It is ridiculous to suppose that Napoleon's defeat was due to this defection, for the Frenchmen were hopelessly used up before it took place. To the cause of Germany, however, it was of good omen that, in spite of their monarchs, the soldiers of the petty states had come to regard the army of the allies as a stronger power than that of the man they had hitherto worshipped as the Battle-Master.

That night Napoleon spent in Leipzig, at an inn whose sign was "The King of Prussia." He was busied with the details of the retreat, and learned that he now had but 90,000 men left fit to bear a musket. All night long he worked, and on the morning of the 19th went to bid his ally, the Saxon King, good-bye before leaving for Paris. He advised that monarch to make his peace with the allies on as good terms as he could. But this poor creature of a King had become so infatuated with the idea of Napoleon's almightiness that he persisted in holding to his French obligations, and rejected all proposals for co-operation made to him by the allies, at a time when such proposals might have been of service to both parties.

Napoleon had scarcely made his escape from the town when the allies burst in at several points, and with them the three monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who met upon the market-place. Of course there was immense cheering, not only by the troops, but by the German citizens, who had prayed long and earnestly for this day. There is a legend current in Leipzig that at some time during this long battle the three monarchs fell simultaneously each upon his knees, and made a dramatic picture of pious gratitude for the success that had attended their armies. The head of the Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Apostolic Kaiser Franz, and the Lutheran Prussian praying together to the

same God of Battles would indeed have made an edifying picture—at least one calculated to encourage religious toleration.

Great was the cheering when grizzled old Blücher made his appearance. The effusive Muscovite Czar embraced the old hero with much parade, and paid him many compliments. "I have only done my duty," answered the simple old hussar. "But my men — my brave soldiers—they have done much more." Of course the Prussian King had to say something pleasant to his faithful old general; and Schwarzenberg, too; but Blücher cared no more for this sort of theatrical talk than for decorations and titles. The renegade Bernadotte had the impudence to attempt some compliments, but Blücher cut him short.

This was indeed a moment for rejoicing all over Germany, and it was well symbolized by the fraternization of troops from nearly every state of the common fatherland. The people of Germany still believed that the allied monarchs were honestly fighting for the liberty of their subjects, and the volunteers still fought in the happy delusion that Prussia was to emerge from this great contest as a new German empire, framed in the spirit of Stein and Blücher, Arndt and Gneisenau.

In the Leipzig market-place, on this 19th of November, Gneisenau first voiced the popular German programme: "The war can only end in Paris, and with the downfall of Napoleon"—the very words that were on the lips of every German in the summer of 1870, when another German empire was in the making.

This, too, was the programme of Stein and of every honest German—that now was the time for the constitutional German empire. Stein wrote on the 21st to his wife: "At last we can be happy. Napoleon is beaten



and in disorderly flight. The great structure he has reared in the blood and tears of so many millions by the maddest and most infamous tyranny—that structure is now cast down. We owe this not to cowardly officials and contemptible princes—it is the result of two bloody campaigns, full of labor, laurels, and tears."

It was a costly victory. Gneisenau wrote that Blücher's Silesian army since August had shrunk from 103,000 to 40,000, and that the allies had sacrificed in this one battle from 40,000 to 50,000 men.

Napoleon lost about 15,000 in killed, 30,000 wounded, 15,000 prisoners, to say nothing of 300 cannon and 900 ammunition-carts. Think of some 100,000 dead and dying massed in heaps in and about this little university town of Leipzig! They were cared for as well as might be by simple Christian citizens, but the best these could do was wholly inadequate. On the seventh day after the battle peasants still bore from the fields the mutilated bodies of living patriots which had lain neglected where they had fallen. The houses of Leipzig were crammed full of sick and wounded, but many Leipzigs would have failed to hold the thousands whose blood was soaking the fields for many miles around. Pestilence could not fail to come in the wake of so great slaughter, and disease hurried away thousands whose wounds might else have proved but a short inconvenience. Friend and enemy fared equally so far as misery was concerned, and thousands of French wounded begged to be taken prisoners if only that they might escape starvation. And yet this battle was fought in the most highly cultivated part of Germany — in the one place where large masses of troops might with reason have expected to receive rapid and abundant supplies of food.

We have before us letters of participants giving touch-

ing accounts of details rarely noted by history. On the morning of the 17th, for instance, Prussian (Mecklenburg) officers went to do what they could for the French wounded locked up in the church and town-hall of Schkeuditz, near which the hardest of Blücher's fighting had been. Here was seen a Prussian lieutenant feeding beef broth to a French captain whose face had been nearly cut to pieces. "It was touching," says one narrator, "to see how grateful the French were for our little acts of kindness, and how fortunate they counted themselves for having fallen into our hands rather than into those of the Cossacks. Not a single Frenchman had been robbed of his purse or his watch. Indeed, the confidence in us was so great that a captured colonel of the Guard-marine Infantry, having heard that Ney had given up the battle as lost, wrote in a Prussian officer's pocket-book the address of a friend in Paris, adding that the Prussians would soon be there without doubt."

This is a pleasant contrast to the plundering by the French after Jena.

Nor can we forget here the gallant Private Timm, of the Mecklenburg hussars. He noticed two French officers galloping away from the battle-field, so he put spurs after them, knocked the first one from his horse and cut the second one across the head. But as he did so he noted a gold eagle of the Imperial Guard peeping from under the officer's coat, and with that he launched the mightiest stroke he was capable of, and this time the Frenchman, with his precious eagle, rolled in the mud. Now Private Timm knew no language but the Platt-deutsch of Mecklenburg, but he knew that no Imperial eagle had yet been captured, and that it was the grandest military trophy any regiment could desire. So he sprang from his horse, threw himself upon the Frenchman, and



A MECKLENBURG HUSSAR'S CAPTURE



there, in the mud, while the great guns were booming and the fate of the world was in the balance, the Mecklenburg private and the officer of Napoleon wrestled for this bauble. So fierce was the struggle that the standard broke; but yet the gallant Frenchman held to it with a grip of steel, and at last the sword again had to be drawn, and the eagle wrested from the fingers of the dead.

Off galloped Private Timm to his regiment, swinging aloft the French eagle—the most precious trophy of the whole war. There had been plenty of eagles captured from line regiments, but here was the first one taken from the Imperial Guard, and it had been taken in hand-to-hand fight on the battle-field.

Timm was the hero of the day. He was sent to Blücher, and Blücher sent him to the monarchs. He received all sorts of high medals and many compliments. As the allied sovereigns passed the golden bird from hand to hand, the Mecklenburg hussar remarked to his neighbor: "Now that I have tamed that bird of prey, it is not difficult to let him hop from one finger to another; yesterday I don't think these people would have cared to play with him."

Another Mecklenburg hussar pursued a French officer and called upon him to surrender. The answer came in the shape of a backhanded cut, which gave the hussar an ugly wound. But he still had strength enough to catch up with the Frenchman and give him one over the head that toppled him from his horse and made him beg for mercy. The hussar private at once dismounted, tore up his shirt for bandages, dressed his prisoner's wounds, and the prisoner did the same for his Mecklenburg captor. And all over this Leipzig plain were things done with equal incoherence—one moment two men madly seeking each to kill the other, the next trying each to heal the other's wounds.

XXII

BLÜCHER REACHES THE RHINE AFTER MUCH DIFFICULTY

"MARSCHALL VORWÄRTS!

"Leben soll in ew'ger Dauer
Dieser Name klar und hell,
Mehr als hiess er Herzog Jauer
Oder Fürst von Neufchâtel.

"Titel kann gar mancher haben!
Diesen Titel den wir gaben,
Marschall Vorwärts!
Theilt mit dir kein Kriegsgesell."

—Soldier Song.

BLÜCHER'S idea of winning a battle was not merely to drive the enemy from the field, but to chase him until he was demoralized and incapable of further resistance. His anger was hot, therefore, when he learned that Napoleon had, after all, slipped away, and that no serious attempt had been made to stop him. Schwarzenberg has been accused, with much plausibility, of having connived at his escape. Indeed, there is some ground for thinking that in these latter days the allied monarchs did not desire Napoleon's fall; they would have been rather embarrassed to know what to do with him had he been captured.* While the simple patriots of

* Hardenberg, the Prussian Prime-Minister, forbade the publication

Germany were giving their last groschen in order to fight the monster who had so cruelly oppressed them, the professionally polite diplomats were exchanging messages from court to court, and in these messages was little that could kindle enthusiasm in an honest German.*

Austria and Russia had not the slightest desire to see Prussia either free or strong. Both these countries regarded the German patriots as dangerous radicals who were attacking the foundations of old-fashioned monarchy, and they viewed with alarm a succession of victories which promised soon to make Prussia once more chief amongst the powers. Of course they kept their views very quiet while Napoleon was yet dangerous, and while Prussians bore the brunt of the hard fighting; but now that the common enemy was in full flight towards the Rhine, and that the allies had an armed strength of fully one million men, the bond of self-preservation was loosened, and once more selfish intrigues commenced.

Blücher was close upon the heels of Napoleon (on October 25th) when, to his amazement and sorrow, he received orders from headquarters which put an end to the chase, and so by the 3d of November Napoleon had crossed the Rhine in safety. However, of his 330,000 he saved barely 60,000, and those who did follow him carried a frightful amount of typhus germs, the result

of anything libellous against Napoleon, and the Berlin censor saw that his wishes in this respect were strictly followed.—Prussian State Archives.

* Lady Burghesh to her mother (Berlin, October 30, 1813): ". . . No ladies were now seen to ride in Berlin, as all superfluous horses have been sent by them to the armies. It is impossible not to catch an enthusiasm so general."

of privations of all kinds. His guards, whom he had carefully shielded from exposure, sank in number from 40,000 to 10,000. Had Blücher commanded the allied armies, or even the whole of the Prussian army, it is likely that the war for German liberty would have ended in November of 1813 with the complete destruction of the French army and the capture of its leader.

But all such speculation brings us back to such questions as these: Why did the Prussian King permit himself to be led by the other monarchs? why did he echo the orders of a Russian or an Austrian? why did he not place himself at the head of the German people, or at least his own Prussians, and loudly proclaim that this war was one in which Prussia must of right take the lead, as she had been the chief sufferer, and had been the first to bear the brunt of battle?

The King of Prussia looked on and saw that Austria was making treaties with Bavaria and Würtemberg, whose monarchs were the creatures of Napoleon, and whose troops had helped to lay Prussia waste. Austrian Metternich had less interest in fighting France than in checking the possible expansion of Prussia. The guns of Leipzig had hardly ceased booming when courtiers throughout Germany commenced spinning a web of diplomatic intrigue, whose purpose was to thwart the people in their hopes for a united fatherland. The petty sovereigns whose titles sprang from Napoleon were not only all forgiven—they were not even made to restore their dishonest gains. Under Austrian auspices treaties were made in November with Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Nassau, Saxe-Coburg, and many others, all after the pattern of the one with Bavaria. It was a league of some thirty petty monarchs,



united not with their people, but against them. It was a "trust" or combination for police purposes; a kingly confederation intended to protect many weak thrones from the possible consequences of political discontent amongst the people.

Napoleon's ambassador to certain little German courts had been captured in Gotha and brought to Weimar. This happened while Blücher was straining every muscle to reach the Rhine before the French. Metternich received the ambassador cordially, and assured him that the allies felt very kindly towards France, and wished only for peace.

They jogged together to Frankfort, where all the monarchs had assembled, and all the diplomatic agents. Here Metternich fortified his proposition by inducing the Russian and the English plenipotentiaries to unite with Austria in assuring the Frenchman that *nobody* wished to see the Napoleonic dynasty upset. *Nobody* referred, of course, to Blücher and Gneisenau and Stein.

On November 9th these diplomatic conspirators proposed peace to Napoleon on the condition, amongst many minor ones, that the Rhine be regarded as France's natural frontier. So here at the start Germany, after all her sacrifices, consented to surrender her right to regard the Rhine as a German stream. Had Napoleon accepted these conditions, it would have constituted his greatest political triumph—that a man flying with 50,000 beaten troops before an army of 500,000 should make terms by which he not only lost nothing, but actually held fast a large part of that which he had stolen from his neighbors.

But, fortunately for Europe, Napoleon was blinded by the gambler's passion, and persisted in repeating to his generals, "Next spring I shall be back again

with 250,000 men." On November 15th he received this peace proposal in Paris, and on the day following Maret, his diplomatic chief clerk, despatched to Metternich in Frankfort an answer which showed conclusively that Napoleon wanted time to arm, but not peace.

France had ceased to have a free press or a free deliberative assembly from the moment that Napoleon became her ruler.* Yet even in France much grumbling

* "Note pour M. le Rédacteur du *Journal de l'Aisne* [MS. circular for the French press, 1814, marked 'Confidentielle']:

"It is the desire of the Chief of Police that, independently of the official news taken from the *Moniteur*, the provincial papers should from time to time, and as frequently as possible, print articles from the standpoint of each particular 'Département,' the object of each being to strengthen the public sentiment, to excite enthusiasm, and to cultivate in all classes of citizens the feeling of devotion and patriotism.

"These articles should contain political reflections on the notable events in the reign of the Emperor; dwelling upon the magnanimity, moderation, generosity of His Majesty, who, when it would have been easy for him to unite to his empire vast states and to place upon his head new crowns, never ceased to offer peace to his conquered enemies, and never had in view any object but universal peace and the freedom of the seas. . . . In a word, treat of all subjects that are likely to awaken and sustain feelings of gratitude and love towards the sovereign; and also to make the people perceive that the general happiness depends upon the constancy with which we sustain the struggle against the allied powers; and that Frenchmen should begrudge no sacrifice in order to preserve to the nation not simply the integrity of its frontiers, but furthermore a proud and imposing attitude —the only means of attaining a substantial and lasting peace.

"One can easily see that subjects of this nature should not be treated directly, and that we are merely indicating the spirit in which the articles are to be written and the object to be held in view. Much circumspection must also be used in the choice of ideas to be presented; much caution in language; to avoid all awkward comparisons, all unpleasant allusions, or such as might produce a bad effect.

"Particular pains must be taken to dissipate all feelings of uneasi-

was heard when their Emperor returned completely beaten a second time. He offered his people no apologies, no regrets, no promises of a liberal constitution. At once he sent out orders for a new levy of 300,000 recruits, as though babies could become men as rapidly as soldiers were killed.

Blücher had been marching straight for the Rhine, after having been ordered away from the pursuit of Napoleon, and in two columns passed Dillenburg and Siegen, reaching Altenkirchen on November 11th. He had intended to cross the Rhine on November 15th near Mulheim. But again he was arrested in his *vorwärts* move by the peace diplomatists, and, for fear the old firebrand would carry his men into France on his own account, he was ordered to march to Frankfort, there to be watched by the allies.

To be sure, his men needed rest, for he had at that moment only about 36,000 men left out of the 100,000 with which he had commenced the campaign. Yorck's corps, which in August numbered 37,738, reached the Rhine only 11,515 strong. Out of 13,369 Landwehr, or volunteer militia, only 2164 reached the Rhine, and then

ness in regard to the situation, and, on the contrary, to inspire courage and confidence.

"For this purpose you might consult the other papers—particularly those edited under the eyes of the government—and copy from them the articles written in this spirit which can serve the purpose, in your judgment. But always give the preference, where possible, to particular local facts which are of more immediate interest to the inhabitants of your department.

"*Never print news that has not already appeared in the official papers.* The articles that you have prepared are to be submitted to the prefect [mayor or governor], who expects that the prudence and intelligence of the editor will see to it that these articles are conceived in the right spirit (*dans le véritable sens qui lui appartient*)." — Prussian War Archives.

in a most dilapidated condition. A walk from the Baltic to the Rhine is at no time of year an easy excursion, but a walk that commenced in July and ended at Christmas, that involved carrying about fifty pounds of baggage on the back, going ragged and barefooted most of the way, starting with summer clothing and never getting a change for winter, tramping much of the time on an empty belly, and sleeping many nights in the cold and the wet—these are the details of soldier life that are not realized by many, even by those who camp out for a few warm nights at Aldershot or Peekskill. The dangers of war are greater in camp than on the battle-field; more soldiers are killed by bad food, exposure, and disease than by the bullets of the enemy. German chronicles tell us that in the various hospitals of that year the mortality ranged between twenty-five and fifty out of every hundred sick.

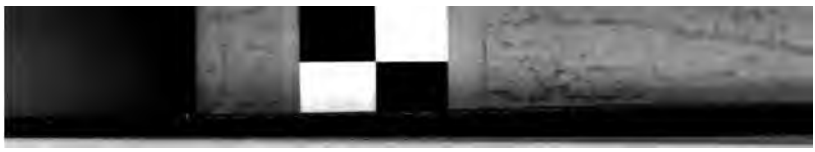
And yet, while German liberty was being traded away by Metternich and Company for purely dynastic advantages, the little hamlets of Brandenburg and Pomerania kept on sending to the front what they could spare for their fathers and brothers under arms, so that the ravages of the last month's fighting might be made good.

Stein felt very indignant when the allies commenced to parley with Napoleon instead of demanding his surrender. He had come with the Russian Czar, intrusted by that monarch with the task of providing temporary administration of law in those German lands which were successively occupied by the allied armies. We remember him as having first given to Prussia the laws that made her a great power, and as having been driven from office by order of Napoleon in 1808. Now was a time for the Prussian King to take him back into his service, but Frederick William preferred the courtly Hardenberg.



CAUB, WHERE BLÜCHER CROSSED THE RHINE





Stein was doing a great work for Germany, though not one so full of dramatic situations as that of a commanding general. When, however, in Frankfort, he learned that his master, the Russian Czar, instead of pressing on to Paris, talked of terms with the Corsican invader, he forgot the little court polish he had ever had, and roundly took his Muscovite Majesty to task for breaking his word. He accused him of seeking to perpetuate small kingdoms in Germany instead of seeking to found a great German Empire.

"But," pleaded Alexander, piteously, "I must have a lot of small states in Germany and a lot of royal dynasties. Otherwise how shall I be able to have suitable marriages for all my Russian grand-dukes and grand-duchesses?"

"Of course—I apologize," answered Stein, with flaming eyes. "How could I suspect that your Majesty wished to make of Germany a Russian stud-farm!"

At any rate, Stein put an end to the peace-at-any-price party in Frankfort—in fact, his name was discussed at the mess-tables of German regiments as that of a possible first Emperor of Germany. The idea of German unity and a German empire was in the hearts of the German soldiers of 1813. This feeling was revived fifty-eight years later; but in 1870 there was a soldier King on the Prussian throne and a real Crown-Prince — the beloved Unser Fritz, who first put this idea into practical political form, and forced a Prussian Prime-Minister to follow in the great popular movement that finally crowned William I. at Versailles.

On the 1st of December the patriots of Germany once more looked happy—war began again, and Paris was made the goal. On the eve of the new year, 1814, Blücher crossed the Rhine at Caub, where still stands

the old castle in mid-stream from which the pontoons were stretched to either bank. It was a momentous night for Germany when Blücher led his 50,000 into the enemy's country. He was the first to break the way, and every one who knows the old soldier knows that he was bound to keep ahead of all the rest and do more fighting than any one else. The Rhine is now a stream of pleasure where luxurious steamers provide fine wines and long tables-d'hôte to the passengers who sit on deck and admire the passing landscape. Let us trust that when they pass the grim old castle of Caub they feel the spirit of brave old Blücher hovering about its ancient walls, and are grateful to the gallant old man who here broke the path in which might tread the future armies of united Germany.

XXIII

HOW GERMAN LIBERTY FARED BETWEEN THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG AND NEW-YEAR'S-DAY OF 1814

"Soll die Sache guht Fuehr die Menschheit werden, so müssen wihr nach Pariss. Dohrt Können unsre Monarchen einen guhten Friden schliessen, ich darf sagen Dictiren.

"Der Tiran hat alle Hauptstätte besucht, geplündert und bestohlen, wihr wollen uns so wass nicht schuldig machen, aber unsre Ehre Fordert dass Vergeltungsrecht, ihm in seinem neste zu besuchen."—Blücher to a friend in January of 1814. (The general's original spelling is preserved.)

On October 18, 1813, Napoleon lost the battle of Leipzig. His army of 300,000 had dwindled to 50,000, and with these he hurried back to France. In 1812 he invaded Russia with 500,000, of which scarce 50,000 had returned. These are dry but deadly figures—terrible tales—made up of hundreds and thousands of suffering men dragged to war—for what? In 1812 to conquer Russia; in 1813 to conquer Prussia. In these two campaigns Napoleon had wasted hundreds of thousands of lives; destroyed the happiness of families too many to enumerate; laid waste flourishing towns and villages —and the reader naturally asks, what was it all about? There is no answer we can give that would satisfy a reasonable man. The French people had made Napoleon their Dictator, and glory their god. The Dictator had made them drunk with glory, and they put no check upon him. After Moscow he told them that his

campaign had been one of victory, but that the winter had been phenomenal. After Leipzig he published bulletins equally false; but Leipzig was not so far from Paris as Moscow, and even Parisians began to wonder how it was that Napoleon could be constantly winning battles, yet returning from these battles with nothing to show but horrible losses. On December 19th he was once more in Paris, seated on his throne, his hat on his head. At his feet were the grandees of his court, whom he chose to call senators, counsellors, representatives of departments, and other names which sounded liberal in the ears of his people. In fact, they were merely called together because he wanted to raise 300,000 more men, and that while persuading the people that he was supported by the vote of a constitutional popular assembly; for Napoleon's prime maxim was to employ the forms of freedom in carrying out measures wholly despotic.

He addressed his dummy legislators with the words, "Brilliant victories have glorified French arms in this campaign"; and he amplified this text by attempting to prove to them that he would have beaten the allies everywhere had not treachery undermined his power. No doubt this referred to the few hundreds of Saxons and Würtembergers who deserted the French at Leipzig, after it had become clear that the cause of Germany was the winning one.

Strange to say, there was found in this Napoleonic Assembly one man brave enough to dare the vengeance of his master by protesting against continuing the war. He made an eloquent speech, describing the misery of France and her great need of peace. A vote was taken, and it appeared that the majority desired Napoleon to put an end to this ruinous war. At such unexpected

language Napoleon became very angry. He dismissed the Assembly, and put a guard of soldiers before the gate to prevent more such votes. Then he called them to him and accused them of cowardice and treachery.

Of course the French newspapers did not dare notice this episode, for Napoleon allowed nothing in print that did not pass through the hands of his censor; and the police of Paris allowed no mass-meetings excepting such as shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Thus much for France after Leipzig. But were the sovereigns of the allied powers any more generous towards their subject people? *

* The Prussian archives contain instructions to the censors scarcely less opposed to liberty than those of Napoleon. For instance:

"SCHLOSS PEILAU, den 18. Juni, 1813.

"An den Magistrat zu Breslau: Die während der Anwesenheit der französischen Truppen in Breslau ausgegebene Zeitung hat das Missfallen Sr. Majestät des Königs und den Unwillen des gutgesinnten Publikums dermassen erregt, dass die fernere Redaction und Herausgabe einer politischen Zeitung in Breslau für jetzt nicht gestattet werden kann. Der Magistrat hat dies der Korn'schen Zeitungs-Expedition zu eröffnen, und dem Buchhändler Korn, falls er dort anwesend sein sollte, zu überlassen, sich in der Nähe des Hauptquartiers der vereinigten Armeen aufzuhalten und hier seine Zeitung zu redigiren.

"Der Magistrat ist für die Einstellung der Breslauschen politischen Zeitung verantwortlich.

"HARDENBERG.

"Dem Herrn Regierungs-Präsidenten Merckel, Abschrift zur Nachricht."

"SCHLOSS PEILAU, den 1. Juli, 1813.

"An den Magistrat zu Breslau die Herausgabe der dasigen Zeitung betr.

"(*Schleunigst.*) Am 18. v. M. ist zwar dem Buchhändler Korn überlassen worden, während des Waffenstillstandes seine Zeitung in der Nähe des Hauptquartiers der vereinigten Armeen herauszugeben; da derselbe aber die Inconvenienzen mündlich auseinandergesetzt hat, die für ihn, mit einem solchen, nur auf kurze Zeit berechneten Ar-

Poor sandy Prussia, with a population of only 5,000,000, "placed of its own free will (*freywillig*) at the service of its King 135,007 Landwehr militia; amongst these, 13,412 horse. And besides all these were the volunteer (Lützow Corps) riflemen and two volunteer cavalry regiments (*National-Cavalerie*), all equipped and mounted at their own expense. Is not this an evidence of loyalty and devotion rare in the annals of any country?"

These are the words not of a radical enthusiast, but of a Prussian official, General von Boyen (vol. iii., p. 94), whose memoirs on this subject are the most precious that have come down to us.

The volunteers decided the day at Leipzig, and they were the men who could be relied upon when there was hard marching to be done, and hard fare and hard fighting as well. General von Boyen named many conspicuous civilians who had risen to be officers of distinction, and gave much praise to regiments commanded largely by civilians. He was himself a professional soldier, and did not mean that a citizen soldier was better than one brought up to the trade. But he has given us the proof that in times of great national danger the state can make use of every man with sound organs, and that no one class of the community need arrogate to itself

rangement, unvermeidlich verknüpft sein würden; so ist die Einrichtung getroffen worden, dass gedachte Zeitung zwar noch wie vor in Breslau gedruckt, das dazu nöthige Imprimatur aber jedesmal hier eingeholt werden soll.

"An den Herrn Buchhändler W. S. Korn in Breslau.

"Hiervon Abschrift auf seine Eingabe vom 29. v. M. unter Zurücksendung der mit eingereichten Beilage. "HARDENBERG.

"An den K. G. C. Commissarius und Präsidenten Herrn Merckel, Hochwohlgeb. in Frankenstein, hiervon Abschrift."

the pretence of being the only one fit to make good officers.

At any rate, in the march from Berlin to Paris, in the years 1813 and 1814, the Landwehr men did more than their full share of the work; and this work was cheerfully done, because the German volunteers believed that they were fighting for a united Fatherland under the headship of the German Emperor.

They chased Napoleon to the Rhine and kept well upon his flanks; but the Austrians lagged behind, and the commander-in-chief, Schwarzenberg, found excuses for delay —so that he took fourteen days to march his main army to Frankfort, where he arrived on November 4th.

Frankfort is famous not merely as the place where the old German emperors used to be crowned, but also as furnishing excellent sausage and all sorts of good cookery. The allied monarchs therefore called a halt here, and the diplomatic officials who were in their train commenced once more to see if they could not stop Blücher's forward march by negotiating with Napoleon independently of cannon and muskets. They had come to Frankfort by way of Jena and Erfurt and Weimar—places that may have made them shudder as their thoughts went back to the year 1806. Indeed, there had been fear lest Napoleon should make a grand stand on the heights of Jena, in order once more to try the chances of battle on this field that had been so lucky for him when he first passed this way in this same October seven years before. He did stop two days in Erfurt, as though to show his contempt for Schwarzenberg's generalship, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of sleeping in the same apartments that he had occupied when in 1808 he had here entertained Alexander and half the crowned heads of Europe; when he had promised his pet actor "a parterre of kings." In

1808 Napoleon had reviewed his victorious regiments returning from Friedland and Tilsit; now he lost his temper and exploded into indecent abuse of the wretched disorganized rabble that passed him on their way from Leipzig. "*Mais ce sont des Coujous—ils s'en vont au diable!*" exclaimed he. But to his generals he repeated what he had promised the King of Saxony: "In May I shall be back again with 250,000 men!"

This King of Saxony, deserted by Napoleon and by most of his people, was bundled into a coach and driven to Berlin as prisoner of war. He had a very tedious journey, for we are told that the fourteen miles between Potsdam and Berlin cost him fourteen hours — an eloquent indication of how bad roads could be in the year 1813.

Of course the reader by this time feels that he has reached the end of this story; that Saxony has been absorbed by Prussia, and Napoleon captured; for what could have been more easy and reasonable? Napoleon was pursued by an army of 100,000 behind him; Blücher's 50,000 heading him off on his right, and another of 50,000 on his left lying in wait for him near Hanau, on the Main, a little eastward of Frankfort. It seemed as though the crossing of the Beresina was to be repeated and that only a miracle could save the flying 50,000 of Napoleon from being wholly cut off by these 200,000 pursuers. And here, as at the Beresina, bad generalship on the part of the allies gave Napoleon a free road. Blücher was called off by Schwarzenberg, the general-in-chief; the main army lagged wofully in the rear, and the army of 50,000 that was to intercept at Hanau received a good thrashing by Napoleon, for it was commanded by a Bavarian of small talents named Wrede.*

* Wrede, after the fashion of the French marshals, on leaving the

This Wrede had, a few days before, led his Napoleonic Bavarians against their fellow-Germans. Now he was leading them against his former master and benefactor, the French Emperor. Thus rapidly was the fortune of war changing the plans of campaign. But let us not for a moment imagine that the King of Bavaria joined the German cause because he loved the Prussians or the people of Germany. He was converted to the good cause by Austria, and the reason of his conversion was that Austria promised to guarantee the stability of his throne and all the good things he had acquired through the favor of Napoleon. Napoleon had purchased the support of Bavaria by raising her Prince to the rank of a King. He had purchased Würtemberg by the same means, and he had, besides, enriched them by spoils taken from German neighbors. The Kings of Bavaria, of Saxony, and of Würtemberg had forced their people and soldiers to fight under Napoleon against their own fellow-countrymen; and they had done their best to crush the spirit of German liberty that broke out about them. These monarchs, and others like them, were the chief obstacles to German unity—the chief enemies to the progress of Prussia. When their French protector was chased to the Rhine and they saw themselves exposed to the resentment of their own people, as well as that of the allied armies, they hastened to make the best terms they could—not with Prussia, but with Austria. They knew that

castle of Oels ordered all the silver of his host (spoons, plates, etc.) packed up with his baggage and carted off. The poor castle janitor could not prevent this, but begged the Bavarian commander at least to free him from suspicion by signing a receipt for the stolen goods. This Wrede did, and Stein had the pleasure of causing it all to be paid back in the following year—on the strength of Wrede's naïve paper. —Arndt, p. 201.

Austria was jealous of Prussia, and Metternich was but too glad to ally himself with any number of small South German states for the sake of forming a federation hostile to Protestant Germany. Austria feared nothing so much as a united Germany, which he knew would aggrandize Prussia. Metternich accordingly made separate treaties with Bavaria, Würtemberg, and others, promising them their complete sovereignty under the allies. He went further, and promised them that Austria would help them in case they had domestic revolutions or in case any states tried to interfere with the sacred rights of the sovereigns.

The ragged volunteers who tramped towards the Rhine in mud and snow knew nothing of these bargains —so they suffered and sang their songs of German unity, believing that all would be made right when they had once forced Napoleon from the throne.

It was at Braunau, on the beautiful river Inn, that Austria and Bavaria made their anti-German compact. The crime which in 1813 Bavaria committed against German liberty was scarcely less than that which Napoleon committed there in the summer of 1806 on the innocent Palm.

All these bargains between Austria and the South German states were made in secret and without consulting the party most interested—that is, Prussia. Hardenberg was then Prime-Minister, but he suffered all these things to be done with as much equanimity as if he were merely his master's clerk, and not a responsible adviser. Stein, the rugged and incorruptible, worked with the whole energy of his nature to carry out the scheme for German emancipation as it had been originally adopted by Alexander of Russia, and wherever he took charge of territories evacuated by the French it

was to reorganize them on a broad basis of national and local self-government in the spirit of the Prussian laws he had framed in 1807. But his Muscovite master commenced to think less and less of German liberty as he approached the Rhine, and, indeed, Stein should have appreciated from the beginning that a Muscovite Emperor was a strange partner in the business of liberating Europe.

It was one of Stein's duties to organize a national German army made up of the little military contingents which had heretofore fought under Napoleon against Prussia. Here was the nucleus of the great German army of the future, thought the patriot. It was determined that the several petty states should collectively raise 145,000 men and put them in the field before the end of the year, in order that they might co-operate with the rest of Germany in compelling the Corsican to make speedy terms. It was indeed a grand conception, and one heartily seconded by the plain people. German unity seemed almost a fact when the law was passed which brought into the ranks men from every little state all over the great fatherland—at least so thought Stein and the patriots. But the princes of Germany thought otherwise. The Hessian ruler objected; the Würtemberg King even threatened to throw into prison the commissioner of the allies. Stein fumed and threatened, but found that his authority was being undermined by the men who should have been his main support—Hardenberg and Metternich.* Hardenberg was jealous of his

* Stein referred to Hardenberg as the "profligate" (*liederlich*). "What sort of an example does this enervated, conceited old sinner set to a respectable court? How can a spark of vigor and strength survive in such an old, white-haired whoremonger and profligate? Where are you to look for a firm grip (*die Klemme*) upon the will

popularity; Metternich considered him a dangerous democrat.

The Hessian ruler no sooner came back to power (November 21, 1813) than he at once reversed all that the Napoleonic Jerome had done in the way of liberal legislation, and revived the feudal system, along with the eighteen-inch queue to the soldiers' hair. The Hanoverian ruler at once restored the old abuses, such as indiscriminate flogging in the army. And so on through the petty courts. Instead of hastening into the field with volunteer troops and promising their people all the reforms which had proved beneficial in Prussia, they did what they could to revive the hopes of Napoleon, first by thwarting the efforts of Stein, and, secondly, by rousing discontent amongst their patient subjects.

When, for instance, the King of Würtemberg heard at dinner that the Bavarian General Wrede had been soundly thrashed at Hanau, he ordered the best champagne from the cellar, and called upon his guests to drink "Good luck to the arms of Napoleon the Invincible!" And thus while the ragged Landwehr and Landsturm of Blücher and Gneisenau were pushing forward through snow and mud, the princes of Germany were for the most part giving comfort to their country's enemy. The soldiers of Germany sang of liberty and unity; their princes looked upon liberty and unity as inventions of the devil. Blücher and Stein kept up the spirits of the marching regiments by promising them a new fatherland, united and free; the princes of Germany mean-

and character?"—Stein's language quoted by Arndt, *Wanderungen*, p. 234.

Arndt's opinion of Hardenberg: "He was not merely a *vir uxorius*, he was a *vir muliebris:* woman had too much power over this noble, handsome man."—Arndt, p. 234.

while were bargaining with Austria for the means of suppressing any movement towards constitutional liberty. The people of Germany shouldered their muskets that they might at last pay back some of the many outrages they had suffered at French hands, and at least recover a small part of what had been stolen from their fields, their homes, and their national museums.

But all these purposes of patriotic Germans were foreign to the minds of the allied sovereigns and the petty princes who now once more came to have a voice. On December 1, 1813, the patriots of Germany were amazed by a proclamation of the allied powers, which calmly stated that this war was not against France, but against Napoleon, and that instead of having any ill-will against France, all that the allies wished was to see her "great and strong and happy." This, then, was the object for which rude peasants on the Oder and the Elbe had left their homes and shed their blood! They had been recruited in the name of outraged German liberty—they were to look out over the Rhine at the retreating enemy —and be satisfied to return as beggars to their far-away cabins. Napoleon had fattened his armies for seven years at the expense of Prussia; and now that the day of reckoning had come Prussians were told that they must not collect their bill, because, forsooth, Germans had no quarrel with France—only with Napoleon!

Frederick William III. was well duped by the Czar on the Memel in 1807. It looked as though he might be duped yet more completely by Kaiser Franz on the Rhine in 1813.

XXIV

THE ARMY OF LIBERATION REACHES PARIS

"'Twas on the Rhine the armies lay:
To France or not? Is't yea or nay?
They pondered long and pondered well.
At length old Blücher broke the spell.
'Bring here the map to me!
The road to France is straight and free.
Where is the foe?' 'The foe? Why, here!'
'We'll beat him! Forwards! Never fear!
Say, where lies Paris?' 'Paris? Here!'
'We'll take it! Forwards! Never fear!
So throw the bridge across the Rhine.
Methinks the Frenchman's sparkling wine
Will taste the best where grows the vine!'"

—"Blücher am Rhein," by August Kopisch (1799–1853).

BLÜCHER had one toast which he and his army of liberty drank with particular gusto.* It was short but comprehensive, and referred to Napoleon: "*'Runter muss der Kerl*"—"The fellow must come down." Without the slightest training in politics or diplomacy, the old hussar reached correct conclusions much more rapidly than any of the many so-called statesmen who followed in the rear of the allied armies. Hardenberg and Metternich and Castlereagh exerted their powers to keep

* "He [Blücher] is the picture of a fine old hero. The worst is he speaks very little French, and I have not learned any German."—Burghesh letter, December 10, 1813.

Napoleon on the throne by persistently maintaining diplomatic intercourse with him, and offering him conditions of peace which only a Napoleon would have rejected. Metternich and Kaiser Franz kept up a secret correspondence with Napoleon in the hopes of inducing him to be reasonable and to make peace on terms that should be particularly favorable to Austria. As the daughter of Kaiser Franz was married to the French Emperor, it was obvious that the father-in-law could not very ardently desire that his son-in-law be driven from the throne.

This double-dealing on the part of Metternich and his master explains why the main Austrian army was always lagging behind, and why Blücher was often exposed alone to the fury of the enemy. Schwarzenberg, the chief commander, was no great general, it is true; but in this march from Leipzig to Paris he was frequently suspected of cowardice, or worse, by those who did not know that his strange inactivity was forced upon him by the devious Metternich speaking for the Kaiser Franz, his master. Fortunately for Germans, Napoleon was blinded by what he regarded as his star—what we would rather call his gambler's courage. He knew that the allies had crossed the Rhine with some 250,000 men, and that he commanded only 150,000; but he persisted in believing that the "luck" might turn, that the allies might quarrel, that something would happen to prove his invincibility.

But this much we are concerned to remember, that the allied monarchs were decidedly opposed to crossing the Rhine until after much diplomatic discussion had made it clear that Napoleon totally rejected the idea of an honorable peace.* Had Blücher followed close on Napo-

* Lady Burghesh to her mother (Chatillon, February 17, 1814):

leon's heels in the first week of November, 1813, he would have dressed his Christmas tree in the Tuileries, and his ragged volunteers would have greeted the new year from within the walls of Paris. But rather than dwell upon the "might have beens," let us remember that for such progress as was made after Leipzig we must thank, above all others, Blücher and Gneisenau and Stein.

These three men worked in hearty union, and together they exerted great influence upon the young Russian Czar, who, in his turn, influenced the King of Prussia.* For, as we have already abundantly seen, there was on the side of the allies no commander-in-chief in the true sense of that term. Schwarzenberg enjoyed the title, but little else. Kaiser Franz gave him orders, so did the Czar of Russia. And if Blücher got an order from Schwarzenberg which he very much disliked, he either got the Russian Czar to countermand it, or else in some other way managed to free himself and go forward.

The allies entered Paris on the last day of March, 1814. The battle of Leipzig was decided on October 18, 1813. Between these two dates comes New-year's eve, when Blücher was rowed across the Rhine in the midst of floating ice. This passage of the Rhine by Blücher was successful in every respect, and in its importance to

"The plenipotentiaries spend their lives in giving great dinners to each other, and gorge so effectually that two or three have fallen ill from the effects of their intemperance."

* "Europe owed the fall of Napoleon wholly to Alexander, to Stein, and to the two Prussian heroes, Gneisenau and Blücher. . . . But only as far as the walls of Paris did the Czar Alexander remain sound. Once in Paris, the Alexander of Stein became unsound and divided. From the smooth and tricky elements of his Franco-Russian nature and education there cropped up a something in violent contrast to the nature of Stein."—Arndt, *Meine Wanderungen mit Stein*, p. 216.



BLÜCHER'S PASSAGE ACROSS THE RHINE



the cause he represented can be compared only to that memorable crossing of the Delaware on Christmas eve of 1776, when General Washington, with only 2400 Americans, captured Trenton, routed the German troops who drew English pay, took 1000 prisoners, and returned unmolested to the other side. The force of Washington was, to be sure, small in numbers compared with the vast armies moving upon the European field, but in his power to command the respect of the enemy Blücher had a worthy forerunner in the great American.

Interesting, too, it is for us to note that it was on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, February 22, 1814, that Blücher wrote to the Russian Czar thanking him most warmly for permission, finally, to go ahead "*offensive*," while the rest of the allies were trying to hold him back. This letter of his did much to cheer up the faint hearts at headquarters, and to determine the allied monarchs to press on and make peace only at Paris. "I shall press on to Paris," wrote Blücher. "I am afraid neither of Napoleon nor his marshals." This was not boasting on Blücher's part. It made the other armies feel ashamed of their slowness when Blücher alone marched ahead to bear the brunt of the hardest blows.

There was much hard fighting between the Rhine and Paris. The roads were thick with mud or ice, or a mixture of the two, and men suffered severely. Boots and clothing were worn out, and the supplies could not follow fast enough. The men did what they could for themselves, and many a Prussian volunteer was forced to clothe his nakedness by taking from a dead enemy. The Prussian leaders set an example of good behavior to their men by carefully shielding private property, and scrupulously paying for such things as they had to use. But under the demoralization incident to forced marches

and constant fighting, all considerations finally yielded to the prime one of self-preservation; and Prussians commenced to pray for peace if only to prevent their sons and brothers from reverting to barbarism. A long campaign is apt to rouse in the best of men the natural predatory tastes, and soldiers cannot long resist the temptation of taking by force whatever they need. No army ever marched across Europe with a higher standard of living and thinking than the Prussian volunteers, who fell upon their knees in prayer before leaving Breslau in the spring of 1813. So long as their campaigning was amidst their fellow-Germans in the rich plains of Saxony or through the happy valleys of Thuringia, nothing was needed to remind them of the sacred cause for which they carried a musket.

But when the days grew short and the nights cold; when the people they marched amongst no longer offered them refreshments; when they reached their camp late and had to start again early; when food became scarce and peasants became surly—then, and not till then, did the soldiers of Blücher make the French feel the burdens of an invading army. On halting for the night's camp, soldiers must have food to cook and fire to cook it with; and with this object men were detailed to the nearest villages to get what was necessary—and only what was necessary. But houses had to be searched when their owners were suspected of having concealed their food, and often fuel could be obtained only by carrying away the rafters of houses. Fifty thousand hungry men make an impressive hole in the stores of any town, and Blücher's troops soon became expert in the art of obtaining supplies. Severe penalties were threatened to such as plundered wantonly or ill-treated the inhabitants, and to the credit of Germans be it recorded that their behavior in

France was markedly mild compared with the behavior of Napoleon's men in Prussia. Blücher's men foraged for necessities; Napoleon after conquering Prussia plundered it without any plea of necessity.

On arriving before Paris, on the 29th of March, the first care of the allies was to send soothing messages to the authorities, assuring them that they had no ill feeling against Frenchmen — that their quarrel was solely with Napoleon, and that they should spare Paris the inconvenience of having troops quartered upon them. So the poor Prussians, who remembered bitterly the years of oppression in which French troops had played the master in the cities of their fatherland, now camped in the mud, in order to spare the feelings of the French capital. Nor was this all—the allies still further showed their desire to please Frenchmen by ordering that only a few troops should march into Paris, and not the great body of them. So again the people were cheated of their reward; the men who had followed Blücher in snow and ice from the Baltic to the Seine arrived on the heights of Montmartre only to be met with the official order that they must stay outside of Paris, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of their conquered enemy. No such feeling had withheld the French from marching in triumph down the Linden Avenue of Berlin in 1806; no, nor from stealing the great chariot of Victory with the four bronze horses which ornamented its top.

The King of Prussia had at least the courage to demand this back again, and his allies graciously consented. So that when, on the 7th of August, 1814, Frederick William III. led back into Berlin his victorious troops, they had the satisfaction of seeing above them once more the bronze chariot with the four horses, and the figure of Victory bearing aloft a wreath encircling the "Iron

Cross." The Prussians did not bring back from France the money which had been forced from them, nor the treasures of art stolen from their palaces and museums. They did not bring back a united Germany or the liberty of which they sang in the sunny Easter days of 1813. They did not even bring back Strasburg.

The Prussians came back from Paris ragged and poor as they went. They had fought for the citizen's ideals—country and liberty; they had secured neither. But perhaps it was on this account that they cherished so passionately then, and still do to-day, the four-horsed bronze chariot over their majestic Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. It symbolizes to the people of Germany their great period of suffering and struggling—of defeat and disaster crowned finally by a victory the fruit of which was yet to be plucked.

XXV

THE GERMAN ARMY GOES HOME EMPTY-HANDED FROM PARIS

"To be sure, the main purpose had been achieved; Napoleon had fallen. . . . But the ancient Germany of 1600, with Alsace and Lorraine, . . . was not won back. . . ."—Ernst Moritz Arndt, *Wanderungen*, p. 215.

Paris is at no time of the year more attractive to strangers than in the months of April and May, and at no time in its history were these two months so profitable to the Parisians as in the year 1814, between March 31st, when the allied monarchs made their entry, and May 30th, when a general peace was signed. England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia had together required all the resources of their people to force back the armies of France, which for twenty years had been on the "war-path." Of these four countries, Prussia had done the most, not merely relatively, but absolutely. Her soldiers had done the most fighting, and her generals had shown themselves worthy of the men they commanded. The army of Blücher arrived under the walls of Paris bearing the inevitable scars of a hard winter campaign. Many of his artillery wagons had wheels taken from peasants' carts; their harness was mended with cords; the horses looked like spectres; his men had not known razors or shears for many weeks, and their long hair and shaggy beards made them look like very rough fellows; their clothes had been patched with every variety of color and ma-

terial; shoes were scarce, and the men had done their best by improvising moccasins out of pieces of carpet or any other stuff that could be procured. The men who came back from the battle-fields of 1866 and 1870 looked very tidy, indeed, compared with the men of Blücher after fighting their way from Leipzig to Paris.*

But there were no murmurs in the ranks; everything was cheerfully borne, because each said to the other, "To-morrow we shall march into Paris." So they hastened to do what they could in the toilet way prior to the great triumphal entry they so fondly anticipated.

On the 29th of March the King of Prussia came to look at his brave men, who were drawn up on both sides of the road before Paris. They received him with hearty cheers. Frederick William had spent his time during this campaign with the Austrian main army under Schwarzenberg, and this therefore was the first time that he came in contact with the men who had paved his way to Paris. They expected, of course, words of praise from their beloved monarch; but they got something else—at least, General Yorck did. The King rode up to the head of the column commanded by that general, looked at the tattered warriors, and remarked, "They look badly—dirty fellows!"

* A Landsturm decree of Napoleon, dated March 5, 1814, rather tardily ordered all French citizens to rise, take up arms, and harass the enemy in every way, promising "That every citizen of France captured and put to death by the enemy shall be avenged on the spot by the death of a prisoner of the enemy, as reprisal." A second decree dated same day (both are printed March 8th in the "feuille de l'Empire") rebuked the officials who sought to restrain the peasants' zeal: "All mayors, public officials, and inhabitants who, instead of stimulating the patriotic excitement of the people, seek to allay it, or discourage the citizens from lawful resistance, shall be deemed traitors and treated as such."—General Staff Archives, Berlin.



GENERAL YORCK AND FREDERICK WILLIAM CANNOT AGREE ABOUT THE LOOKS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY



These words the King addressed to General Yorck; nor did he trouble himself to see the rest of this gallant army. He turned his horse abruptly and rode away. General Yorck at once commanded "Right about!" and marched his men back to camp. This, then, was his reward for staking his honor and his life in the service of his country — to be publicly reproved at the close of a campaign which had made his King the master of Paris, when only twelve months ago that King was Napoleon's dependant!

Blücher's gallant men were not allowed to share in the triumphs of March 31st—to march through the boulevards and flaunt their rags and battle-flags in the Champs-Élysées, as the Frenchmen had under the Lindens in 1806. The only troops allowed to enter the capital in triumph were the so-called "Guard" regiments, troops particularly selected for their good appearance on the parade-ground. These troops were always kept near the person of the monarch, and were favored in many ways. It seemed very hard to the volunteers of Blücher that these favored Guards should be allowed the glories of the day merely because their uniforms were more showy. Indeed, had the Guards done as much hard fighting as the men of Blücher there would have been little to distinguish their respective uniforms.

So the soldiers who had done the hardest fighting stayed outside in the mud, while 30,000 of the Guards of all nations tramped through the Barrière de Pantin in the midst of a multitude of welcoming Parisians, who cheered and waved handkerchiefs, just as they had done so often before when Napoleon had returned from abroad. Never before had an army of invasion been received so affectionately by the capital of a conquered country. It seemed as though every man and woman in Paris had conspired

to disarm their enemies by heaping upon them such flattering attentions as only Frenchmen can successfully bestow. It was in these days that Parisians spoke of "our friends, the enemy." Instead of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" the city resounded with cries of "*Vivent les Alliés!*" "*Vive Alexandre!*" "*Vivent nos Libérateurs!*" There was not much cheering for Prussia, though all strained their necks for a peep at Blücher, whom they regarded as another Attila—a savage given to plunder and murder. But the blunt old hussar preferred to remain outside in the mud with his dear "children"—his "*Kinder*"—as he called his ragged soldiers, rather than enjoy the triumphs of the day with the more showy Guards. He gave as an excuse that his health was impaired, and under ordinary circumstances this excuse would have been sufficient.

Blücher was the man whom all wanted to stare at as the incarnation of German vengeance; but in his absence the real hero of the day was Alexander. Women crowded to kiss his hand, his boots, the tail of his horse —anything within reach. He was young and good-looking; and on this day no barriers were placed between him and the thousands of pretty Parisiennes who clamored to win his heart. This day was high carnival for the class of Paris women whose vivacious manners and costly dressing were the sole visible means by which they subsisted—whom Béranger once entitled "*ces demoiselles.*" These ephemeral creatures of the "half-world" passed in the eyes of the bronzed and battered warriors from the North as ladies of high position carried away by enthusiasm; and when it was seen how affable could be the Czar under their engaging pressure, it could not be expected that his followers would be less gallant. A warm-hearted colonel in the suite of the monarchs invited one of the admiring "demoiselles" to come up

into the saddle with him—and she did, with the help of some equally gallant warriors on foot. Other gallant warriors on horseback found the same need of practising their French in this eminently sociable manner, and thus it came about that when the monarchs of Russia and Prussia halted at the beginning of the Champs-Élysées to pass their men in review, they were saluted from the saddle not merely by their respective soldiers, but by a large proportion of the pretty girls of the town. There was a suggestion of the Rape of the Sabines in this pretty picture—at least to Schwarzenberg. It was an ominous love-feast to Prussia.

Frederick William entered as a conqueror, it is true, and by his side rode young Prince William, who was destined in 1871 to be crowned in Versailles as first German Emperor; but the Prussian King was as shy and unassuming in the height of his triumph as he had been at Königsberg or Tilsit when bankruptcy and exile stared him in the face. The young Czar had become accustomed to make propositions, and the Prussian King had acquired the habit of nodding assent. So long had Frederick William practised this habit that by the time he arrived in Paris he had apparently forgotten that his ragged army had come so far in order to finish a fight between France and Germany. He had lived so long in the neighborhood of diplomatic "trimmers" like Hardenberg and Metternich that he apparently saw nothing strange in coming to Paris and rejoicing with the Parisians before peace had been signed or his just claims recognized.

As soon as Alexander could slip away from the grand review he hurried on foot to the house of Talleyrand,*

* Pasquier deliberately accused Talleyrand of having sold the in-

who from this moment became the virtual ruler of France. Talleyrand had drawn up the Treaty of Tilsit, which nearly broke the heart of the sweet Queen Luise; and in this treaty, as we all remember, it was provided that Russia and France should divide the whole world, more or less, between them. In 1808 Talleyrand had cheated Napoleon during the celebrated conference at Erfurt, and had shown particular zeal in the cause of Alexander. Napoleon had accused Talleyrand of accepting bribes, and this accusation, like most accusations of the kind, was not easy to disprove. At any rate, it is of no great consequence here, for in those days diplomatists were deemed liars by profession, and liars are often prone to become false in other respects.

Talleyrand and the minister had everything arranged before the Czar arrived. The Frenchman had offered to throw overboard Napoleon and his dynasty; the Russian, on his side, had promised to treat France not as a conquered country, but as a new ally. Nothing was said about recalling the Bourbons to the throne, but all knew that no other solution was possible. The French Senate, which had been the most subservient of Napoleon's organs for the purpose of passing despotic laws, now turned against its former master and pronounced in fa-

terests of Napoleon to Russia and Austria—"Il a nettement trahi Napoléon à Erfurt."—Vol. i., p. 338.

In 1809 Napoleon addressed these words to the face of his chief minister: "You are a thief, a coward, a liar. . . . All your life you have betrayed your trusts; you have deceived and betrayed every one, . . ." etc. The harangue lasted a half-hour, and consisted of similar abuse, to all of which Talleyrand listened "without moving an eyelash, without a single word of answer." This unique behavior was in the presence of witnesses, and is without parallel in history. Talleyrand stooped to conquer—he survived Napoleon.—Pasquier, i., 358.

vor of Louis XVIII. It was a pitiful picture of how weak and dishonest men can be when they have been long accustomed to tyranny.

On the night of March 31, 1814, there came together the Czar Alexander and the King of Prussia at a conference in which Talleyrand did most of the talking.* Austria was represented by Schwarzenberg, and England was sure to agree with what these three were about to determine. The question was debated whether the French people should have for their ruler Louis XVIII., and Alexander decided the matter for them. The Prussian King nodded his head in sympathy with his Russian mentor, and the destinies of France were thus determined—at least for a few months.

Meanwhile Napoleon outside at Fontainebleau had time to muse upon the changefulness of Frenchmen. His officers brought him the news that the people of Paris had already forgotten all about him; that they all wore the Bourbon badges; that they had been kissing the boots of their conquerors, and that the air was choked with "*Vive Alexandre!*" Perhaps he was also

* "L'Empereur Alexandre devait d'abord descendre au Palais de l'Élysée, mais sur un avis qui lui avait été donné, je ne sais comment, qu'il n'y serait pas en sûreté, il préféra demeurer chez moi."

The Russian Minister Nesselrode, who preceded the Czar to Talleyrand's house, said that he went early to Talleyrand's, found him having his hair dressed, and was in consequence covered with powder from the Frenchman's embraces. "While at M. de Talleyrand's, the Emperor Alexander sent word to me that he had just been warned that the Palais de l'Élysée, where he had intended lodging, was mined, and that therefore he should take care not to go near it. M. de Talleyrand said that he did not believe the tale, but that if the Emperor preferred to take up his residence elsewhere, his hotel was at the Czar's disposal. This I accepted, and thus it happened that the Emperor established himself in the Rue Saint Florentin."—*Talleyrand's Memoirs*, ii., 163.

told that his Parisians had tried to drag from its pedestal the monument of himself which once adorned the top of the Vendôme Column; and he may have smiled grimly when he learned that it would not yield to the tuggings of the mob.*

But before the month of April was out Napoleon was on his way to Elba, and Louis XVIII., the fat and gouty Bourbon, had set out to ascend the throne of France. The late conqueror of Europe had to be protected by foreign bayonets from the fury of his own people as he made his way from Fontainebleau to the sea-coast; he had even to assume the disguise of a British officer in order to protect himself from the malevolent gibes of French women and children. The Bourbon monarch meanwhile journeyed from his English place of exile as one who came to give his people the blessings of freedom. He was received by the allied monarchs not as the King of a conquered country, but as the chosen ruler of a delivered people.

* Fouché tried to dissuade Napoleon from taking the sovereignty of Elba, and in the course of a long letter, dated April 23, 1814, concluded thus:

"It would be more glorious and consoling to live as a simple citizen, and to-day the safest and most suitable asylum for one of your stamp is the United States.

"There you will commence life anew in the midst of a people new enough; they will appreciate your genius without fearing it. You will be there under the protection of laws equal and sacred for every one—in the land of Franklins, Washingtons, and Jephersons (*sic*); you will prove to that people that had you been born in their midst you would have thought and voted like them — that you would have preferred their virtues and their liberties to the domination of the whole world.

"I have the honor to be, with respect, your Majesty's very humble servant,

' (Signed) THE DUKE OF OTRANTO."

On May 2d Napoleon took possession of Elba; on May 3d Louis XVIII. entered Paris. The Prussian monarch united with England, Austria, and Russia in forcing the absolutist Bourbon to give France a liberal constitution, and this was rather a difficult matter. For Louis in his exile had forgotten nothing and learned nothing. He returned to France prepared to rule by divine right alone, after the manner of Louis XIV. and others of his house. The monarchs who brought him back to France shared completely his views in regard to the divine right of kings, but unfortunately they had already promised the people of France to replace the tyranny of Napoleon by something better. Consequently, much as they desired to see absolute monarchy strengthened, they could not, in this case, help being champions of liberty.*

**Le Moniteur Universel*, published in Paris on March 30, 1814, consisted of four pages, 11 x 19 inches in size. Of these scarcely half a column treated of the war, and this spoke of the allies being everywhere discouraged. The whole of the twelve columns, with the exception of one page devoted to worthless news, is made up of four columns of book review and three of discussion as to the existence of ancient Troy. The balance in financial, list of theatres, etc.

On March 31st it consisted of six columns, but not a word of news, the whole being a sketch of travel and poetry.

On April 1st it had six columns; the whole devoted to a medical article, the review of a Swedish drama, and the proclamation of the allies to the "Habitans de Paris," dated March 31, 1814.

On April 2d the *Moniteur* became a Russian sheet, and Alexander occupied the first columns in a "Déclaration" promising that the allies would not only "respect the integrity of France according to its limits under legitimate sovereigns, but that they may do more, because they profess always the maxim (*principe*) 'that for the happiness of Europe *France must be great and strong* (grande et forte).'"—File of these papers in the Berlin Record Office.

And it is for this that Prussians have sacrificed all—their church plate, the wedding-rings of their women, the heart's blood of their

So far, therefore, the army of German liberation had succeeded in establishing constitutional liberty, not for themselves, but for their enemy the French people. To the French it was a magnificent joke, but not so to Blücher and Stein and Gneisenau. They had suffered and struggled in order that they might make their fellow-Germans free, but instead they had strengthened and set free their enemy, while Germany had once more reverted to its multiplicity of petty tyrants. So considerate of French feelings were the conquerors that they forbade their officers to appear in uniform upon the streets of Paris; and as few Prussians had brought civilian dress with them, this was almost a prohibition against the strangers visiting the capital at all. The Parisians were also allowed to retain all the splendid works of art which French soldiers had stolen from German palaces and museums; in short, it is hard for us in these days to make out clearly who were the gainers by the long war, the French or the Germans.

On May 30, 1814, peace was signed, and France found herself presented by the allies with a territory larger than that which had been hers at the beginning of 1792, with a liberal constitution, and with a King representing an illustrious line of royal ancestors. She had, in addition, all the military glory achieved under Napoleon. Not even was a war indemnity levied upon her.

On the 3d of June Frederick William published a cabinet order in which he made an obscure allusion to a constitution and "representation," but reserving this

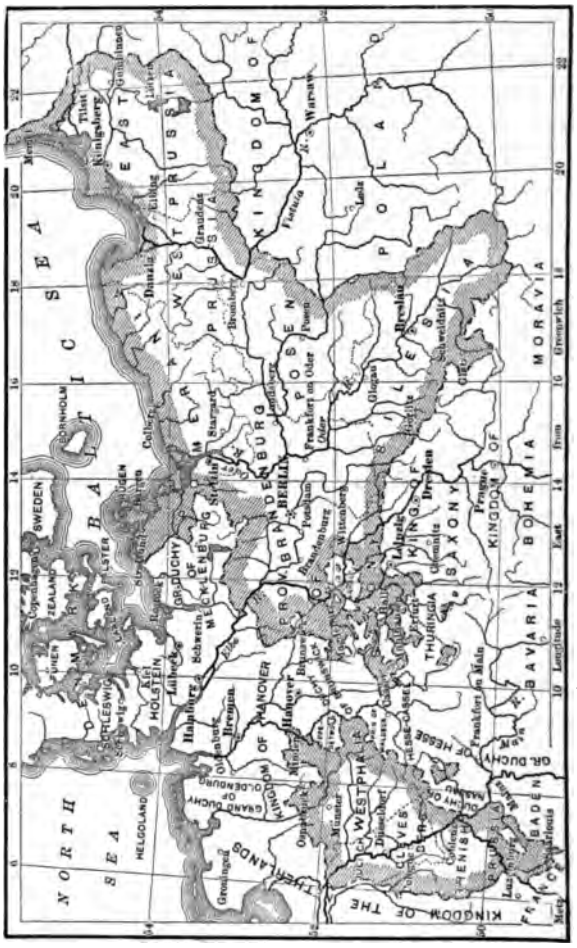
men—to fight their way to Paris in order to tell Frenchmen that they must, "for the happiness of Europe," be great and strong! Bah!

matter for consideration after he should have reached home. This did much to dissipate a wide feeling of discontent which was taking possession of his loyal but highly intelligent army. They did not object to the French having a constitution, but they did, indeed, feel that Germans had a right to liberties at least equal to those that had been offered to their enemies by a Prussian monarch and his allies. On June 4th Frederick William signed two proclamations—the one, "*An mein Volk*" (To my People); the other, "*An mein Heer*" (To my Army). To his people he used language such as this: "Great have been your exertions, and great your sacrifices. I know them, and I acknowledge them; and God, who rules above us, has also recognized them. *We have achieved what we desired.*"

Some Germans puffed their pipes sceptically when they reached this last sentence. The men who loved Blücher and Stein, Gneisenau and Arndt, and a host more of patriot-poets, warriors, and men of leading—this class was decidedly not satisfied. They had marched out in search of "country and liberty," as Blücher put it. Under country they understood united Germany; under liberty they understood monarchy limited by a constitution. They had come away from their homes inspired by such hopes, and now, when God had crowned their military endeavors with success beyond what any one could have anticipated, their King dismissed them from his presence with words full of heart-felt gratitude, but —nothing more. The subject of constitutional liberty was carefully ignored.

So the German Army of Liberation once more shouldered their knapsacks and muskets, and wearily sought their ways across the Rhine to Pomerania, Silesia, Brandenburg, and the newly acquired lands of the Prus-

sian monarchy. The peace of 1814 left Prussia smaller than she had been before the battle of Jena. Gneise-



PRUSSIA AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR OF THE RESTORATION

nau, even before leaving Paris, said: "This peace is no more than a truce. Nothing is settled excepting Napo-

leon. The *national* matter between Germany and France is not yet fought out, and we shall return once more upon the field of battle."

Old Blücher had the same correct intuition, writing in the fall of the same year: "God knows if there is to be another quarrel soon again—but I don't like the looks of things. Our opportunities were not properly used in Paris; France is already doing a great deal of bragging; her wings should have been better trimmed." Many another German of judgment thought in this wise, even so early as this; and this feeling grew into a very general conviction not long afterwards, when the war had to be fought over again, not merely on the field of Waterloo, but in our days about the walls of Metz and Sedan.

The glorious struggle for liberty ended, as it had begun, in hopes and dreams. But it was not fought in vain, for in that hard campaign Germans learned to know and respect one another, and, above all, to appreciate the power that arises from united effort. Frederick William III. failed to give his people all that they had hoped for, but he left behind a son who was destined to give the French in 1870 such a crushing lesson as might have pleased even Blücher. This was William I., who as Prince of Prussia made his first triumphal entry into Paris in March of 1814. That man right well deserved the imperial crown in 1871. He fought for it as the head of the whole German people, and when he had it upon his head he at once made his people members of a constitutional empire.

His son was the beloved "Unser Fritz," later styled Frederick the Noble. He it was whose generous mind first gave practical political shape to the universal desire for a great German empire. He first undertook the task

of overcoming the many petty jealousies which stood in the way of union, particularly among the smaller states. He it was, with his glorious father, who completed the work of Stein, of Blücher, of Scharnhorst, of Gneisenau —who reaped at last what was sown in the sorrowful years between Jena and Waterloo.

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